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**B**ELOVED throughout the Empire the Duke and Duchess of York have won for themselves an unique position in the hearts of its members. By their ready sympathy, their charm and their good fellowship they have shown themselves understanding of the lives of a wide diversity of people. Thus their activities are watched with very much more than usual interest by countless thousands the world over.

The Hon. Mrs. Francis Lascelles is a well-known writer on subjects connected with the intimate side of Royalty, and in this book she presents an intimate and charming picture of her Royal subjects from the time of their childhood until the present day in which they both play so important a part in the affairs of their country.

There is much in this volume which is new, intriguing and often amusing; and it should make its appeal to an exceptionally wide circle of readers.

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OUR DUKE AND DUCHESS





ON THE WEDDING DAY

*L. R. H. & Co.*

# OUR DUKE AND DUCHESS

BY  
THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS LASCELLES

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers) LTD.  
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# OUR DUKE AND DUCHESS

## CHAPTER ONE

### WE MEET THE HEROINE

**T**HERE is a sudden outcry in the nursery. "Where is Elizabeth?" Then looking down the nurse perceives a tiny curly-headed child disappearing on her hands and knees through the open door. The dimpled, rosy-faced baby turns round to laugh, and her twinkling blue eyes are full of joy and merriment. Once more she has nearly escaped the vigilance of the kindly woman in charge of her, but once more she has failed. There is a rush across the floor and the warm laughing bundle is brought back into safety, kissed and petted, and once more put down to crawl. Again Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon has failed in her favourite enterprise, but good-temperedly she waits her opportunity. Next time the nursery door is left open she will be off to explore those mysterious regions where the grown-ups live.

Evidently from her earliest days the little girl who some day was to be second lady in the land displayed that liveliness of disposition and sweetness of character that have so marked her adult years. As a tiny child she showed that gift of pleasing others that has remained hers to this hour. The nurse who had

charge of Lady Elizabeth from the time she was a month old till she reached her eleventh year loves to talk of her pretty charge, and if anyone knew the little girl she should, for company manners are discarded in the nursery. An exceptionally merry little child, she says she was, chattering away early and walking soon after she had passed her first birthday.

Like mother, like child, so one cannot wonder that her daughter, little Princess Elizabeth, early displayed a propensity for crawling, and this slightly undignified proceeding she carried out with great celerity, so much so that her nurses hardly dare take their eyes off their young charge should the nursery door be left open, or the young explorer would be off like a shot. The royal mother's comment on her daughter's achievements about this time is amusingly terse. In a letter to a friend she remarks, "Elizabeth is learning to walk—very dangerous!"

The happiest lives are in their early days the least eventful, so there are comparatively few incidents to recall in the nursery records of the tiny child Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who seems then to have displayed that sweetness of disposition that has characterised her ever since. There are no stories of sulks or outbursts of temper such as so often mar the peace of a nursery, and serenity is perhaps the word that best describes the atmosphere of those early days.

To-day the Duchess's own babies often occupy the same room which was hers in infancy, and it differs little from what it was in her early days. It is still a comfortable rather old-fashioned place, its furniture has that much worn well-rubbed appearance that is so conducive to restful hours, its many toys are rather

the worse for wear, but all the more appreciated on that account, for children love to play with what other children have used. There is a high fender before the fire that any woman can see has guarded how many happy, warm, well-bathed children from harm as they sit there drinking their hot milk and listening to their good-night story. Surely such a home gains atmosphere by the happy lives that have been lived in it, and when the little Princesses of to-day go visiting where once their mother so happily romped at home with her much-loved small brother, they will feel, all unconsciously, the atmosphere of years gone by, and share unknowingly in their mother's former joys.

If big families make for happiness, then the Duchess of York had a good chance of a bright childhood, for she was the youngest but one of ten children. Naturally, most of her brothers and sisters were out of the nursery before she entered it, but there was always a baby to play with, and she and her brother David were inseparable playmates. With only fifteen months difference in their ages, these last two inmates of the Earl of Strathmore's nursery shared everything in common, while at the same time the little girl obtained a wider insight into life than generally falls to the lot of the young, because older brothers and sisters were entering into the responsibilities of adult life while she was still an infant. The future Duchess of York was born in the Hertfordshire home of her father, at St. Paul's Waldenbury, on August 4th, 1900.

A more delightful home to pass one's early years than St. Paul's it would be hard to find. It is a Queen Anne house, built of red brick, that has mellowed with

the years into a deep warm soft colour. But only here and there does the charming tone of the walls betray itself, for over the whole grow lovely creepers, and the magnolia and roses that adorn it are a dream. Yet it is not a home that gives one a feeling of tradition or of antiquity, rather it is a setting for the merry life of to-day, without a backward thought or a future anticipation. Although within a comparatively short distance of London, one seems lost in the heart of the country; the air is alive with the song of birds and the slow hum of bees, wood pigeons coo in the surrounding woods, and a sleepy languorous air of ease and of peace pervades the locality.

The gardens are delightful, and they combine all those details that make a garden a veritable fairy-land for children. There is a great old gnarled oak that the outstretched arms of half a dozen children cannot encompass; there are clipped trees that represent birds and animals to the big-eyed wonder of little folk. There is a truly remarkable rock garden with a wonderful display of English and foreign rock specimens. There are every variety of English tree and flower, but perhaps what most delights the weary eyes of the town dweller are the long and exquisitely kept grass alleys. It took a true artist to plan the wood through which these soft green alleys run; the place is planted in a starfish-shaped design, and though small, it deludes the traveller through its leafy walks into imagining he is in some forest of great dimensions. The outer world is completely lost to sight, and so complete is the illusion of remoteness, that it is well-nigh impossible to believe that a few minutes' walk will take you back to the high road, or it may be to the house.

In this lovely country home, then, was the small Lady Elizabeth to spend most of her childish days, and in these lovely gardens and woods she and her dearly loved brother David spent every long spare hour of sunshine. Within the house is a place that people soon learn to love, it is a cheerful matter-of-fact place, with no attempt at fashion or the conventional, but it is a home where men and women may live a full life. Obviously hobbies, sports, and studies can be followed here at will, for everywhere there are signs of many occupations ; music is scattered about, and books, golf clubs, and all the paraphernalia of sport.

As so often happens in a big family, the two youngest children were brought up in particularly close contact with their mother, for the elder children were either grown up or absorbed with their studies. While Elizabeth and her little playfellow, David, were very young their mother, the Countess of Strathmore, herself undertook their education. This, of course, included the ordinary rudiments of knowledge, but far more popular both with teacher and children were lessons in drawing, music, and dancing. Both children betrayed a natural facility for dancing, and one can well imagine how mother pride was gratified in instructing the charmingly pretty little girl in this graceful art.

By the time she was three Lady Elizabeth had the skill and self-possession to dance for the entertainment of her parents' guests. There are those who remember how charming she appeared in a scarlet frock, her bright eyes sparkling, and her thick hair tossing as she vigorously displayed her art. Later, she and her little brother learnt many fancy dances,

which they performed together. Together they gravely paced the minuet. At this time little Lady Elizabeth wore a dress of the period of James I, of rose-pink and silver, while her partner donned the traditional dress of the court jester, parti-coloured and with cap and bells.

Mothers are famed for their intuitive gifts, and perhaps the Countess of Strathmore foresaw that some day her youngest daughter would be one of the leading hostesses of the land. Certainly she began her social training early, and more than one middle-aged woman of to-day can remember arriving at Glamis or St. Paul's and being conducted to her room by a smiling little hostess, too small to negotiate the stairs save by laboriously raising both feet in turn on to the one level.

Princess Elizabeth displays something of this same hospitable instinct as the Lady Elizabeth of a generation earlier, for there is a story told of her when little more than a baby which shows her dislike to seeing anyone left out in the cold. Her mother, bringing a visitor up to the nursery, was persuaded by the little princess to join in a procession round the room wheeling a toy pram. Suddenly the small girl realised that the visitor was not being entertained. "Mummy, the lady must come, too!" she cried, rushing to fetch a third vehicle.

There is a delightful story told of little Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon when she was only three years of age. One day the factor of the estate, a middle-aged man, chanced to call, and the child met him hospitably. "How do you do, Mr. Ralston," she exclaimed, "why, I haven't seen you look so well not for years and years! But I am sure you will be



INSEPARABLES LADY ELIZABETH AND BROTHER DAVID





sorry to learn that Lord Strathmore has got the toothache."

Yet one more story of those very early days will bear repetition because, to those who know the woman of to-day, it rings true. Two visitors, never heeding the tiny girl playing about the room, were discussing a mutual acquaintance. "What a pity," said one, "that the poor man will never be married except for his position and his money." Then the small Elizabeth spoke up. "P'rhaps," she suggested, softly wrinkling her baby forehead, "someone will marry him 'cos she loves him!"

Perhaps she was rather young to appreciate the part love takes in life, but then, it must be remembered that at this time she had sisters and brothers who had reached the love-making stage. She was only eight years of age when her eldest brother married, and for the first time in her life she attained the dignity of acting as bridesmaid. Her new sister-in-law was Lady Dorothy Osborne, the third daughter of the Duke of Leeds. The wedding was a military one, and the juvenile bridesmaid was much impressed with the colour and music of this event. She herself was dressed in a white muslin and lace frock, but the five elder bridesmaids wore white satin with capes of blue satin, and had wreaths of pink roses in their hair, while all six carried bouquets of pale pink roses. Elizabeth's inseparable small brother, David, was a trainbearer dressed in pale blue silk. The wedding was celebrated in the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks, and it was a flashing spectacle with military music, the bride and bridegroom passing through a scarlet guard of honour accompanied by the skirl of the pipes.

Another family wedding occurred two years later,

and again Lady Elizabeth had to officiate, this time acting with her little brother as trainbearer for the bride. She appeared as a little Romney maiden while the six grown-up bridesmaids wore white Romney dresses with blue sashes and large picture hats.

Although there are many photographs of her taken in these early days all who knew her then say that they fail to show her childish charm. Just as this is true of the photographs of to-day, for no likeness can reproduce the quality of her bright smile or the vivacity of her expression.

Life in those early days seems to have been full of fun and laughter for the nursery couple, but adventure apparently was lacking, as it generally is in any well-conducted nursery. The children were devoted to pets, and that love of animals has never left the Duchess, as anyone visiting 145 Piccadilly to-day can testify. One of the darkest days of that sunny time was when Bobby, the bullfinch who for years had fed off Lady Elizabeth's plate at mealtimes, was found dead, killed by a cat. Persian kittens, dogs, chickens, rabbits, canaries, and goats formed a veritable little zoo, to which the children were devoted. Bobs, the Shetland pony at St. Paul's, was such a pet that he would escort them all over the grounds, wander indoors, and was perfectly capable of following a member of the family upstairs.

At length, however, the sad day dawned when David must go to school, and with the separation of the devoted couple life began to take on a more serious aspect. Lessons now had to come before pleasure, and Lady Elizabeth must prepare herself for the great position that all unknowingly lay before her.

By the time she was ten she could speak French

almost as well as English, and her French governess was full of her praises. Her parents sensibly decided that though educated at home the child must prove her abilities by entering for the examinations set in the schools, and as a proof of general progress she passed the Junior Oxford. In these early days she saw something of the wider world beyond the confines of her happy homes, for at intervals she used to visit her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Scott, who lived at the Villa Capponi, a beautiful home in its exotic flower-bedecked setting not far from Florence.

It was when Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was only five years of age that she first met her future husband. They were both the guests of Lady Leicester at a party given at her house. The Prince was then ten years old,—an age when girls make little impression on small boys, nevertheless, he did observe little Lady Elizabeth carefully on this occasion, for when they met in later years he recognised her in a moment. Do future events cast their shadow before them? It is certainly strange that the little boy, now grown a man, should recollect years later a still smaller girl than himself, however charming she might be. It is a remarkable fact, however, that Lady Elizabeth, even at an early age, had a personality that made itself felt.

All through history some lives have stood out conspicuously from those of their fellows, not by reason of any great deed or extraordinary achievement, not even because of any famous event connected with their name, but simply on account of the fairy-tale atmosphere, and the glamour that seems to surround them. Among men of our generation the Prince of Wales stands an obvious example of this type of

popularity ; among women does his sister-in-law, the Duchess of York. Although we boast that we are now far too sophisticated for hero worship, such is by no means the truth. The spirit of hero worship will never die so long as men possess imagination and women romance. Gallantry and courage, beauty and kindness, when found in a romantic setting, will always gain their circle of admirers.

The Duchess of York has from her earliest childhood been adored by her own folk, then when circumstances placed her in the forefront of English social life she found the circle of her admirers for ever widening, for instinctively the people of this land realised that here was one of the fairy-tale heroines of old come to life. Usually the fairy-tale ends with the marriage of the lovely princess and only pauses to tell us as its epilogue that she lived happily ever after. But in the case of our Duchess the sound of wedding bells seems but to usher in the real romance of her life. The beautiful young mother with her baby in her arms appears to have thrilled the English-speaking people even more than did the lovely girl who emerged from Westminster Abbey with her husband, second son of the King, on her wedding day.

The romance and glamour that surrounds the "little Duchess," as she is popularly called, seems also to envelop her little daughters, and no children in the land are so discussed and admired as are the Princess Elizabeth and her baby sister. It was not without good reason that the Princess Elizabeth has been called the "best-known baby in the world," and it is no uncommon experience to find the picture of her charming baby face adorning some remote log cabin in the Canadian wilds, or some sunburnt hut

on the African veldt. Throughout the Empire, and indeed throughout the civilised world, the fame of the Duchess and her charming little daughters has spread. The Empire is knit together not only by reason of political convenience or even of loyalty, but sentiment pure and simple has tremendous binding power over Britishers, and these royal children play their part in the union of peoples.

If the Duchess did not enjoy being a duchess she would not be the popular idol that she is to-day, for we all enjoy watching those who have a zest for life. Most people, however, enjoy doing what they can do well, and the Duchess's common sense must tell her that she has made a success of her life-work. This zest for life, which is such a marked characteristic of hers, is almost invariably the outcome of a happy childhood, for it is sadly rare that any man or woman who has spent youth under a cloud ever attains to high spirits and a keen power of enjoyment. The Duchess is normal in this as in every other respect, and her happy married and public life is a direct issue of a childhood over which never a cloud rested till her teens were reached.

The general public perhaps does not realise that by birth as well as by disposition the Duchess is not unfitted for the position she has been called upon to fill. The present Earl of Strathmore is fourteenth in succession to the title, and the family is one of the most ancient and honourable in Scotland. Indeed, there is royal blood in their veins, for they trace their descent from one Sir John Lyon of Forteviot, who was a chamberlain of Scotland, and who married Jean, the daughter of King Robert II, who, in the year 1372, presented to his daughter's husband the Thanedom

of Glamis. No wonder, then, that the daughter of such a house should take to royal honours in the twentieth century as though to the manner born!

In those remote days landed estates increased almost automatically, and soon the family grew in importance, the grandson of Sir John being created Lord Glamis in 1445. Nearly two hundred years later the ninth Lord Glamis was made Earl of Kinghorne, and his grandson was given new honours, which entitled him in future to be known as "Earl of Strathmore and Strathdichtie." To come nearer to our own times the grandfather of the Duchess was created Baron Bowes of Streatlam Castle and of Lunedale in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and it is by this title that the present Earl takes his seat in the House of Lords.

On her mother's side the Duchess is also connected with some of our most famous English families, for the Countess of Strathmore is Nina Cecelia, a daughter of the late Rev. G. W. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, and first cousin of the Duke of Portland.

In Scottish history the Strathmore family have played no unimportant part, and there is a world of legend and tradition associated with their name. Time has not, however, rendered an ancient family effete as is unfortunately only too often the case. They have proved by their services in the Great War that the old fighting spirit is still alive. The sons who were old enough took their part bravely, and as a matter of course, and one, Captain Fergus Bowes-Lyon, was killed in action in September 1915.

The Earl of Strathmore, who succeeded to his title four years after the birth of his youngest daughter, was the possessor of three principal residences.

Streatlam Castle in Durham, which was sold some years ago, never counted for very much in the family life, for it was only occasionally visited for brief stays of a few weeks duration. Glamis, on the other hand, has counted for much, although for many years it was treated as a holiday home rather than a permanent residence. There is, however, a glamour and a romance about the ancient Scottish seat that could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on a plastic young mind. It was round old-world and romantic Glamis that the family affections chiefly centred. Such were the traditions that surrounded the early days of the future Duchess of York, and her life never lacked the glamorous and romantic element. This counts for much in the training of a woman who is to be the involuntary heroine of millions of English-speaking women. Atmosphere counts for more than we realise in life, and our surroundings are an important part of education; those first few years of happy, care-free life with her young brother David made a deep and lasting impression on Lady Elizabeth, but changes must come in the brightest of lives.

With her much-loved brother banished to school, it was only natural that the youngest daughter should now mix more with her elders than she had formerly done, and probably this is how she acquired the womanliness that makes her so sympathetic and understanding a friend to-day to those whose lives are encompassed with difficulties. Quite soon her mother and elder sisters learned that "Elizabeth" had tact and understanding. Once a difficult guest was expected, and the family were discussing how to meet the situation. Someone exclaimed: "I know,



let's ask Elizabeth to manage her. She can talk to anyone ! " And Lady Elizabeth did manage her !

Like all our precious possessions, tact is without price ; it may be cultivated, but generally those who possess it are born with the gift. From childhood Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon has proved herself to be better endowed than most with this most precious quality, and surely nothing could better have qualified her for the high position that she was some day to occupy in the State.

## CHAPTER TWO

### CHILDHOOD LINGERS

WHILE a good education in the accepted meaning of the word is a necessity to the future leader of Society, yet there are other aspects of early training that are equally important. A brilliant scholar may be entirely lacking in social gifts, and in a sports-loving country like ours an interest in outdoor amusements counts for much. Although the Duchess missed in her early days the opportunity for playing team games that comes to most girls at boarding-school she did not suffer in consequence, for, fortunately, she belonged to a famous sporting family with the game sense strongly developed. In her young days she seems to have preferred romping with her little brother to any particular game, and together they climbed most of the great trees in the beautiful gardens at St. Paul's Waldenbury. But though she might occasionally condescend to join in David's boyish pursuits, she was not naturally a tomboy. She always took a most motherly interest in her dolls, but these had to be realistic, with eyes that opened and shut, and clothes that could be put on and taken off. And it is that same simple motherly sweetness which has done so much to endear her to the whole nation to-day.

Like all true women, Lady Elizabeth loved dressing up, and, fortunately, she was able to display her natural taste more fully than is generally the case, for

the family possessed a fine variety of old costumes, including not only dresses of the period of James I and George IV, but also a wonderful collection of wigs. One can imagine a wet holiday would be a merry time when the children decided to impersonate their ancestors ! Charades were of course a favourite amusement of the big family party who assembled at Christmas-time. Their store of family heirlooms lent itself to a realistic treatment of drama, while the high spirits of the young people assembled there were more than sufficient to supply comic relief in abundance.

Twenty years ago the summer holidays at Glamis were the delight of the whole of the Strathmore family. Assembled with their friends from Oxford, Eton, and elsewhere, the sons and daughters gave themselves up to a lively enjoyment of the sunny days. Cricket in the Castle grounds or elsewhere was the order of the day, and challenges were sent forth to all the neighbourhood. If the two small children were unable to take their place in the family team with their elders they at least had the compensation of endless bowlers prepared to send them down easy balls when the match was over.

From her earliest days Lady Elizabeth was an ardent horsewoman, and soon her small figure in its scarlet riding habit was familiar all the countryside through.

Her little daughter appears to be following in her mother's footsteps in this respect as in many others. Already the Princess Elizabeth, like the Lady Elizabeth at her age, is promising to make a fine horsewoman. She now possesses a pony of her own, the gift of her father one Christmas, and of all her pets it is the favourite.

After her small brother had departed to school the little sister left behind must have found lesson times dull at first. Fortunately, however, she seems to have always established that friendly relationship with her governesses which makes all the difference in school-room happiness. There is an old essay of hers which, from the child's point of view, contains the whole gist of the matter. It begins abruptly, "Some governesses are nice—and some are not." This apparently exhausted the young writer's ideas, for it is the conclusion of the matter.

When the Duchess and her brother became pupils of Matilde Verne's Pianoforte School they proved themselves very keen and apt learners. Lady Elizabeth had a good ear for music, and within six months was able to play at the children's concert, and, moreover, was given the place of honour, being put at the end of the programme, which was so arranged as to prevent an anti-climax. The friendship between the pupil and teacher was always maintained, and years later when Madame Verne went to tea with her former pupil, by this time a married woman, the Duchess remarked, "Oh, Madame, you *must* give the Duke of York some lessons. I have already begun to teach him his notes, and he knows three!"

No day in the early life of the Duchess will stand out so vividly as her fourteenth birthday. August 4th, 1914, is a day that will never be forgotten so long as English history is written, and if Lady Elizabeth's little festival was blighted, she knew that she was only sharing the sorrow of all her fellow-countrymen and women. It had been decided that as one means of celebrating her birthday she and her mother and some of her brothers should go to the theatre. And

she has never forgotten how from the box in that theatre she watched a quiet audience turn wild with excitement at the declaration of war.

Discipline and order collapsed in her home as it did in almost every home in England in those first few frenzied days. It was impossible to settle down to the routine of everyday life when so uncertain what the next hour might demand. Lady Elizabeth had four brothers of military age. One was already in the Army, and within a few days the other three had followed him. Then an elder sister, Lady Rose, decided she must train in a London hospital as a nurse, and it was a sadly reduced and very sober little family that retired to Glamis a week after hostilities broke out. Here life was entirely reorganised. To quote her own words, "Lessons were neglected, for during these first few months we were so busy knitting, knitting, knitting and making shirts for the local battalion—the 5th Black Watch. My chief occupation was crumpling up tissue-paper until it was so soft that it no longer crackled, to put in the lining of sleeping-bags." She remembers, too, that the billiard-table was piled high with mufflers, shirts, body-belts, and every sort of comfort and necessity for soldiers, for it was not needed for its normal uses in those days of stress.

With the approach of Christmas came entirely new ideas on Christmas shopping. Throughout the land women and girls were anxiously buying gifts for the men "out there." Lady Elizabeth joined the anxious ranks of shoppers, for apart from many friends, by this time her elder brothers were all engaged in active service. But the Earl and Countess of Strathmore were not content with giving their boys and girls to



LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON AT FIVE YEARS OLD  
From a miniature by Mabel Hankey



the service of the country. It was decided to throw open Glamis Castle as a hospital to receive a small part from that stream of wounded who by this time were daily crossing the Channel.

The Strathmore family shared very fully with their fellow-countrymen in every variety of war experience, and war weddings, which were such a familiar aspect of those days, were part of their lot.

On September 17th the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon was married to Lady Christian Norah Dawson-Damer, a daughter of the Earl of Pontarlington, and shortly afterwards his brother, the Hon. John Herbert Bowes-Lyon, and the Hon. Fenella Hepburn-Stuart-Forbes-Trefusis were also married. The contrast of these war weddings with those earlier brilliant family weddings in which the young sister enjoyed such a prominent part grimly emphasised the gravity of life under war conditions.

One of these two hurried marriages was to end in tragedy, for on September 1915, just a year after it took place, the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon was killed at Loos, and his young widow thus paid with so many other thousands of women her share in the great national catastrophe.

Little did the young girl, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, imagine as she helped her mother in her war work at Glamis Castle, that the man she would someday marry was then a midshipman on board the battleship *Collingwood*. With the Prince of Wales at the front, and the Duke of York, then Prince Albert, serving at sea the Royal Family were taking their part in the national sacrifice and anxiety.

Few young girls have had the exceptional experience of living for years within the walls of a military



hospital. At first Lady Elizabeth gave up all her time and energies to the war work that opened up before her, but when it was once realised that hostilities would probably go on for years, her mother wisely decreed and the daughter sensibly agreed, that lessons must proceed if not as usual, at least as nearly approximating that rule as was possible under the circumstances. It had been intended earlier to send Lady Elizabeth abroad to finish her education, but with the passage of war years that became an almost impossible arrangement, so she had to be content with good teaching at home. Certainly the experience she gained of life has proved of more value to her in her future career than any possible advantage she might have derived from a foreign conventional finish to her education.

In those days lessons were done in a quiet room high up the grey stone staircase, whose windows looked out over the courtyard. It must have been hard to concentrate when so much was going on in the house, and one can imagine how the young girl eagerly left her books at post time to see if the postman brought news from the front. No figure was watched for more anxiously in those days than was the postman, unless perhaps it was the dreaded sight of the telegraph boy.

There were distractions, too, of a more exciting nature for Lady Elizabeth had attained the stupendous dignity of being "Aunt Elizabeth," and the little Master of Glamis, her brother's son, would escape from his nurse on every possible opportunity to play with his youthful aunt.

Old soldiers much prefer discussing their war-time experiences at home to their activities abroad, and if you would make ex-service men talk of the Great War,

ask them what they did in hospital rather than what they did in the field. Those men who were fortunate enough to be sent to Glamis were better off than most of their fellows, and to this day many a man tells with pleasure of his experiences in the old Scottish castle, and recalls with pride the kindly attentions and warm-hearted sympathy of those members of the family then in residence. Even to-day the Duchess of York sometimes receives grateful messages from the men who passed through the Castle hospital when she was a girl. When on her colonial tours it was no uncommon occurrence to come across some stalwart colonial who had known her as a child when he had been sent back from the front.

As soon as Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon had completed her training at the London hospital to which she had attached herself at the outbreak of hostilities she came home to take charge of the hospital organised by her parents. This arrangement in itself gave an unusually homelike atmosphere to what was only too apt to become a mere institution ; and under her kindly but firm rule the hospital was a very happy place.

It was the great desire of the Earl and Countess to run it without rules ; not, of course, that a certain order and discipline had not to be maintained, but they argued that once the men understood the necessity for certain domestic arrangements as to time and place, their common sense would be sufficient guide to them without formal regulations. Their faith in the men proved itself well founded, and the hospital was run more like a big family than as an institution. In fact, the one object of the family was to treat the wounded men as honoured guests. And as honourable guests they behaved.

No longer was the billiard-table smothered in war comforts, piled there till someone found time to pack them. Instead, novices from the front endangered the cloth, with their wild and unskilful strokes.

The lovely restful grounds of the Castle were in themselves a refreshment to the war-worn men, and then, when they were convalescent, came the long drives through the charming countryside. Indoors, there was always music to cheer the long hours, and many wet weary days did the young Duchess while away for the men by playing well-known popular songs over and over for them. She took her part, too, as soloist, and the old favourites sounded sweeter than ever when sung by her fresh girlish voice.

Life in those days was a constant succession of coming and going; every day saw restored men gratefully and somewhat sadly returning to duty and fresh sufferers being carried in to the Castle for the first time. Lady Elizabeth was far too young to attempt any regular nursing duties, but she made it her self-appointed task to know the new-comers and make them feel at home. She had thus early in life an intensive training in the art of knowing and remembering men. And this art of visualising faces, recognising personal traits and remembering names, is one that is rarely appreciated to the full. The Prince of Wales possesses it to a marked degree, as does his mother, the Queen. It was a characteristic also of King Edward, and to a great degree accounted for his popularity. This faculty coupled with a genial manner and a pleasant smile will make any man or woman beloved, and surely it must be one of the attributes most to be desired when the fairy godmothers are bestowing their favours on the newly born child. Yet

while some people have naturally a keen memory for personalities, this can be cultivated like every other sense. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon learned young the art of sympathy. While her thoughts kept straying to those much-loved brothers abroad, she would realise that every wounded soldier in the Castle was equally loved by someone, and she did her best to act a sisterly part to all the many disabled guests who came under her father's roof.

The merry youngest daughter of a big family did not, however, waste her time in any false sentiment ; it was her job to keep the wounded men from moping, and right determinedly she did her bit. In holiday time her young brother was more than ready to help her in all manner of pranks to keep the old castle lively. One day Lady Elizabeth walked round the wards with an important lady visitor with whom she appeared to be on the very best of terms.

The men were a little surprised at the frivolous attitude of their young hostess and her guest, but politely answered the questions that were part of the allotted task of a wounded Tommy, and which were often so supremely irritating. Later, no one more enjoyed the joke than they when it became known that the lady visitor was no other than David Bowes-Lyon who had been carefully got up for the occasion.

Although it had not been the custom for the family to spend Christmas at Glamis, now all their interest was centred in the old castle with its company of wounded men, and it was determined to mark the season with every possible festivity. At this time Lady Elizabeth was always busy writing letters home for those who were incapacitated for doing so themselves. And one wonders how many of those dictated

letters written in her girlish hand are now treasured throughout the length and breadth of the land. Then, apart from all the private parcels for those present and absent members of the family, there were remembrances for the men ; and those who by some unlucky chance were neglected by their own people were doubly remembered by the kindly hosts and hostesses of Glamis.

A mighty Christmas tree blazing with gifts was always a special feature of the Glamis festivities. Subsequently those little gifts were sent home to towns and villages all over England to be there treasured as mementos of the happy stay at the Castle.

Quiet whist drives were arranged for the men who could not stand noise and excitement, and for these the troops put on their best tunics and their best behaviour. But later when the prizes had been distributed the younger and stronger members of the assembly would suddenly react, forget their company manners, dress up, blacken their faces, and be up to pranks innumerable. The rambling old castle lent itself ideally to amusements of this sort, and the youngsters of the family used all their ingenuity to make things "go." Very successful they were, too, for some of those poor wounded men acknowledged that never before had they known what the word "Christmas" meant till they spent it under the hospitable roof of Glamis.

Sometimes the men's days were excited by unpremeditated happenings, on one occasion a short and intensive rat-hunt took place in the crypt ; and several times the enormous chimneys of Glamis were discovered to be on fire—a circumstance at which anyone who watched the great piles of peat and logs

which were generously heaped on the great open hearths could hardly wonder. At such times Lady Elizabeth, industriously doing her lessons in her quiet room, would throw down her books, and rush upstairs after the soldiers, who were hurrying to the flat roof to empty supplies of salt into the chimney-pots to quell the roaring flames.

The crypt was used as dining-room for the disabled soldiers who were no longer bedridden, and at first the men seemed a little overawed by the dignity of their ancient quarters. Soon, however, they became quite at home, and really enjoyed the feudal splendour of their temporary messroom hung round with blackened suits of armour, and swords and battle-axes and relics of the chase. The beautiful dining-room was converted into a ward containing sixteen beds, while the men had the run of the library and billiard-room as common rooms. Always they were treated as guests, not as mere patients, and the best the Castle owned was placed at their disposal. The lovely tapestries and many curios scattered through the big rooms made the place as interesting as a museum to those whose lives had been spent in cramped homes, and any member of the family the soldiers met about the place was always ready to tell the stories of adventure and romance attached to the many treasures displayed.

The Countess of Strathmore made a point of being introduced to all new patients on the day of their arrival, and if possible she personally welcomed them, so that in future she might know their names and histories when she met them about the house and grounds. Young Lady Elizabeth followed her example, and would stop and talk to any man she

met about the place in the most friendly way, enquiring if he had plenty of tobacco, for the supply of which the Earl held himself responsible, and if there were anything she could do for his comfort. She and her governess would often come into the wards after dinner for a friendly game with the men. One of her favourite hobbies was photography, and they offered themselves to be snapped on every possible occasion. A home letter seemed just twice its normal value if it contained one of the photographs of the writer that his charming young hostess had taken.

In September 1915 the Earl and Countess of Strathmore suffered their great sorrow. News came that their son Fergus had been killed. At once there came a striking testimony of sympathy from the wounded soldiers. Not only did they write a letter of sympathy, but they decided amongst themselves that the Castle should be kept silent as a mark of esteem. The gramophones were put away and a hush fell over the whole place. When once, however, the bereaved parents realised that the men were sacrificing themselves in this way they immediately sent a message that hospital life was to resume its normal course, and that their personal sorrow was to cast no cloud over their guests' days.

Eight months later came another family event which indirectly had much influence on the life of Lady Elizabeth. It was in May 1916 that Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon was married, and so the home hospital at Glamis Castle was deprived of its gentle principal. She married the Hon. William Spencer Leveson-Gower, R.N., and the wedding took place at St. James', Piccadilly, the Archbishop of York officiating. Under normal conditions no doubt this would have

been a wedding that would have figured largely in the social events of the year, but under the double cloud of bereavement at home and national anxiety it was decided to make it a comparatively simple affair. There were three bridesmaids, of whom the Lady Elizabeth was one. Pink has always been one of her favourite colours, and one which particularly suits her style. On this occasion her white chiffon frock was enlivened by a coatee of rose-pink painted chiffon, and her little Dutch bonnet of pink silk ribbon had silver ears and wide pink ribbons, while her bouquet was a spray of roses.

By this time marriage and war had scattered most of the large family of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. David was of course still at school, and Lady Elizabeth was the only daughter left at home to be her mother's right hand. Although still too young to take on any serious responsibility, she soon had additional cares thrust upon her young shoulders. She had, for instance, to play deputy hostess on many occasions when her mother was otherwise engaged, and it was Lady Elizabeth who was always there to receive the various members of her big family when they returned to visit their old home. By this time, too, she had several nephews and nieces, and young "Auntie Elizabuff" was a prime favourite with all the little folk.

Socially there were few distractions in these war years, but, fortunately, peace was to dawn before Lady Elizabeth had time to miss the usual social happenings that were naturally hers by right of age and position. Before the dawn of peace, however, she was to be the heroine of one domestic event that she would never forget.



## CHAPTER THREE

### GLAMIS

**C**HARACTER is largely moulded by the physical surroundings in which a child spends his or her early days, and no life study is complete unless the influences of environment are carefully considered. Much as the Duchess owes to her birthplace, St. Paul's Waldenbury, her formative and adolescent years were almost entirely spent at Glamis, whose historic associations could not but deeply impress her plastic and romantic mind.

The Castle is situated in the great valley of Strathmore, where a fertile plain slopes gently towards the Grampians on one side and the Sidlaw Hills on the other. There are few more peaceful spots in the world than Glamis, and a great silence seems to brood over it, making it a blessed relief to wander in its quiet glens and forget the roar of London.

Surrounding the Castle is a most lovely garden, some of it being ancient as the building itself, with tall shady trees and wide terraces. Some again is laid out of recent years, and the present Lady Strathmore has herself done much to add to the charm of the place. She has designed and had constructed a lovely formal garden, which is encircled by a close-clipped yew hedge. Here the fountain is the invariable centre of admiration, for it is lined with minute

blue tiles, seeming always to reflect a blue sky overhead. Around the fountain is a wonderful herbaceous border whose flowers are so carefully selected that all through the season there is a constant glow of colour. Four semicircular stone steps lead to a raised terrace, on the long low wall of which are beautiful stone carved vases. Lady Strathmore has a romantic spirit; and she has planned that within the bays of the fine yew hedge she will some day place statues, one of each of her children. The strong local spirit of the family is displayed by one characteristic touch. A plaque can be seen in the grounds bearing the names of a number of local residents. They are the craftsmen who took part in the creation of the garden, which was finished in 1910.

The main entrance to the towering grey castle is surprisingly small, but it must be remembered that it is the ancient door originally used before the building had reached its present dimensions. Just within the front door is the circular stone staircase which dates back to the same period. Over the doorway of the central stairway tower is an inscription: "Built by Patrick Lord Glamis and Anna Murray," and in various parts of the ancient walls are emblazoned the monograms of this same earl. The name Glamis is mentioned by Shakespeare, and though many of the stories associated with it are no doubt legendary, yet it is probably the oldest inhabited house of any importance in the British Isles.

In the old days it was a well-fortified stronghold, there being originally nine walls surrounding the Castle itself. Long ago these had fallen, but even to-day there are on the lawn two towers, last relics of those days of strife. Scottish history is full of battle

and romance, and Glamis has more than played her share in the wild happenings of ancient days. Here up to the great stone stairs of the Castle they carried King Malcolm II in 1034 to die of his wounds after the battle of Hunter's Hill. And the Castle is associated with the names of many of those early Scottish kings who have slept under its ancient beams. Nor is it the names of great warriors alone that live in history. There was Janet Douglas, for instance, whose life-story is indissolubly mingled with the history of Glamis. She, the widow of the sixth Lord Glamis, was burned at Edinburgh as a witch on the charge of having used her evil arts to cause the death of James V. Glamis was forfeited to the Crown, but six years later the family received it back again because the awful charge against Janet Douglas was proved false by the confession of her accuser that she was innocent.

The Strathmores have always been loyal Jacobites, and were quite prepared to risk life and possessions for the great cause. The sixth earl entertained the old Pretender at Glamis Castle with all his retinue. Apparently the great house was able to accommodate them all, for eighty beds were prepared on this occasion. During the War the family of to-day often spoke of that past century when their ancestors made ready for the reception of the victims of another war who came to them for succour.

Many of the rooms in the Castle are called after the honoured guests, royal or otherwise, who have at different times slept in them. There is Scott's Room, where the famous Sir Walter slept once when as a young man he visited the family, and to this day the bed is still hung with the Scott tartan in accord-



*Lafayette*

## THE DANCING LESSON



ance with the old hospitable custom of always putting a visitor to sleep beneath his own plaid.

Prince Charlie's Room and the Duncan Room are no doubt named with some show of reason, but King Malcolm's Room probably has a mythical nomenclature. Naturally, these latter rooms are found in the most ancient part of the Castle, where the enormously thick walls seem untouched by the wearing hand of time.

Probably no home in the whole of Scotland is so full of Stuart relics as is Glamis. Once Prince Charlie had to fly in haste from the Castle, and he left his watch ticking under the pillow. That watch is still in the Castle, as also, hanging in the entrance-hall, is his sword. On that occasion Prince Charlie also forgot his spare suit of clothes, and to-day this, together with Claverhouse's coat, are two much-treasured relics.

Lady Strathmore is a worthy custodian of historic treasures, and what skill and pains can preserve will be saved for the joy of later generations. The bedspread under which Prince Charlie slept was, however, worn beyond repair when the Castle came into her keeping. Nothing daunted, the enthusiastic lady had a new one made on which she has had copied the whole of the elaborate embroidery of the original. Surely a good idea, for it will show to future generations even more clearly the type of handiwork of the past than would a faded and worn relic.

The great stone staircase of Glamis is many think its most striking feature. Five people can walk abreast on it, and there are eighty-six stone steps. High though these eighty-six steps may take you, one has to mount yet another fifty to reach the top-

most height of the building. The Castle is quite unusually high for an ancient keep, and its turrets look more French than English.

The great drawing-room at Glamis was once used as a banqueting-hall. Here one has a marked instance of the thickness of the Castle walls, for the two great windows of the room are recessed in walls eight feet thick. The vaulted ceiling, finished in 1620, is famous as a remarkable example of plaster work. Another striking feature of the room is the mantelpiece, which is supported on two carved human figures. In olden times when this room was still used as a banqueting-hall it was the custom for two pipers to march nightly round the room while the family dined playing familiar Scottish airs. The old custom is still maintained on great occasions, though to-day the family no longer dines here, but in the modern dining-room.

There are some fine paintings in the chapel, which is reached from the great hall. One of the portraits displays without any words the family's idolatrous love for the cause of the Stuarts. For in it, portrayed as the central figure of Christ, is an unmistakable likeness of Charles I. When Oliver Cromwell came that way he hesitated to destroy the work of art because it was sacred, but he put the whole chapel under a ban. A Priest's Hole still exists behind the wainscoting and can be detected by its unpainted panel.

While the family are immensely proud of all the many associations of their ancestral home, they quite sensibly choose to live in a more modern wing themselves, and the rooms they occupy are sunny, bright, and modern.

Such then is the home in which the future Duchess

of York lived her most impressionable years. Like all her kindred, she loved the place intensely, proudly regarding the ancient pile as the greatest heirloom of a great family. Yet tragedy nearly overtook Glamis, and had it not been for the presence of mind of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon the wonderful old fabric might easily have been a mass of blackened, gaping ruins.

It happened during the war years when Lady Elizabeth was about sixteen years of age. What caused the fire is not to this day known, but the smoke and sparks were first noticed by her.

How does the modern girl react to danger? It is often said that young people of to-day are lacking in sentimentality, but whether that be true or not it does seem that they are practical and keep cool in times of emergency. Lady Elizabeth did not wait to tell a soul of what she suspected, but straightway ran to the telephone and summoned the fire brigade.

Glamis Castle is exceptionally high for an ancient building, and it had long been recognised that a fire would be difficult to control once it took hold of the old place. The inhabitants, however, were wont to pin their faith in their safety to the river Dean, which flows past the Castle only a few hundred yards from its walls. What had not been realised was the length of hose that would be required to pump water up the height required, for the Keep is over ninety feet high. The danger of a conflagration at such a height is intensified by the fact that at that elevation a high wind is always blowing, which, of course, fans the flames and scatters the sparks.

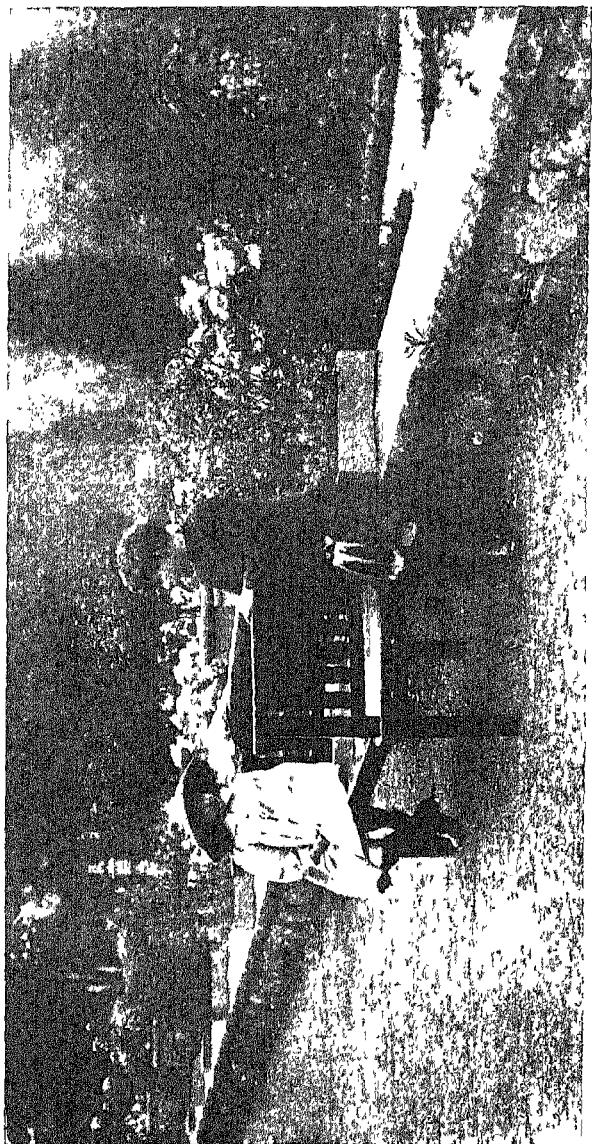
Only too rapidly did the fire spread, the shower of burning sparks lit the roof in sundry inaccessible



places, and before the local fire brigade arrived the dense smoke proved that danger was spreading fast.

Anxiously groups of the family party and servants watched the progress of events from below. The wind was fanning the flames into a roaring glow, and sparks began to scatter far and wide.

Fortunately the family were saved anxiety about the wounded men, who on that particular day had all been sent to the local cinema. In spite of that fact soon an anxious crowd had gathered on the lawn, all the villagers and most of the neighbours for miles round seemed to learn as if by magic the danger that threatened the great house, and they came vainly hoping that they might be able in some way to help. The efforts of the local brigade were of no avail, and even when the engines from Forfar had got to work, the flames still raged fiercely amid the turrets. Then Lady Elizabeth gave proof of her calmness and foresight. "The Dundee fire brigade will be here soon, for I telephoned for them when I called the local brigade," she assured the anxious family group on the lawn. It was a good thing she had done so ; otherwise Glamis Castle could never have been saved. Meanwhile, as they waited for more help, other troubles beset the harassed fire-fighters. Under the roof was a great lead tank used for water storage. This burst with the heat, and a deluge of water came pouring down the great stone stairway. It has never been forgotten how the Duchess dealt with this second trouble in her much-loved home. In no way is ability so quickly proved as in the power to deal promptly with some unexpected emergency. Lady Elizabeth saw a new disaster approaching and straightway had a remedy ready. Immediately she ordered those stand-



IN THE GARDEN AT GLAMIS



ing by to collect brooms and then she, her brothers, and others drove the torrent away from the drawing-rooms, so that sweeping onward and downward the flood rushed into the stone-built basement, where the harm it could do was but trivial. This danger averted, she had time to consider other matters.

As has been said already, Glamis Castle is the storing-place of many treasures and of much of historic value. Destruction of the valuables to be found there would mean the ruin of much that could never be replaced, and at this time it looked as though possibly the whole building would soon be in flames. To save at least some of the valuables within meant that someone must organise helpers and take control. Lady Elizabeth was fully equal to the task.

In times of stress anyone with a cool head and a determined will is sure to have a following, and this proved the case on this occasion. Quietly she gave her orders, and a queue of thirty or more volunteers ranged themselves between the rooms containing the chief family treasures and the front door. Then pictures, curios, and other valuables passed rapidly from hand to hand till they were deposited in a place of safety. Lady Elizabeth and her party managed to save many objects of great value and historical interest in this way.

The work was still in progress when shouts from the crowd went up. In the flickering shadows without it was seen that the Dundee engines had arrived. Even then it seemed at first that the flames had gained too strong a hold to be extinguished. But after a mighty struggle between water and the leaping fire the river gained the supremacy, and the Strathmores felt with relief that their ancestral home was spared.

Much damage had been done, the extent and cost of which would take some days to estimate, but Glamis was spared, and so long as that was true no one worried much about the rest.

Not only was the old house safe, but the young Lady Elizabeth had won her laurels, and all round the countryside in every cottage and in every mansion the tale was told of the deeds of the "braw lassie."

This was one of the excitements that came during those long war years which seemed so crammed with events and expectations. Like many other homes in Great Britain, Glamis spent many weary months under a cloud of family dread. The War Office had sent another of those dreaded missives that brought misery and havoc into so many homes, and Captain Michael Bowes-Lyon was reported killed. Bravely the family had faced the loss of Fergus, but this second blow seems almost to have crushed them.

Three months elapsed, and when all had given up hope word came from Germany that Michael was alive. He had been shot in the head, and for some weeks had been unable to give any account of himself, but now he was a prisoner for the remainder of hostilities.

In the midst of their rejoicings, however, they were depressed by the accounts they received of the state of the prison camp where their brother was detained, and they began to count the days till the War should end, and once more the family could be united. Long before actual signs of victory the people of England began to talk of Peace as a coming event, it may be that it was a mere involuntary recoil of the mind against the horrors of that time continuing indefinitely ; it may be that in reality many minds

subconsciously were able to foretell the course of coming events, and so were anticipating the near future.

Lady Strathmore now realised that her young daughter was growing up, and soon would have to mix in the new England, whose dawn was so anxiously awaited. She decided that her young daughter must not continue to devote herself too rigorously to the care of the wounded guests of Glamis, but that more frequent visits to town would do her good. She was not alone in thus beginning to consider an after-war existence, for many of her fellow-countrymen and women were also daring to think of the future instead of living exclusively in the sad present.

The result was that Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was sometimes to be seen now in London, either with her mother, or with her married sister, Lady Elphinstone. When in town she made the best of the many educational opportunities open to her. Once more she studied music with Miss Matilde Verne, who had taught her as a little girl, and she was taken to concerts and lectures. In fact, she began to consider seriously the social career that must inevitably open before her, and during these last months of the War she naturally desired to obtain some experience of London life before she took a distinguished place in its manifold activities.

Peace came, and at first it seemed to work little change in the quiet life of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Few people in England realised what a tremendous machine had been put into operation by the declaration of war, and many imagined that with the cessation of hostilities life would soon regain the normal. It was partly this sense of disappointment

invoked by the long dreary wait for ordinary life to resume its sway that was accountable for the many troubles of these first few years of peace. The population learned that a great army cannot be demobilised in a hurry, and that the problems of peace are in some way even more bewildering than those of war, because strict discipline is necessarily lacking.

It was a considerable time before Glamis Castle lost its military atmosphere. Indeed, it was not until the end of 1919 that the last of the wounded men were able to say good-bye. And even when the hospital was empty the responsibilities that attended its existence were by no means over, for the kind-hearted Countess was eager that her one-time visitors should all be happily settled in life, and she devoted much time and trouble in trying to find congenial work for those who had no positions to which to return. In addition to the wounded men at Glamis Castle the family also entertained for some months Australian and New Zealand officers who were waiting to return to their own country.

The Strathmore family naturally felt that for them the War had not ended till once more they were all united. Unfortunately, they had a long wait, and a number of disappointments, before Captain Michael Bowes-Lyon was able to return from Germany. Again and again they heard of other men returning, but were disappointed ; then, all unexpectedly, came the glad news that the Captain was on his way home, and once more was enacted one of those welcome home scenes that were so familiar a feature of England of that time.

Now, indeed, the War seemed really over to Lady

Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Her own immediate family circle was reunited ; her long years of steady war work were over, and she was prepared to start her adult life in a new and different era from any that England had ever seen before.

At eighteen she faced the world, as did all her generation, with an experience wider in some respects than was that of their parents at more than double their age. Life so far had been a sober and harassing affair, but now she was to realise that a new chapter was opening and her natural joyousness could have its full outlet.



## CHAPTER FOUR

### AFTER THE WAR

**S**Ocially, England has altered much since the days of Jane Austen. When one remembers how she describes the change that overcame a young girl in the course of a few days as she stepped from the schoolroom into social life one is convinced that modern ways are an improvement on the artificiality of the official "coming out" of those times. Then the young girl in the schoolroom wore a different type of dress, she was kept secluded like a nun, she was hardly expected to speak in the presence of her elders. A transformation scene took place when she entered into society, and in a moment she found her tongue and was prepared to lead where once she followed.

To-day there is not the marked difference between the schoolgirl and her elder sister that there was then, and girls "come out" gradually and naturally rather than suddenly and artificially. Change of dress has had something to do with this, for when every woman wears short frocks with hair either short or long as she chooses there comes no sudden lengthening of the skirt and "putting up" of hair to mark one's new social dignity, which was such a significant day in the life of every girl up to the War.

After the marriage of her sister Rose in 1916, although Lady Elizabeth was only sixteen at the time,

she was compelled to take on many social responsibilities that generally are the lot of older girls. Then towards the end of the War one day the long thick plait which hung down her back disappeared, to be replaced by a brown knot behind—Lady Elizabeth was grown up, but no one quite knew when the event took place.

Now she began to accept more social engagements, and she visited considerably at various country houses, till almost unconsciously she found herself in the full whirl of social life.

The girl who had spent her girlhood in caring for the interests of wounded soldiers could not, however, rest content with nothing but a round of social gaieties, and she took a deep interest in various activities that she believed to be for the good of the people. When at home in Glamis she had many self-imposed duties, and the one she most enjoyed was organising and running the Forfarshire Girl Guides. She was District Commissioner of Glamis and Eassie Parish, and did not look on her office as a merely nominal one. She took a deep and keen interest in her girls, in their training and activities, both indoors and out of doors.

But now of course much less time was spent at Glamis than was formerly the case, and the Earl of Strathmore and his family spent a considerable amount of the year in town. Until 1920 they retained their town house in St. James's Square; then they moved to 17 Bruton Street—the house later to be so well known to the British public as the birthplace of Princess Elizabeth, fourth lady of the land, and heir-presumptive should the Prince of Wales have no issue.

By this time Lady Elizabeth had gained a large

circle of personal friends apart from those of her family. Sometimes she would be invited to visit the Princess Mary at Buckingham Palace, and they would find among other topics in common a mutual interest in the Girl Guides, for Princess Mary was herself an active member of that body and took a keen interest in all the details of the movement.

Full of vitality and fun as Lady Elizabeth was, her social engagements used up all her strength and she was generally glad to spend her week-ends quietly at her home at St. Paul's Waldenbury. Her brother David was still at Eton, and it was the great delight of his young sister to motor down there and spend happy sunny afternoons with him, which invariably ended with the marvellous tea that is the delight of all schoolboys, old or young.

Lady Elizabeth was a great social success. She was in demand everywhere, and became known in her own set as "the best dancer in London."

To make up for the long cessation of petty social activities in Town there now seemed to be any amount of interesting functions to attend, and amid all her other engagements Lady Elizabeth had to find time to act as bridesmaid once again. The bride was her personal friend Lady Lavinia Spencer, who was married in the village church of Althorp to Lord Annaly. By this time Lady Elizabeth must have become quite skilled in the performance of a bridesmaid's duties, and certainly there was always competition to obtain her services, not only on account of her charming appearance, but also because she entered so heartily and happily into the festivities of the day. Once more she was to be a bridesmaid before she herself was to be a bride, and this time the

wedding was to be a royal one. There is an old saying, "Three times a bridesmaid—and never a bride," but this has certainly been refuted by the instance of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

In the spring of 1921 the girl's bright life was overcast by the serious illness of her mother, the Countess of Strathmore. An operation pointed the way to a long convalescence for the Countess. That autumn there was much entertaining to be done at Glamis, and on Lady Elizabeth lay the brunt of the duties of hostess. It seems particularly fortunate that the young Duchess had thus so early her first serious experience of the duties of a hostess, and so all unconsciously was fitting herself for the high position that awaited her in the near future.

Everyone agreed that Lady Elizabeth made a most charming and efficient *châtelainé*, and since there were many coming and going she had her powers fully tested. The Forfar Ball is one of the most important social events of the year over the border, and at Glamis Castle that year a large party was entertained for it. After years of anxiety and upheaval, at last the old home was taking on something of its former glory. Married children were coming back for the occasion, and they determined to indulge in every form of gaiety.

One visitor was expected who had never been there before, and one can imagine the young hostess must have felt some slight trepidation at the thought of entertaining royalty for the first time. When the Duke of York arrived, however, all her fears ceased, and she realised he would prove an asset rather than a responsibility to her as hostess. A large party had been invited to meet him, and naturally Lady

Elizabeth was most anxious to look her best. How well she succeeded is proved by the memory that many of the guests still have of her in a rose Vandyck dress with pearls in her hair.

Now comes a chapter of pure romance, though its inevitable sequel did not occur for some months. Imagine a young and handsome prince, a lovely lady, and the two of them exploring together a grey old castle famed in song and history, and what better setting could be found for the development of an old-fashioned love story.

In Glamis Castle legend tells of a secret chamber known only to three people in the world, so perhaps the young hostess, eager though she was to anticipate every wish of the royal guest, was not able to show him all he desired ! But the two young people, one can imagine, would determine to find out the secret for themselves and wander together through the long stone corridors and up and down the crooked stairs, and in and out of the disused ancient chambers in search of the unknown.

It is said that the true story of the secret chamber is only revealed to the heir of Glamis, and rarely are there more than three living people who know its secret.

That there is a secret is certain, and it has existed for centuries. On reaching his majority, the heir is taken away by his father to one of the gloomy stone chambers of the most remote part of the ancient building, and there they hold a secret council together. What passes between them no one knows, but it is observed that the coming of age of the heir, though a time of rejoicing to the family and the tenants, seems clouded for the future holder of the estate.

Nor did Lady Elizabeth act as cicerone to the

Castle alone, but she and her Royal guest explored the countryside together, visiting all the points of interest within reach. "Thrums," so well known to Sir James Barrie's admirers, is in real life Kirriemuir, a little town only four miles away from the Strathmore home, and this was the scene of one of their tours. In these long walks the Duke and Lady Elizabeth would find time for quiet intimate talks. It is rarely in the past that a possible heir to a throne has had the opportunity of obtaining first-hand knowledge of the woman he means to wed, and in this respect, as in many others, the Duke was a fortunate man.

Princess Mary was staying with friends not far away while her brother was at Glamis, so the two girls seized the opportunity of meeting, and the Princess came over to Glamis. They say in the North, "If you want to know a man meet his sister," and the future Duchess now had her opportunity along entirely informal lines. This visit seems to have strengthened the friendship between the two girls, and when a few months later the engagement of the Princess Mary was announced it was soon known that Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was one of the favoured young beauties who were to form the bridal retinue.

There were six bridesmaids at the wedding of Princess Mary, three of whom were royal relations. It was indeed a high honour to be one of the other three—the personally chosen intimates of Royalty on such an auspicious occasion. Moreover, to take part in a State function of such importance was excellent training for the girl who was soon to be taking a prominent position in public herself.

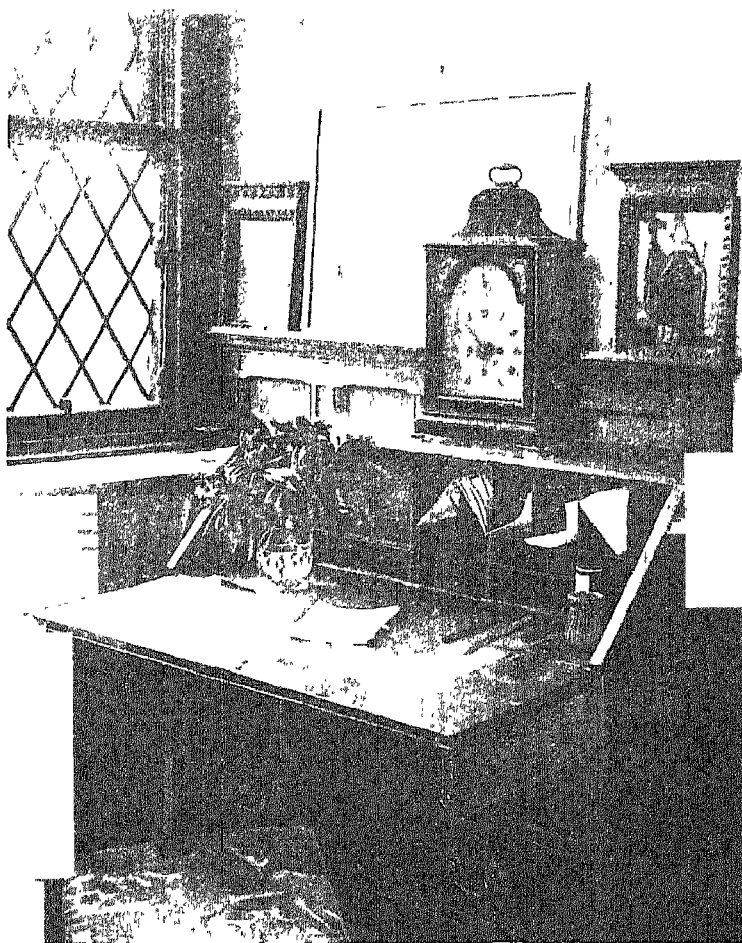
Royal manners are not learned in a day, and however carefully a commoner is reared there has to be a

topstone of education to enable one to be prepared for every State occasion. This is recognised in the ultra-careful training of the members of the Royal House from their earliest days, in the dignity of their birth. And a touching little example of the way this instinctive pride of bearing takes root occurred recently with the then tiny Princess Elizabeth as heroine.

One day she and her little boy cousins were at Windsor, and the three children were playing hide-and-seek round the fountain together, when they paused to witness the changing of the Guard. It is the custom of any member of the Royal House who is present to take the salute, and this the three children well knew. Gallantly the two boys drew back and left their small cousin in prominence. The little Princess was not abashed, quite well she knew her duty. With raised hand she stood stiffly at attention, and gravely and with complete dignity she took the salute. Was there one of those grown men on parade that day who will not tell the tale to his dying hour, for it is such simple and lovable incidents that endear the throne to the people.

Princess Mary's wedding was the first time Lady Elizabeth took part in a great royal public function, and she had to face the criticisms and comments of a huge crowd. If ever a pretty girl had a complete triumph, however, it was Lady Elizabeth on that wedding day. Every bridesmaid was pronounced lovely, but by common consent it was agreed that Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was the most charming of the whole bevy.

In her straight gown of cloth of silver, with its under-robe of ivory and satin anglaise showing through the open panels, with a huge silver rose at



*L. O. Hoppe*

THE MULLIONED WINDOW THROUGH WHICH A DUCHESS-IN-THE-  
MAKING GAZED WHEN LESSONS WERE DULL





the side caught with a true lover's knot of blue, the future Duchess indeed made a delightful picture. She seemed to embody all the grace of English girlhood with a peculiar daintiness that is all her own. Her pretty colouring was particularly admired by the discerning crowds, and perhaps for the first time she won her way into the hearts of the populace with her delightful smile.

If those walks and talks at Glamis had not completed the conquest of the Duke's heart, surely the sight of the lovely bridesmaid would have done so. That famous smile, however, had already done its work, but the cautious lover determined yet to wait a little longer till he was more sure of his ground.

So began the last summer of the girlhood of the future Duchess, and though she little thought how soon her whole career was to be changed, she seemed determined to enjoy to the full her last days as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Immediately after the wedding of Princess Mary she paid her first visit to Paris, and immensely enjoyed her stay there. Not only did she share in all the gaieties of the capital, but she found time to visit the many beauty spots and places of historic interest in the neighbourhood. There was a perfect round of evening engagements to occupy her while on this Paris visit, the most important of all being the Ball at the British Embassy, and here among all the lovely women who attended the Duchess seems to have been the admired of all beholders because of her charm and of her dancing. She had many opportunities of exercising the art during the ensuing months in London, and soon it began to be whispered that the Duke of York was very constant in trying to inscribe his name on her programme.

During this summer she saw as usual a good deal of her nephews and nieces, and since she was next to the youngest of a large family, these by now numbered nearly a dozen. Of all the aunts and uncles, "Aunt Elizabeth" was by far the most popular, for, little more than a child herself, she was able to join in all their games with enthusiasm, and, moreover, proved herself capable of originating new ones herself.

So we see the most charming sight on earth, a lovely English girl in the first dawn of womanhood, all unconsciously preparing herself for the fuller life that was so soon to open out before her.

It was toward the end of 1922 that rumour suddenly began to be busy with the name of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Before then she had simply been one among many of the beautiful young girls in Society, but now she was singled out for particular interest. There is no denying the fact that coming events do cast their shadows before them, and now hearsay linked the name of Lady Elizabeth with a Royal marriage.

For years the British public had interested itself in trying to find a likely wife for the Prince of Wales. In his mere boyhood every princess in Europe of a possible age was suggested as a future Queen of England, then with the War royal values altered, and some of those who once had seemed most likely aspirants were now out of the question. So the match-makers looked round for an English girl to meet the situation, but unfortunately the Prince did not seem prepared to sacrifice his liberty with the mere object of gratifying the gossips, and rather reluctantly the general public began to call him our "bachelor Prince."

Fortunately, however, the Prince was one of several brothers, and since match-making was denied the public on his behalf what could be more natural than that the brother next in succession should be its target. But the Duke of York, popular as he was, was not so well known as his elder brother ; and though his friendships were many his intimacies were few, so it was difficult to fix on a likely bride for him.

Suddenly it was discovered that on this as on other points the Duke could think for himself, and while others were discussing such dull questions as expediency he had just fallen in love in the simple old-fashioned way.

The Duke, however, was second in succession to the throne, and had he been born a generation sooner he would probably have been harassed by all sorts of legal questions and matters of etiquette. Almost certainly he would have been forced to obey the demands of precedence and international policy, and have had to look to some foreign court for his bride. Not for the first time had war caused sweeping changes in the ordering of a royal house, and it is certain that the princes of to-day are more free to go their own way than has been the case for many years, and their obligations to the country are now performed more in a voluntary and conscientious spirit than as a matter of stern duty.

The Duke then was only waiting his time before asking the most important question of his life. He had always shown himself a man to give due consideration to every issue. He had taken his naval career seriously ; he took his social obligations seriously ; and now at this most important juncture of his life he realised that he had not himself alone to please, but

that he must choose a wife whose influence would be as beneficial to the State as it would be in her own home.

Fortunately, the Duke had no hesitations on this ground, but was fully convinced that the lady to whom he had given his heart was eminently suitable to fill the high position in Society that is the inevitable lot of the wife of Royalty. Sailors are always supposed to be good judges of a pretty girl, the Duke proved that he had not failed to benefit all round by his naval career.

He respected Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon far too much to venture to ask her to marry him until he was quite sure that his chosen bride would be the choice of the people of England as well as of himself. He realised the invidious position of a woman over whom statesmen and kings wrangle, and he determined that the woman he loved should never be put in such a position. She must be lovingly welcomed by the populace as well as by the family into which she was marrying, and a little thought convinced him that the English people would be only too delighted if his matrimonial venture succeeded.

Perhaps no one realised better than the Duke, that to ask a young girl to marry a man in the line of succession to a great throne was to ask her to take on many responsibilities and to renounce much freedom. She would have to sacrifice much of her former independence and privacy, and her public duties would be heavy.

The Duke's social work had brought him into contact with every variety of our national home-life, and he had no doubt sometimes envied those whose position permits them every home comfort, while

leaving them free to plan out their way of living. His wife would never have that privilege ; she would never have again complete freedom ; and though he could offer her much he knew that at the same time he would have to ask much in return.

Enquiry proved, however, that at least he could assure the lady of his choice that she would receive the warmest of welcomes, not only from the family at Buckingham Palace but also from the great British public. So, assured that his choice was not only a wise one, but also one that would be of benefit to the nation he loved, the Duke went on Saturday, January 13th, 1923, to stay at St. Paul's Waldenbury, one of the homes of Lady Elizabeth.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

**W**HILE in many European countries the growth of democracy has meant the destruction of the Royal House, in England our Royal House is more beloved than ever. During the last few decades democracy has entered into the very being of our constitution, and although a royal wedding is still hedged about with numerous legalities, yet it is a much more simple and normal union than was once the case. The law about royal marriages even in England has not been altered, but its application is tempered to meet modern ideas. Any adult citizen in England may legally marry without his or her parents' consent, but members of the Royal Family have not this privilege. The consent of the Sovereign is essential in this case, although there is the possibility of making an appeal to Parliament should the Sovereign seem unreasonably obdurate.

In the days of Queen Victoria it was considered almost revolutionary to suggest that royalty should marry a commoner; however, the Queen gave her consent to her daughter marrying the Marquis of Lorne, and after that it was realised that royalty could marry a subject without any ill results.

Before the War, continental royal courtships were often most ceremonious affairs, and very often the

two young people to become engaged never met alone before the public betrothal. Such was the case with the first marriage of the ex-Kaiser, for the courtship took place at the Imperial Palace in Berlin, and the heir to the throne never was permitted to see his future wife alone till she was his bride.

English royal love-affairs seem to have been conducted on a more free-and-easy style, and many of the love stories of our Royal Family read much like those of men and women in a more ordinary station in life. It is said that King Edward fell in love with his wife when travelling on the Continent. He was visiting a certain famous cathedral and there he saw the lovely woman who later was to be Queen of England.

King George of course knew his wife when she was a little girl playing in the garden of the White Lodge, Richmond. They were always friends, though it was not till she was well in her twenties that he proposed. He is always credited with having asked the important question at Sheen Lodge.

There is one question that the children of a happy home seem never weary of asking, and how many a mother has laughingly answered that anxious enquiry, "Where and when did Father ask you to marry him, Mother?" When Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose reach years of discretion it will certainly be unnecessary for them to question their mother in this way, for all the world knows the exact spot and hour when the great question was put to her!

On Saturday, January 13th, 1923, then, the Duke went to stay at St. Paul's Waldenbury, and next day, being Sunday, he and Lady Elizabeth walked together in the woods instead of accompanying the church



party. Even before this time St. Paul's Waldenbury had been one of the Duchess's favourite homes, but from henceforth it would always have a glamour that was personal rather than real. Once, before she and the Duke had met there, a friend asked her what was her ideal of a home life. "I hardly know," she said, gazing round the lovely gardens of St. Paul's, "it is lovely to be here, but then Glamis is perfect too." St. Paul's Waldenbury was always a favourite weekend home of the Duchess after all the excitements of busy London days, and in particular she loved the woods; green, gold, or grey, wind-swept skeletons, she was always happy walking under the great trees, with nothing to break the stillness save the song of birds.

It was in the wood that she and the Duke went for their walk on that winter morning, and no doubt to the little Duchess that wood will always seem an enchanted place, for it was there she made the great decision of her life.

One knows no more of the events of that eventful Sunday, but enough is known of life in the lovely Hertfordshire home to be assured that the day would go on its even peaceful way without undue fuss or excitement. Life at St. Paul's Waldenbury was always determinedly simple, the Countess of Strathmore desiring a home atmosphere there above all things. It was a convenient centre for the grandchildren to come, to taste the joys of real country life. Being far nearer to London and to all their relations than was Glamis, it was more often the scene of big family parties, of which simplicity was always the keynote. Much tennis out of doors and constant music within was the order of the day, but all were free to do as they pleased.



*100 p. 1*

THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE'S EMBROIDERED COVERLET

Inside the valance at the top the Countess has worked the names of all her children



One may be quite sure that the Duke of York found it hard to hurry away from such a home on Monday morning, but this he felt it his duty to do. And the Duke is always respected for this keen sense of duty which seems to guide all his ways.

Although the Duke had already obtained the provisional consent of the King and Queen to his engagement, he at once felt he should tell them the result of his venture. It was an announcement too momentous to be given except in person. From London he hurried on to Sandringham to tell his story.

Princess Mary's marriage was then recent history, and the enthusiasm which had been displayed over it proved that the old prejudice against royalty intermarrying with commoners was long dead. The following announcement appeared in the *Court Circular* :

" It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Duke of York, to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, to which the King has gladly given his consent."

The great enthusiasm aroused everywhere by this announcement proved beyond all doubt the attitude of the British public toward his Royal Highness's commoner fiancée. For the first time that winsome smile and those shining blue eyes grew famous.

Lady Elizabeth was to learn at once how great a price she would have to pay for the high position she was about to assume. Indeed, her friends all knew that this was the only trouble that clouded her happiness. Had the Duke not held so exalted a position she would never have hesitated, but as

things were she could not help realising that with her marriage she would be called upon to sacrifice the freedom and independence that had been hers as a girl. But true love will overcome worse barriers than fears of the responsibilities that fall upon the shoulders of those who surround the throne, and Lady Elizabeth quickly made up her mind.

She had hoped for a few days of privacy before the whole world knew of her happiness, but this was not to be. "I feel very happy but quite dazed," she wrote to an old friend. "We did hope for a few days of peace first, but the cat is now completely out of the bag, nor does there seem any possibility of stuffing him back again."

It must have been strange for the girl on motoring to Town to see her name posted on every paper bill, and to feel that for the moment she was probably the most-discussed woman in Europe. The news flashed throughout our great Empire, and in far remote corners of the globe men and women hoped anxiously that this young girl thrown into such sudden prominence, would be worthy of the name she was about to assume.

Probably it was the increase in the number of letters she received that first caused the Lady Elizabeth to realise fully how great a change had come into her life. Before the memorable Sunday when she and the Duke took their eventful walk, her morning post had been equal to that of the normal young girl who is a favourite in Society. There had been a little pile of invitations, a few letters from personal friends, perhaps an appeal or two, and a few business notes. But immediately following her engagement she was overwhelmed each morning with letters and

telegrams, at first of a congratulatory nature, and later filled with all the miscellaneous problems with which Royalty must deal.

It was well that the bride-to-be had already given proof of her steady head and sound common sense, for now she underwent an ordeal that would have proved trying to older and wiser people than she. Difficult as it is to face slander and calumny with dignity, it may prove even harder to be the recipient of adulation and unbounded praise. The popular newspapers were filled with accounts of the charms of the future Duchess, yet the public evinced a desire for information about her which even this publicity could not entirely satisfy. Photographs of Lady Elizabeth were displayed in hundreds, anecdotes of her childhood were told, and her beauty, grace, and wit lauded at thousands of dining-tables. The public seemed to be most struck with the daintiness of the future Duchess. Her graceful figure led them immediately, and rightly, to conclude that she was a charming and accomplished dancer. But her photographs seldom do justice to her, for they fail to show her delightful colouring and her wonderful eyes. There is a note of surprise about her face, caused by the contrast of the jet-black hair, the intense azure of her eyes, and the soft peach-like skin.

As everyone knows, however, a woman may be classically beautiful and yet fail to attract, and looks without charm are worth little. Fortunately, the Duchess proved herself to be possessed of both. The public were soon to know her admirable poise and dignity mingled with that winning manner that endears her to all hearts. A charming and winning smile is one of the greatest gifts that a woman can

possess, and it is her smile which has made the gay Duchess renowned throughout the Empire.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon impressed all beholders as being full of the joy of life, and her looks spoke the simple truth. Like a child, she could enjoy the passing moment, and saw all the fun in all kinds of situations.

Realising that as the Duchess of York, the Lady Elizabeth would be a future leader of fashion, there was one question that every woman asked: How would the Duchess dress? Her lead would affect thousands of women in their choice of clothes, and so, indirectly, would have a distinct influence on trade. Fortunately, it was soon learned that the Duchess, though always attractively dressed, was no devotee of the latest fashions. She prefers to portray her own individuality in her clothes, despite the dictates of the Paris demigods.

The Duchess bears her personal charms and graces very modestly. She does not trouble to dwell upon herself. She finds the world too interesting a place for small personal vanities. And so it came about that shortly after the Duchess had become engaged the country decided that her qualities indicated that she was not merely a charming girl but a woman of strong and upright character.

Once the engagement had been announced Lady Elizabeth was compelled to face an ordeal far more alarming than the average engaged girl must meet. No girl likes the ordeal of visiting her future husband's family for the first time, but for the Lady Elizabeth the experience was far more overwhelming, for the complications of a royal visit had to be taken into consideration.

It was a week after the engagement was announced that Lady Elizabeth went with the Duke of York to visit his parents at Sandringham. That journey across London to Liverpool Street Station was a trying one for Lady Elizabeth. The way was beset by press-photographers, and great crowds had assembled to see the couple at every likely spot. Possibly as she and the Duke bowed from their car to the crowds which greeted them before they entered the station, she recalled a girlish escapade which is related by an old friend. Lady Elizabeth and this girl were motor-ing to St. Paul's Waldenbury in a saloon car with an immovable roof. It was a glorious day of sun and blue skies, and determined to appear to enjoy the sunshine even if the magnificence of the Daimler forbade her doing so, she sat up with great dignity inside, and, unfurling a gay parasol she held it between her head and the roof, and bowing graciously to the astonished onlookers, passed down the Edgware Road.

On this occasion, however, there was certainly no temptation to indulge in girlish pranks, and one can well imagine her turning to the Duke for a little sympathy, with all those strange eager eyes following her. Anticipation, however, proved more trying than realisation, and the girl was delighted and touched by the real welcome that she received on her arrival at Sandringham. This set the keystone to her happiness, and she felt she could face the future with serenity.

Although the King and Queen had already given their personal consent to the royal engagement, there were various formalities still to be observed, and in accordance with the Royal Marriage Act the betrothal had to be ratified, formally by the King in Council, and then to be published in the *London Gazette*.



When once this was done the date of the marriage was announced for April 26th, 1923, and its place, Westminster Abbey. The public had not been long in which to debate the question of the Royal residence, for almost immediately it was announced that the White Lodge, Richmond Park, was to be vacated by its owner and adapted to the needs of the Duke and Duchess.

The interval between the announcement of a Royal engagement and the wedding is a busy time for all concerned, and though legal matters are left in the hands of experts, the future Duchess was to learn at once that a great position brings with it many cares. Even the question of wedding garments assumes the weight of a matter of national importance when a Royal wedding is in question. Princess Mary, for example, chose a wedding-dress that was intended to personify our far-flung Empire. Ex-soldiers and ex-sailors, members of the War Service Legion Guild of Sailor and Soldier Broderers worked hard on the silver embroidery that circled the train. Silver flowers were worked on the gown, the rose, thistle, and shamrock to represent the British Isles, and smaller flowers and leaves to be symbolic of the various Dominions.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon no doubt consulted her future husband before she decided that her wedding-dress should be trimmed with Nottingham machine-made lace. This was quite a revolution in a choice of wedding trimmings, for as a rule elaborate hand-made lace, which is generally an heirloom, has been considered the only fitting decoration for Royal brides.

The bride of a Royal Prince has little freedom in

planning the details of the great day, for every arrangement has to undergo official scrutiny. Her list of bridesmaids has to be submitted to the King, while the officiating clergy are also his choice. The design of her frock and those of the bridesmaids, the length of her train, the arrangement of her veil, and what she shall carry during the ceremony are again all under the dictatorship of a rigid court etiquette.

All these matters had to be considered and, then, like every bride in the country, the Duchess had the pressing duty of considering her future home and its arrangements. Here she had the invaluable help of the Queen, and they spent many happy and busy hours in going over the White Lodge and discussing how best it might be fitted for her and the Duke's comfort.

This famous old mansion stands on high ground in Richmond Park between Sheen Gate and Robin Hood's Gate, and the views from the windows sweep over magnificent park lands towards Richmond and Wimbledon Common. The house was built by George II, who used it as a shooting lodge. It was his daughter, Princess Amelia, who improved the position of the place by converting some gravel-pits into the well-known Pen ponds. Queen Victoria stayed there for a time, finding it secluded from and yet near Town. For some while King Edward occupied the house when he was still the bachelor Prince of Wales, but it is mostly associated with the Duchess of Teck, and the girlhood of our present Queen.

While the Queen was born at Kensington Palace and spent her very early years there, she was soon to live in the more healthy quarter of Richmond Park, and it was with the White Lodge that all her

childhood was associated. Here she and her brothers enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed existence, and in the lovely grounds surrounding the Lodge spent nearly all their leisure.

If ever a woman were capable of stamping her personality on a home it was the Duchess of Teck, mother of the Queen. She was a woman of strong individuality, original, interesting, impulsive, and withal so kind-hearted that her family never knew what possession she would give away next. Happy as were Queen Mary's early days at the Lodge, she sometimes had her anxieties, for she took her mother seriously, a thing the Duchess herself did not do. Means were straitened in those days, and often bills were left at the White Lodge that were difficult to pay, so the woman who is now Queen of England knows all about practising economies just like many of her subjects of to-day.

It was to the White Lodge that the Marlborough House children—the sons and daughters of the Prince of Wales of those days—used to come to play with their cousins the Tecks. Princess May and her three brothers used to enjoy these big family parties immensely, and apparently they were simple homely affairs such as one might meet with in any big country house garden to-day. And perhaps the Queen thought of those quiet summer evenings when the family gathered under the apple trees to chat, as she went over those familiar gardens once again.

For educational and professional reason the cousins were separated for a while. Princess May was in Italy finishing her education, while Prince George had entered the Navy and was seeing the world. Then once more circumstance threw the old friends

together, and it was while the then Duke of York was visiting the White Lodge that he proposed to his future wife.

The Queen has good reason for loving her old home in the Park, and even after marriage her interest in the place did not end, for she often stayed here, and it was in this house that the present Prince of Wales was born.

One can imagine, therefore, how interested was the Queen once again to come back to the familiar house this time with the intention of arranging it for the occupation of her second son and his wife. Every room awakened memories and associations with the past, and most of them happy ones.

Houses have character just as have individuals, and the White Lodge seems stored with happy memories, and to re-echo with the merry laughter of the many royal children who have played within its walls. If warm affections can influence a building, then the young couple about to be married were coming into congenial surroundings.

The Duchess certainly lacked no help and advice in the arrangement of her future home, for apart from the personal interest of the Queen, her own mother was a woman of great experience and foresight in domestic affairs as she had proved by her care for the interests of her ancient home of Glamis. Then Lady Elizabeth had quite a number of married sisters and sisters-in-law, quite apart from the new sister-in-law she was about to acquire in the person of Princess Mary, the Viscountess Lascelles. Perhaps Princess Mary would prove the best counsellor of all, for her own experiences of starting married life were so recent that they would have all the zest of novelty.

## CHAPTER SIX

### THE MAN SHE WAS MARRYING

**A**T a wedding all eyes focus on the bride, and the bridegroom plays but a secondary part. If, as in the novels, a biography ended with wedding-bells, then we might safely ignore the individuality of the bridegroom, but serious life begins when the bride changes her wedding-dress for the more sober raiment of every day, and her future history is indissolubly influenced by the nature of the man she has married.

His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, like his wife, is one of a large family. The three eldest children of the King and Queen were all born within three years, and the Royal nursery could never have been dull with three such high-spirited children in it. It was on the 14th of December, 1895, that Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, five years before Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon saw the light.

Although his later training was much more strict and severe than that of his wife, yet their nursery days were much alike in that the happy hours were filled with play with little companions of very nearly their own age. Both alike had sensible parents who were eager that the children should have a happy natural life in the open air, and that so long as possible they should enjoy simplicity and freedom from restraint.

Until the death of Queen Victoria, which was shortly followed by the departure of the Prince and Princess of Wales for their great Australian trip, the Duke of York spent most of his time in the nursery with his sister and brothers. When, however, his parents returned from their tour his education began in earnest. It was decided that for a time Prince Albert, as he was then called, should share the tutorship of Mr. H. P. Hansell with his brother, our present Prince of Wales.

The country owes much to Mr. Hansell, for he had almost complete charge of the young Princes during the most formative years of their lives, and the fact that they have both made themselves so respected and beloved is surely a high compliment to their tutor's name. Mr. Hansell is an Oxford man with considerable experience in public school teaching, and he fully realised the type of boy who is best adapted to be a leader and example to the rank and file of Englishmen to-day. He determined to impart to his young charges those high ideals of honour, courage, and self-sacrifice that mark the public school boy at his best. He had to train them for the high position they were to fill, at the same time he had to make them realise their brotherhood with all sorts and conditions of men, and those to-day who observe the popularity of the Prince of Wales with every class of society, and mark the steady social work done by his brother, must acknowledge that Mr. Hansell succeeded in his task.

The Royal Family have an extraordinarily happy knack of remembering those who have served them well, and Mr. Hua, who had been French tutor to the King and the Duke of Clarence years before, and

had since been French master at Eton for eighteen years, was appointed to take charge of the Princes' French studies. Lessons were now taken more seriously, but the physical side of training was by no means neglected. Military and other drill had been regular since nursery days, there was a dancing class at Marlborough House, they were taught swimming, and thoroughly coached in all outdoor sports. Team games are not easy to master for the boy who is educated at home, but to meet this deficiency the young Princes were allowed to play football at Sandringham with the village boys, and our other national game, cricket, was played on the Royal Household ground at Frogmore with teams from Eton and the St. George's, Windsor, schools during the summer.

It was the custom of the Prince of Wales to live with his family in one of the royal residences not far from where the King was residing, so the young Princes in this way saw much of their royal grandfather. Visits to his home, however, became such lively functions, with the playful help of King Edward himself, that finally their mother laid down the law that the boys were not to go unaccompanied by their tutor. One can imagine, however, that the wise Mr. Hansell would become discreetly invisible on occasion.

At thirteen years of age Prince Albert was used to a life, hard and bracing perhaps, but sheltered in the almost cloistered seclusion of a royal home. Then at fourteen came the ordeal of facing the hard life of the Naval Training College of Osborne, and there he was to be an ordinary cadet with no privileges and no rank other than the rank he earned. Most cadets have had at least the discipline of a preparatory



*Bulford Lemerc*

A DRAWING BY SARGENT





school to prepare them for the ordeal of naval training, but during the next seven years of steady discipline the Prince was to prove that a public school is not essential in the making of a man.

Afterwards, when he married a girl who came from a race of soldiers, he must have been grateful for this training of his teens, and have rejoiced that never for a moment could she have imagined that he had escaped on the grounds of his birth from the hard work of the world.

Before he left for Osborne Prince Albert must have had many a confidential talk with his father for he was following in King George's footsteps, and the Navy changes little in essentials from one generation to another.

For two years at Osborne and two at Dartmouth he studied hard. Into his day's work had to be crowded not only the essentials of a general education but also physics, electricity, engineering, naval history, navigation, and the elements of seamanship. He invariably put his back into the work, which he obviously liked, though he himself modestly declares that his name was generally to be found at the bottom of the lists. Nevertheless, the unassuming ways of the young cadet made him universally liked and respected. Perhaps because he suffered from what seemed a natural impediment in his speech which he had to fight strenuously when using certain words, he was quiet and a trifle shy. Yet although he did not speak much he was known for his strong sense of humour, and to-day his small daughters can testify that their strong, silent "Daddy" is always ready for fun.

In 1912, when just seventeen years old, he joined

his cadet ship, *Cumberland*, and here in company with some sixty other cadets he was to complete his training. Then after the completion of the *Cumberland* cruise he was gazetted midshipman and appointed to H.M.S. *Collingwood*. This was the fateful year of the opening of the War, and soon the young Prince was facing active service. On board, he lived the hard usual simple life of his fellow-midshipmen, turning out at six in the morning with a hurried cup of cocoa before physical drill, doing a heavy day's work, and at night slinging his own hammock and turning in after a plain meal of bread and cheese, onions, and beer. He was famed for his cheerful matter-of-fact devotion to duty, and never by any chance did he desire to profit by his position as son of the ruling Sovereign.

Not long after the outbreak of war the King paid an official visit to the Fleet and boarded H.M.S. *Collingwood*. After his inspection was over, His Majesty, as is customary, received the officers of the ship on the quarter-deck. They were introduced in strict order of seniority, and far down the list among the juniors came Prince Albert. Although father and son had not met for months they neither of them attempted to break through the routine of the day. The young midshipman clicked heels and saluted, then passed by with never a personal word of greeting.

The history of the War was to Prince Albert a history of continual private disappointment. It had only lasted a month when he was hurried home for an operation for appendicitis. Again he joined his ship, to be once more invalided home; then just before the Battle of Jutland he was pronounced fit for active service. It is rare for Royalty to be mentioned in

dispatches, but the Duke received this honour, and was commended for his coolness and courage during the weary hours under fire. Later, the officer in charge of the gun turret where the Duke was stationed was asked if he could remember anything of interest about the day, but apparently had no tale to tell. Everything had followed its normal course, but he added, "I remember the Duke made cocoa as usual for me and the gun crew."

It is said that to-day at 145 Piccadilly the Duchess sometimes orders her servants to go to bed and leave a tray ready when some evening engagement will make her and the Duke late. Then she and her husband have a simple meal together in her private room. On such occasions perhaps the Duke sometimes chuckles: "Let me make the cocoa—I know all about that job!"

Again ill-health interfered with active service, and the Duke had to content himself with service at home. Finally, he was drafted into the Air Service. Most men after the severe physical strain of his recurring illness, which seemed incurable, would have been content with an honourable retirement till the cessation of the War, but the Duke thought of no such thing. Instead, he worried the authorities till a suitable job was found him. At this time the Royal Naval Air Service urgently required the services of young naval officers to train and organize the ground personnel. The Duke gladly seized the opportunity of working once more under something of his former conditions, and was only too delighted to feel that again he was in active service. He was appointed to the R.N.A.S. station in Cranwell early in the year 1918, and there he remained till the following July.

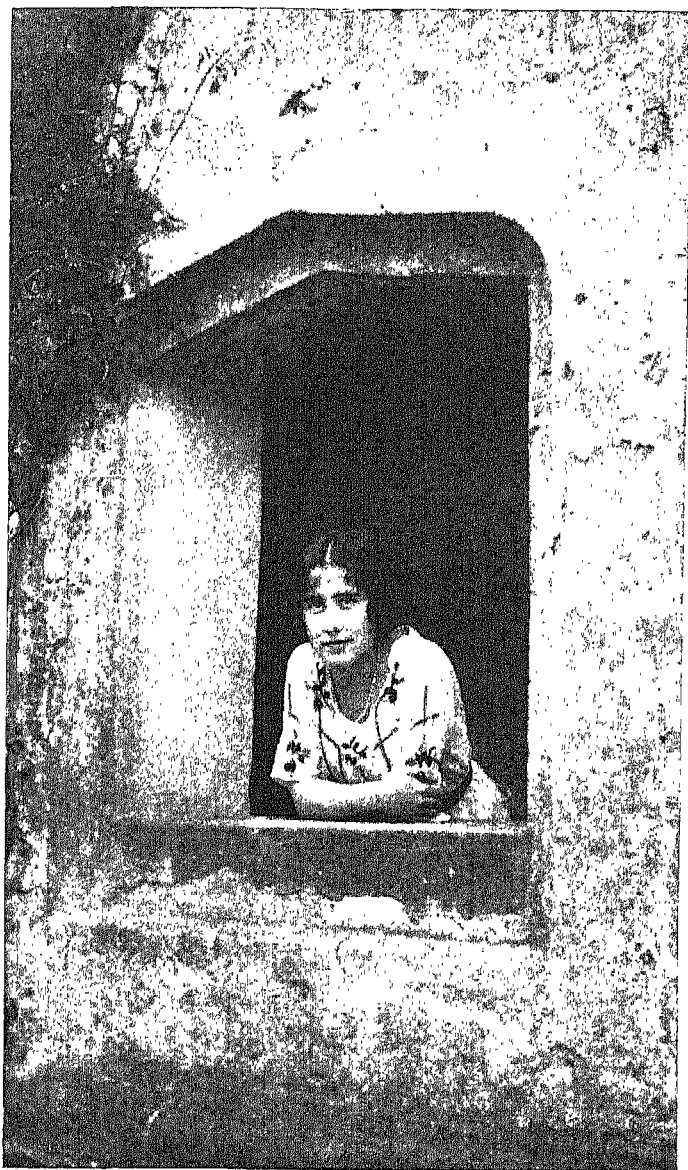
Those who can remember the details of the War will recollect how during those anxious months there was considerable dissension as to the control of our efforts in the air. Finally, however, the discussion was ended by the amalgamation of the Royal Naval Air Service with the Royal Flying Corps, the two combining to become the Royal Air Force. The Duke was one of the first batch of naval officers who were absorbed into the newly formed R.A.F., his rank being Captain, R.A.F.

It was in July that he was able to obtain his training for a pilot's certificate, and he was appointed a Squadron Leader in August 1919, in which same month he retired from the active list of both the Royal Navy and the R.A.F.

This first year of peace was marked in his career as the beginning of national duties other than military ones. Several times he was called upon to relieve the King and the Prince of Wales when their social duties became too heavy for them personally to fulfil.

The year after peace was declared was a trying time for tens of thousands of the young men of our land who had left school to enter one or other of the services, and now returned home uncertain what to do. It was a problem that faced the Palace as well as the small suburban home, and many men shirked returning to finish an education that should have been completed when they were still boys. It was no easy task for men who had seen life in the raw to return to the comparative discipline and order of college life. Still, thousands of them did so, and among them was the King's second son.

It was decided that he and his younger brother should now proceed to Cambridge for a short and



A MEDIEVAL SETTING



intensive course of study. It must have felt strange to the elder brother to shake off the responsibilities of manhood and with Prince Henry to go back to the irresponsibilities of youth. They decided not to go into residence at Trinity College but to set up house-keeping for themselves. Wing-Commander Greig and Mrs. Greig went with them to control their domestic arrangements and generally supervise the household. Wing-Commander Greig was an old friend, for he and the Duke were together in the *Cumberland* during the cadet cruise, and again when the Duke was appointed to H.M.S. *Malaya* he found the Commander serving aboard her. He was admirably suited to attend the young man in those collegiate days when his strength was not yet fully established.

The course of study chosen for the Princes was not the full regulation one, but rather a selection of special subjects that would be of exceptional value to them in their future careers. Thus the Duke took an intensive course of history, economics, and physics, subjects for which he had a natural affinity, and which were later to prove of great benefit when he faced the social work to which his life was to be largely devoted. No member of the Royal Family to-day has so comprehensive a knowledge of the economic problems of our times as has the Duke. But he has never been content with book knowledge alone. His natural and healthy instinct is to see for himself the conditions of which he reads. Probably there are few men in England who have followed from start to finish so many processes of manufacture as he has done. Nor is he content alone with looking on; whenever possible he must try for himself to do the thing that other men are doing. He can drive a



railway train or a tramcar as well as a professional, and there are few manual jobs that he would fear to undertake. Nor will he let the disagreeables of life deter him in his purpose. There is a tale told of a visit of his to a glue factory in the North of England. His hosts on this occasion were desirous that some of the most disagreeable sides of the trade should be ignored, and suggested that he should omit visiting the more unsavoury parts of the building. But the Duke would not hear of doing any such thing. "Why, people work there, don't they?" he asked. "Then what is good enough for them is good enough for me!"

Another problem which interests the Duke is the housing question. He insists upon seeing conditions at first hand. Once when visiting a certain industrial town in the North he had asked to have the opportunity of studying the housing conditions of the people and the authorities had picked out certain houses in the neighbourhood for him to visit. But the Duke was not going to be put off with specially selected specimens. "This looks a nice ordinary-looking house," he exclaimed, "do you think we might call here? Would the owner mind?" Far from minding the pleasant-faced working woman who opened the door in answer to his knock was only too delighted, and she and her children will talk to the day of their death of the occasion when the Duke called. A few friendly words pleased her, and then the Royal visitor had the opportunity of finding out what he wanted to know—how the rank and file of his people lived when they were not brushed up and prepared for company.

Again, the Duke has made a serious study of engineering, electricity, and other sciences during his

naval career, and now he likes to apply his knowledge to the matter of fact everyday affairs of life. Everyone in the Royal House turns to him for assistance and advice when some problem of wireless crops up. He is a keen radio engineer, and has had a working bench fitted up in a room in his home at 145 Piccadilly, fitted with special lighting, where he tries out each new device as it is brought out in his spare time. He has personally constructed many reliable wireless sets, which have sometimes been given to his personal friends and sometimes are sent to hospitals and institutions.

The Duke and his brother thoroughly enjoyed college life, and entered fully into its social and athletic joys. Later in life the Duke proudly boasted that "The proctor's bull-dog once took six and eightpence out of me." But it was for the comparatively mild offence of smoking in the street while wearing his cap and gown. The brothers lived very simply, and any morning the Duke might be seen going to lectures by the democratic means of a motor-cycle.

While the Duke was undergoing his college course the Prince of Wales was in Canada and Australia for a good deal of the time, with the result that the younger brother had to act as understudy. This necessitated his frequently going up to Town, and somewhat interrupted his studies. Nevertheless, he managed to become thoroughly grounded in the ideals of good citizenship, and made an intimate enquiry into such practical matters as housing, welfare of the industrial workers, the relations between capital and labour, and other kindred subjects.

On June 23rd, 1920, Prince Albert became Peer of the Realm. It was announced in the birthday honours list that he was from henceforth Duke of

York, and later that year he took his seat in the House of Lords for the first time. Perhaps it should be explained here that the fact of being a Prince of the Blood Royal does not in itself entitle a man to this privilege.

As befits a Royal Prince, the Duke of York holds many honours and decorations. He is Colonel-in-Chief of the 11th Hussars, Somerset L.I., East Yorks Regt., and R.A.O.C., Hon. Colonel 4th Bn. Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, a Captain R.N., and Group Captain R.A.F. Apart from military honours, he possesses one founded by his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, for personal service to the ruling Sovereign or to some member of the Royal House—by the granting of this he is Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victoria Order, and of all his honours those who know him well often think this is most appropriate, for the Duke is a born server of others. The Order of the British Empire is now generally well known, but its forerunner was the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and this was given as a reward for Imperial services, and this again the Duke possesses with good reason. He received it sometime after the years of the War on the eve of his great Australian tour.

Apart from these, the Duke is a Knight of Justice of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and he also possesses many foreign honours, including the Order of St. Vladimir of Russia and the Grand Order of Carol I of Roumania. There are in addition many Orders of a more official character, and if the holding of many honours could establish any Prince in the favour of a people then the position of the Duke in England is assured.

The English people, however, care little for names and honours, and are democratic enough to judge a man by his personal qualities rather than by an extraneous title. When the ever-popular Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon became engaged to the young Duke the general opinion of the English people was that she had made a fortunate choice, not because she was marrying the second son of the King, but because she was marrying the man himself.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### THE FOUNDING OF A FAMILY

THE importance of marriage, though it seems such a personal affair, is in reality more social than individualistic. Every marriage ceremony points to the founding of a new family, and every bride feels a thrill at the thought of changing her name. The actual family name of the Royal House is, in fact, seldom used, and quite a number of people have already overlooked the fact that, for excellent and obvious reasons, the King decided during the War to change his distinctly German surname of Guelph into that of Windsor. It is said that it was the Queen who made the decision as to the new name, remarking, "Mary Windsor sounds so nice!"

When Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon married, she, of course, thought about her new title—Duchess of York. That title has had a long, honourable, and romantic history, and the Duchess was woman enough to rub up her history and read of the lives of the men who, before her time, had borne the honoured name of Duke of York.

Her husband was thirteenth of that name, and every one of the others were men of distinction. The first to bear it was Edmund of York, and the title was conferred upon him by his brother, Richard II, in 1385. Edmund was the son of Edward I, and from contemporary description of historians of that period was well

worthy to call himself the son of a king. He was tall, strong of limb, and upright of carriage. He wore a well-trimmed beard, and his appearance was one to inspire fear and confidence. He had the reputation of being both bold and reckless, a regular dare-devil who feared no man, and his love affairs seem to have been singularly romantic. Before he received his title, he went over to France with his brother, John of Gaunt, there to join the forces of his elder brother, the Black Prince, at Angoulême.

In November John and Edmund went to Bordeaux, where they met their fate. The three lovely daughters of the King of Castile had just learned of the murder of their father, after the battle of Montiel; and at Bayonne, not a long journey from Bordeaux, they were living in sanctuary. The eldest, Beatrix, was so overcome by her grief that she had decided to take the veil, but neither Isabel nor Constance felt the call to a life of devotion, though they were "disconsolate and in great trouble."

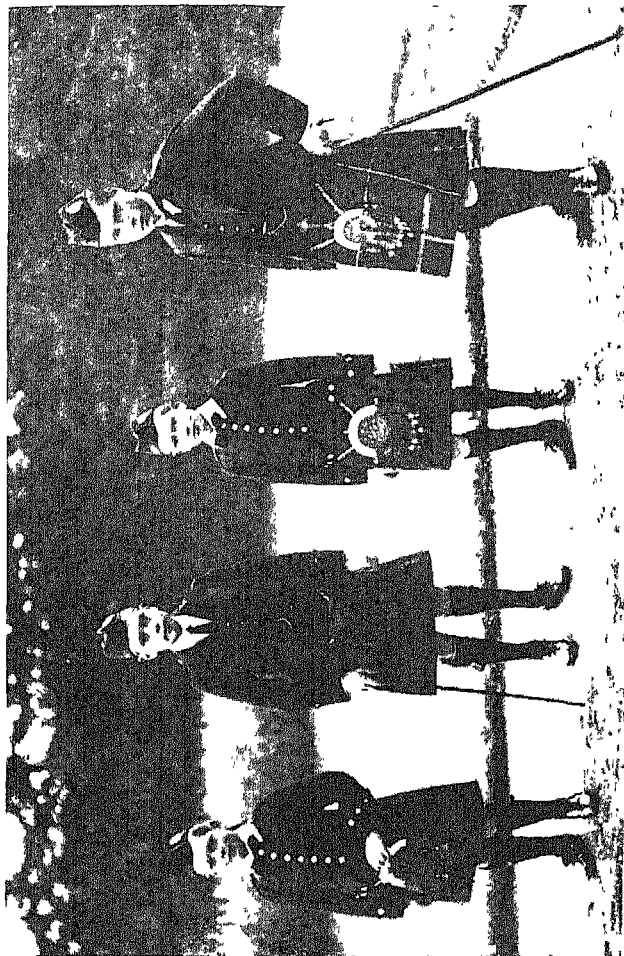
The young English princes, in a lull of warlike pursuits were enjoying life, spending their leisure hours in jousting and in following the chase. Then they heard of beauty in distress, and immediately all their gallantry was aroused. They must go to the aid of these forlorn princesses. They sent a message to the two girls in retreat to ask them to put themselves under their protection.

Then off the two gallant young princes set to meet them, mounted on prancing jet-black chargers, with bright harness trappings and richly chased armour. They met on a sunny day in the quiet country village of Rochefort, and the meeting must have been one of those high moments in life that stand out for

ever like a gleam of sunshine against the drab of everyday affairs. The two beautiful girls, mounted on their milk-white palfreys, and surrounded by their faithful servants, came slowly down the white, sun-flecked road, as the princes advanced. They met, and that first meeting made four gay young hearts beat high. Isabel was fair, slim and elfin, and her charms at once won for her the lifelong love of Edmund. John of Gaunt, equally overcome by the charms of Constance, was more impetuous than his brother, and there and then, without more ado, he called upon the village priest to marry him. But Edmund and the fair Isabel waited for three years for the wedding ceremony, although they were betrothed on the spot.

Impetuous though these medieval lovers were, they were not without a foundation of sound good sense, for the two sisters were co-heiresses of the late king, and although for the moment there was no possibility of gaining a throne by such an alliance, there was the future to consider. When the question arose as to who should be the future heir to the kingdom of Castile, it was amicably decided that the first son born should have that distinction, whichever family he belonged to. Although Edmund fought for three weary years under the Black Prince and other leaders before he claimed his bride, yet it was his child who was able to claim his right to the succession to the throne of Castile. Perhaps this was hardly the good fortune for the proud father that it seemed, for Edmund decided that he must take his wife and child across the water to press the boy's claim.

This adventure was not destined to be a happy one, and from the very start, when contrary winds kept



*United News*

THE FOUR YOUNG PRINCES AT BALMORAL

*Left to Right* Prince George, Prince Albert, Prince Henry, the Prince of Wales.





them tossing helplessly for days in Plymouth Sound, they seemed to meet with trouble. When they arrived at Lisbon after a long and troublesome voyage, a magnificent royal welcome awaited them, and for days they feasted at the Royal Castle, being entertained with the lavish and almost overwhelming hospitality that was the fashion of those days. Indeed, the King of Portugal, when he set eyes on the little son of the Duke, exclaimed, "Behold, here is *my* son, for he shall have my daughter!" This royal infantile match seemed an excellent piece of diplomacy and delighted everyone, and the nine-year-old Edward and seven-year-old Beatrix were immediately married. But before long the first enthusiasm ended in fierce quarrels, and finally Edmund set sail for home with his wife and son, in a rage, refusing to take his youthful daughter-in-law with him.

Edmund was to see fighting at home as well as abroad, and it was when he marched with his nephew Richard II, over the Tweed to attack the Scots, that he was given the title of the Duke of York. It was on July 20th, 1385, that the English army, headed by the King, bivouacked at Durham, and early in August 800 mounted men-at-arms and 8000 archers crossed the Tweed. This was a mighty force for those times, and the King prided himself that it was the best-equipped army that had ever made its way to Scotland. On reaching hostile soil he created his two uncles, the Earls of Cambridge and Buckingham, Dukes of York and Gloucester. But the triumphal entry into Scotland was destined to be a failure, for the canny enemy refused to fight, and by a rapid flank movement slipped round behind the British and poured across the border into Cumberland, harrying

the peasants and firing their homesteads in an attempt to make the King turn back to his own domain.

Later, Edmund, Duke of York, was made regent when Richard II went on an expedition to Ireland in 1394.

Every holder of the title since the first Duke of York has been the direct or indirect descendant of that Edmund who won his title for following his king against the Scots. For nearly a hundred years it was an hereditary title, the last to hold it thus being Edward of Rouen.

Edmund's son, Edward, followed his father, but in the lifetime of Edmund he was created Duke of Rutland, and subsequently Duke of Albemarle. His history was a very chequered one, for he had a passion for intrigue; but as a rule he suffered from nerves before his plans had come to fulfilment, and did a terrified utmost to back out before it was too late.

After being one of Richard II's standbys, he deserted him for Henry IV's cause. The new king, however, made various enquiries into his past, and for a time it looked likely that Edward would lose his head before ever he succeeded to the title of Duke of York. Deciding, however, to show clemency, the king, Henry IV, settled down in apparent peace and goodwill with his important vassal.

Henry had decided to spend his first Christmas as King at Windsor, and the whole district was in an uproar preparing for one of those enormous feasts and festivities which in those times lasted for weeks, severely testing the rationing powers of the neighbourhood. On the twelfth night there was to be a great tournament, and already the knights' henchmen

were busily furbishing their master's armour and fair ladies were speculating on whom they would bestow their smiles. Preparations were also in hand for Christmas "mumming" on a large scale, and all was excitement at the great castle by the river. But contrary to expectations, these manifold preparations were in vain, for a great crisis was at hand.

Five of the great lords of the realm met at Kingston-on-Thames two days before the beginning of the King's Carnival at Windsor, bringing with them all the retainers they could muster. In the shadow of night they intended to seize the King in Windsor Castle, and to proclaim the deposed Richard king next day.

The whole plot hung on finding the person of Henry in the castle before he could escape, for they knew their plot would be ruined if he were at large and able to rally his followers. But once his head was off, all his retinue would fade away as had that of his predecessor.

Assembled at Kingston the five confederates carefully discussed every detail of their plans. A confederate was to give them entry into the castle. Their men were loyal. Yet at the eleventh hour the plot failed. Somehow Henry got wind of the coming attack. At the time no one knew who was the turncoat, indeed it was popularly believed that some woman turned informer. But the true story is that at the last moment Rutland, knowing that failure would cost him his life, lost his nerve and told all to his father, the then Duke of York, and the Duke forced him to warn the King.

The fateful message from York reached the King at Windsor in the late afternoon, and Henry realised

that the case was desperate. Appalled at a danger so near he ordered his sons to mount in haste, although night was coming on, and travel in those days after dark was dangerous. Then father and sons galloped along the highway to London as rapidly as they could urge their horses. Nor did they feel safe till the City gates had clanged to behind the clattering hoofs of their steeds. The Lord Mayor mustered the trainbands of the City by beat of drum, and couriers sped hot-haste to the sheriffs of the Home Counties with orders to call out the country levies.

Suddenly the fact that the Duke of Rutland was missing from their counsels struck the plotters as strange. So much so that they collected their 400 swords and decided to make the attack a day earlier than agreed, for fear any treachery were brewing. They guessed, too, that the news of the assembly of such a large armed company might reach Windsor, and prepare them for trouble. So off they set tramping through the desolate countryside for Windsor, which they reached at dawn. All went well, they were admitted silently into the castle by friends, but when they came to search the bedchambers they found the King and his sons gone. Only two alternatives lay before them, they must fall back on their friends in Wales and Cheshire, or march boldly on London. They determined to march immediately on London, and collecting together more friends and a thousand horsemen set off for the city.

Once more Rutland played a treacherous part, and slipping out of the city he told his one-time friends, still not aware of his false part, that the King had sixteen thousand men waiting under arms. Then he sneaked back to rejoin his new party.

The case seemed hopeless, and all the attacking force could do was to retire hastily. By evening they had made their way to Maidenhead. Finally, they were routed at Cirencester, and for a time the Earl of Rutland settled down in peace, having incidentally gained much credit with the King by the betrayal of the conspirators. He was created Duke of York on the death of his father in 1402, and soon was in trouble again, this time persuading his sister to induce the young Earl of March, a harmless boy of twelve and son of the late King, to escape from Windsor, where he was living under the eye of King Henry. Although this plot was frustrated the Duke of York got off lightly with a mere six months' imprisonment and a fine; for, as one writer grimly remarks, "Henry thought him more useful as the wrecker of plots, than dangerous as the founder of them."

Now comes the last scene in the life of Edward, the second Duke of York, and it is the day of the battle of Agincourt. The English had forded a little winding river which flowed through the green countryside, and were climbing the slope beyond, when they sighted three moving clouds of dust, which gradually resolved themselves into three great companies of French troops, "swarming like locusts over the wide fields." Both forces advanced for a time, then halted by common consent on either side of a small valley. Here King Henry prepared to fight, forming his line and making the most of inadequate force. Sir Walter Hungerford, realising the extent of the opposing forces, was moved to say how he wished they had with them "10,000 of the good archers now in England who would be only too glad to be in the King's company to-day," and received the rebuke

from Henry, " God Almighty is able with this humble few to conquer the many—if He so pleases."

So near were the opposing forces that the King was lodged " only three bowshots from the French outposts." The rain hissed down on them all night as it had done for the last ten days, and fearing a night attack, no fires were allowed, and silence was ordered. Wet, miserable, and weary, neither army could rest ; indeed, many of the French spent the whole night sitting on their horses, and all slept in their body armour.

The English army was divided into the traditional three divisions, the right one commanded by the Duke of York and the centre one by the King. He had prepared to be on the defensive, and on the way to the site of battle each man had been ordered to cut a stake six feet long and to sharpen it at either end. Now these stakes were driven in before the front line, and so small was Henry's force that this line was only four men deep with no reserves, while with men-at-arms, crossbow men and infantry, the French numbered twenty thousand at least.

But it was their very advantages that lost the French the day, for they advanced over a heavy ploughed field in formation so close that they could not raise their arms to fight, and the frightful confusion into which the English arrow-clouds threw them, and the shambles resulting are only too well known. Another great English victory that never did England any particular good !

Our loss was small, and the Duke was the only man of note who lost his life that day. He was not killed in the battle, but died unwounded through sheer exhaustion in his tent later.

In the time of Richard, third Duke of York, and nephew of Edward of Agincourt, start the Wars of the Roses in which the Yorks were deeply involved. After doing considerable good work in the country Richard's troubles really began when in 1451 a proposal was made in Parliament that he, a man then forty years of age, should be declared heir to the Crown. This suggestion was refuted, it was never forgotten. While the battles of the Roses hung on the question of the succession, it was not till 1460 that Richard made any claim to be the heir. He spent his last Christmas at his own castle of Sandal-by-Wakefield, and five days later he was beset by his enemies in overwhelming forces and slain in battle before his own castle gates on December 30th, 1460. With him fell his son, the Earl of Rutland, "The best-disposed young lord in the land," and only seventeen years of age. The heads of the Duke of York and of the Earl of Rutland were smitten off and set over the south gate of York, and there, bearing on his severed head a derisive crown of gilded paper, is the last sight of the third Duke.

King Edward IV was but Duke of York for one year before he came to his throne, and from his time onward the Royal dignity of the Dukedom became an honour to be given, not to be inherited.

Richard of Shrewsbury was declared Duke at birth, but the title was not conferred for a couple of years. His short little life was fraught with tragedy and in eleven brief years he did and suffered much. He was born in 1472. His father, Edward IV, realised that he could do little for the boy himself, but he thought he could not too early set about making his fortune. So it was decided to affiance



him to the Lady Anne Mowbray, the little daughter of the recently deceased Duke of Norfolk. This little child had vast resources which the King decided would make an admirable addition to State possessions, with the result that little Lady Anne became his daughter-in-law next year.

This nominal marriage made small difference, however, to the children concerned, and Richard was still under his mother's care when his father the King died in 1483. Now appears the wicked uncle, so beloved both by history and fiction. The Duke of Gloucester seized the elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, and took him to the Tower.

Queen Elizabeth could do nothing, it was impossible for her to withstand the tyrant, but like a true mother she determined to save the younger boy. With this object she hurried to gain the sanctuary of the church at Westminster. Here at last she felt she and the boy were safe in the arms of the Church.

One day the boy sat on his mother's knee, and for a moment the woman's fears were at rest. She and her child were happy together, while she told him tales of his father's deeds of bravery. Suddenly came a loud banging on the outer wicket. Little Richard's last bright hour was ended.

Men at the door demanded the child, he must go to the Tower to join his brother. As the soldiers tore him from his mother's arms she sobbed, "Farewell, mine own sweet son, God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knows when I shall kiss again!"

Perhaps some premonition told her that day would never be. Once the boys were shut in the Tower the Duke of Gloucester gave their custodians broad hints



Tandy

THE DUKE AS GROUP CAPTAIN R.A.F.



they must be disposed of, but to the honour of the men, they braved his displeasure and ignored his desires. He dismissed these honourable warders, and in their place put James Tyrell, a man of known evil repute. What happened there in the dark confines of the gloomy stronghold was not known for long ; one fact, dark and sinister, alone was sure, the young princes were no more.

Later, when James Tyrell was to be beheaded on Tower Hill, he made a confession before he died. The two innocent boys had been smothered in their sleep. Bones found at the foot of a staircase of the Tower gave evidence that his confession was true. Romance and tragedy seemed the lot of the early Dukes of York—little Richard in his short span of life had his full quota of both.

Henry the Eighth is an outstanding figure in the pages of English history, his loves and his hates, his intrigues, his pleasures, his friendships and rivalries, all add up to make an outstanding figure. The title of Duke of York was in abeyance for some time after the death of the Duke in the Tower, then was revived by Henry VII for his three-year-old youngest son, Henry. The King decided an ecclesiastical career would best suit his youngest offspring, and so "our Bluff King Hal" was trained for the Archbishopric of Canterbury ! Not for long, however, did young Henry retain his title of Duke of York, for with the death of his elder brother in 1503 he became Prince of Wales, and six years later succeeded to the throne.

Of all those early Dukes of York, the seventh was certainly the most famous. He was later to be marched to the scaffold as Charles I. Charles Stewart, who first saw the light in sixteen hundred,

was a poor sickly baby whose life was often despaired. At two years of age he could not speak, and his limbs were far too frail to bear him. When the child was three his father, King James VI of Scotland, had been called to London to assume the English crown, and was preparing for his journey, when an aged laird came to bid him farewell. Prince Henry, a handsome well-built boy of six, stood by his father's side, but to the surprise of all, the old man, having greeted his King, turned away from the elder boy and raised to his lips the tiny hand of the frail and puny Charles, who lay on a cushion near by. "Come, this is the heir!" exclaimed the King in some surprise, pushing forward little Henry. But the laird smiled back, sadly, saying, "Nay, nay, I know my future King for this little Prince shall succeed you."

Strange prophetic words they were, and the first omen of one of the most romantic and tragic careers in history.

Father and elder son went south, but for a time the delicate baby was left in England, too frail to face the journey. Even then, it was said that "his great bodily weakness is made up for by his strength of spirit and mind." Next year the child was brought from Scotland to join his father's court in London, but the journey by coach had to be taken in easy stages to suit the delicate child. Had that frail little boy been lost in those early years how differently would the pages of history have read, and what a world of romance would have been lost to us.

There seems to have been a determination on the part of his parents that this puny offspring should in no way suffer any loss of dignity on account of his ill-health, and when he was created Duke of York in

1605, it was an occasion of great pomp and ceremony. Unable yet to walk, he was carried in the arms of the Earl of Northumberland, and followed by peers carrying his ducal robes and coronet. The King sat in state under his canopy, as the little Duke's patent was read, then the child was invested in his robes, the coronet placed on his brow, and into his quivering little hand was place the golden rod of office.

Windsor seemed to suit young Charles, and soon he became strong enough to play with his elder brother, for whom he developed a spirit of adoration. A few years later we find him writing to Henry, "Sweet Brother,—I will give everything I have to you, both my horses and my books and my pieces. Good brother, love me ! Your loving brother to be commanded.—York !"

But the tragedy that was to haunt the life of the much-loved Prince started soon ; his "sweet brother" died, and York was no longer York, but the desolate young Prince of Wales.

After a lapse of nineteen years comes James, who was to hold the title the longest of any duke. James Stewart was born in 1633, and immediately given the title. His father's troubles were naturally reflected in his own turbulent childhood. Parliamentary forces seized him and his brother and sister in 1646, and carried them off to London, where they were locked in the Mansion House. But since the Plague was devastating the city, they were taken to Sion House. Here their father, Charles, then a prisoner in Hampton Court, was occasionally allowed to visit them. Young as he was, James tried to escape, so the children were then removed to St. James's Palace.

James, however, had no intention of settling down

in confinement ; but he realised he must lay his plans with care. He instituted the pleasant pastime of "hide-and-seek" with the other children, and soon the soldiers grew accustomed to the complete disappearance of the boy, and the sight of the others seeking him. One day James hid himself with amazing thoroughness, but no one heeded the fact till, towards evening it was found the bird had flown. That night a woman and her friend asked for the hospitality of a bargee who was making his way down the Thames, and all would have gone well had not that woman shown a marvellous ineptitude for managing her skirts, and his maladroitness nearly cost young James his freedom. A little judicious bribery, however, saved the situation. He stayed in Holland till after his father's execution, and took to military service in France for an occupation.

And here enters the first "smiling" Duchess of York recorded in history ! When in Paris the Duke's sister, now Princess of Orange, came to see him attended by several maids of honour. Among these was Anne Hyde. A sprightly little lady of rather "naughty reputation," who attracted men, not so much by her looks as by her merry laugh, naïve manners and engaging smile. James succumbed to her charms immediately, and became engaged to her. In spite of many protests, political and social, they finally married, and two children of the marriage survived to adult age. These two children were later to be Queen Mary and Queen Anne.

The last real romance of the past Dukes of York comes in the story of the man who never legally held that title. Son of the Old Pretender, "James III" of England, he was born in an old stuccoed Italian

Palace near the Vatican. While the child was still an infant the old Pope was induced to visit his bed-chamber. The exiled James greeted him at the door. "I present to Your Holiness the Duke of York, that you may make him a Christian!" he bowed.

He was trained for a throne, and later smuggled into France when his brother made his fatal venture at Culloden. It was three years before the brothers met again, and by this time the "Duke" had decided to enter the Church. He was made a cardinal, and was always known as Cardinal York. Later he came on bad times, but George III, to his credit, as soon as he heard of it, sent him £2000 with the offer of more when he had need. He was the only Duke of York who never trod English soil, the one Stewart who never learned to love a woman!

The youngest brother of George I was in reality Duke of York, at the time the bogus Duke boasted the title. Ernest Augustus was forty years of age when his brother came to the throne. Of an unambitious temperament, he, too, preferred honours in the Church to honours of State.

Edward Augustus and Frederick Augustus, young brother and favourite son of George III, come almost within the scope of modern history. Then, after a long lapse of years, comes our own beloved King. The title lapsed when he became Prince of Wales in 1901, and after an interval of years his son succeeded him as Duke after the Great War.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### THE ROYAL WEDDING

**P**UBLIC and private congratulations showered upon the newly engaged pair during the months that followed the betrothal. Fortunately for the peace of mind of Lady Elizabeth, many of the more official congratulations were naturally addressed to the Duke, and it was his Secretary's duty to see all courtesies with regard to them were fulfilled. But even so she was overwhelmed with letters and telegrams.

It was soon learned that the wedding was to be in the nature of a State function, and that lavish invitations would be given to a wide circle of representative guests. The wedding of our present King to Princess Mary when he was Duke of York had been treated as a family rather than a State affair. The wedding had taken place at the Chapel Royal, and no crowned heads other than the grandparents of the bridegroom were present. The Kaiser on that occasion was represented by his sailor brother, Prince Henry, and the Czar of Russia by the Czarevitch Nicholas.

In the case of the present Duke a wedding at Westminster Abbey was decided upon, with all the ceremony that such a wedding involves. Before the actual ceremony could be considered, however, there were many formalities to be attended to.

Naturally Scotland was particularly interested in

the approaching marriage, and towards the end of January, when the Duke received the Freedom of the City of Glasgow, the opportunity was seized to make special complimentary references to the impending event. The Lord Provost in a telling speech remarked that the betrothal was particularly pleasing to the people of Scotland, as never before had a son of the ruling house chosen a Scottish bride. The Duke replied very happily that he was glad that his first public appearance after the engagement should be in Scotland, since he had had the wisdom to choose and the good luck to win a bride from that country.

It was natural for the bride-to-be to desire a few days quiet in her home before facing the ordeal of the wedding, which in Royal circles must always be a rather alarming function. So, accompanied by the Duke, she went to Glamis for a few days in March. But even in her own home public duties could not be avoided entirely, and the lovers had one long busy day together in Edinburgh, where they were greeted with the warmest enthusiasm. It was obvious to everyone that the Royal couple had agreed that their own happiness should be reflected in the lives of those around them and, so far as was possible, in the welfare of the nation as a whole. They showed their desire in this respect in their considerations for others, and in the careful attention they gave to details by means of which they hoped to encourage trade. For instance, when in Edinburgh they made a personal visit to the works of a famous confectioner, and after inspecting the factories, chose the design for their wedding cake. The cake was to be a most elaborate affair in four tiers, representing the coats of arms of the two families and various symbolic figures.

The Royal pair ended their busy day in Edinburgh in truly democratic style by attending the Rugby match, England *v.* Scotland. On this particular occasion the Duke would have liked to have seen his future wife's country triumph in the match, but she was quite satisfied when the English visitors carried off the laurels. The huge crowds assembled gave only a comparatively small part of their attention to the game so eager were they to greet the Duke and the wife he had chosen from amongst their own countrywomen.

Apart from this visit to Glamis and an occasional day or two at Sandringham, the Duchess spent the period of her engagement in London. Receiving wedding presents proved to be a lengthy affair, and the Duke and Duchess took a personal interest in each one. Presents to Royalty are always strictly "censored" before they can be accepted, and the bride of a Royal Prince cannot receive gifts from individual donors who are strangers to her bridegroom and unconnected with the court circle. Anything which savours of trade, or which lays itself open to the slightest suspicion of advertisement is politely declined. It is absolutely essential to do this or Royalty would be made a profitable stalking-horse by pushing business people. And so the Duke and Lady Elizabeth had to arrange for a number of presents to be returned to the senders, a courteous explanation of the stringent rules, which forbade acceptance, being included with each package.

Even in the matter of her presents Lady Elizabeth had the public good in mind. Shortly before her marriage the National Orthopædic Hospital for Crippled Children organised a needlework com-



LADY STRATHMORE'S WEDDING PRESENT TO THE DUKE OF YORK  
From a miniature by Mab.J Hankey



petition in aid of its funds. To rouse interest in this competition and so swell the funds of the Hospital Lady Elizabeth agreed that one of her presents should be the winning piece of needlework. She was immensely interested in this scheme which thus gained great publicity and support, and the makers of the lingerie, matinee-set and table linen which were adjudged the best entries had not only the satisfaction of winning a prize but also of knowing that their handiwork was used in the Royal Household.

Another "home-made" present that much delighted the Duchess was a set of shepherd tartan plaids, or travelling-rugs, made by disabled men at the Blighty Works of Slateford. Into these rugs were worked the Royal monograms surmounted by a crown.

A unique Scottish present was a remarkable clock given by the City of Glasgow. This clock, made more than a hundred years ago, was originally intended for Royal use, but for some reason now forgotten it failed to reach the palace of King George IV. The timepiece is truly Scotch in spirit, for, while on weekdays at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock it plays a march, after the striking of the hour on Sundays it is silent. As the weekday march is played there appears at an opening in the right-hand dial, which represents Whitehall, a procession of the King and the Royal Family of the year 1804. At the appearance of the procession a troop of Horse Guards canters out. This remarkable clock also possesses a carillon of sixteen bells, which plays an air before the hour strikes. There is a choice of eight different airs.

Many of the gifts were of practical use, but one wonders how long it will take the Duchess to use up the one thousand gold-eyed needles presented in a case by the Needlemakers' Company. Another useful gift which was used straightway was the wedding bouquet supplied by the Worshipful Company of Gardeners. This consisted of the white roses of York, and the white heather of Scotland, and thus contrived an entirely personal touch.

When asked what kind of presents they would prefer, the Duke and Duchess agreed that things for their home would be most appreciated so that both might enjoy them. In this, as in so many other respects, they showed their oneness with thousands of other young people, who, under similar conditions, express similar wishes. So the people of Windsor sent a grand piano and cutlery, and a number of city companies united in sending silver plate. Worcester sent a collection of its own famous china, and the City of London made a gift of eighteenth-century silver dishes.

Ruling houses and representatives of governments throughout the world did not overlook the Royal wedding. Japan sent an official gift of vases of the best native craftsmanship, and France presented a Sèvres table centre-piece.

If public presents were many, almost equally numerous were private ones. The King gave his son a carved double pedestal antique table and a pair of silver candelabra, and the Prince of Wales gave him a car, and Lady Elizabeth some beautiful furs. The bride had many lovely gifts of jewellery, and the presents of many members of the Royal House, including the King and Queen, took this form. The

gift of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles struck a more original note consisting of a quantity of very lovely bed-linen.

Pictures and portraits of great artistic merit were among the most appreciated gifts, and the two portraits by Sargent, one of the Duke and one of the Duchess, which were sent by the American Ambassador and by Prince Paul of Serbia respectively, will grow in value as time passes.

Lady Elizabeth determined that her trousseau should be as simple as it was beautiful. As a rule, she chose materials that were light both in hue and weight, and though every gown had individuality and beauty, she firmly refused the heavy and ornate silks and satins that were once so closely associated with Royalty. Much of her beautiful trousseau was made at home by a skilled needlewoman who for many years had been employed by her family, and this meant that there was a refreshing personal and distinctive touch about the charming store of clothes she collected.

The public were eager to know every detail of the coming ceremony at the Abbey, and soon it was learned that there were to be eight bridesmaids. The Lady Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, and the Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl of Athlone, had both been bridesmaids to Princess Mary, and were both cousins of the bridegroom. Lady Mary Beatrice Thynne and the Hon. Diamond Hardinge had also officiated in a similar capacity at Princess Mary's wedding. Lady Katharine Hamilton and Miss Elizabeth Margaret Cater with Lady Elizabeth's two eleven-year-old nieces completed the number. At Princess Mary's wedding



the beauty of the bridesmaids had called forth much admiration, and here again it was felt that another bevy of beautiful girls would be a fitting adjunct to the Abbey ceremony.

Royal weddings at Westminster Abbey have been few and far between. Indeed, not one took place in this ancient building between the year 1269 and the year 1919, when Princess Patricia of Connaught married Commander Ramsey. In 1922 came the more imposing ceremony of the wedding of the King's daughter, and now the Abbey was to witness the marriage of a Prince of the Royal House. Most elaborate preparations were made. A certain number of rehearsals are always necessary before any Royal public ceremony, though sometimes the principal participators are represented by understudies. Every detail had been arranged and every precaution taken to assure a well-timed and well-ordered ceremony long before the wedding morning, and everyone knew his or her part to perfection.

The evening before the ceremony Lady Elizabeth spent some hours at Buckingham Palace with the Queen, and one may feel sure that she received some last words of advice and encouragement from the woman who had loved her before there was any thought that one day family ties would bind them together.

It was on Thursday, April 26th, 1923, that Group Captain His Royal Highness Albert Frederick Arthur George married the Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was magnificent, marked by the dignity and pomp befitting so important a national event.

While the bride was still making her final prepara-

tions at her father's house, 17 Bruton Street, vast crowds assembled outside the Abbey and along the route by which the Royal carriages were to proceed. Indeed, so great was popular enthusiasm that though the day dawned dark and cloudy, with heavy rain showers, the streets around the Abbey and Whitehall were already thronged with a dense mass when the less fortunate were arriving at their offices, and an imposing congregation filled the Abbey long before 11.30, the time fixed for the ceremony. Perhaps never had a more representative company gathered there, save on the occasion of a coronation. Diplomats, peers, men renowned for their civic and military honours, naval men and flying men, lawyers and writers ; men and women who have made their own names, and men and women whose names have been made for them ; all alike were assembled to witness the ceremony that had been anticipated with such enthusiasm by the nation.

However gaily staged an Abbey ceremony may be it always retains an air of dignity and austerity, for, present with the ardent living, is a mighty company of the illustrious dead. The waiting crowd sat listening as the strains of the great organ pealed out. Then suddenly the music died and the murmur without swelled to wild cheering, which floated through the Abbey doors. The assembly rose to receive the King and Queen. Then again all was silence and expectancy. The cheers rose again, and the bridegroom in the uniform of the Royal Air Force entered between his two brothers. The sense of expectancy reached fever-point. Fortunately, the bridegroom's time of waiting was short. Wild cheering tore the air. The bride's car, a striking contrast to those other royally escorted

equipages with its smaller escort of mounted police had drawn up outside the Abbey.

Amid a tense hush the bride was seen framed in the Abbey doorway. She paused before the tomb of the Unknown Warrior to lay there the bouquet of green and white roses which she carried. It seemed a very beautiful thought on the part of the Duchess that the representative of the great host who had so recently laid down their lives for their country should thus be remembered. Even in the midst of her joys the needs and sorrows of her people were not forgotten.

The Archbishop of Canterbury waited at the altar as, slowly, led by her father, Lady Elizabeth advanced up the aisle, with a gleaming gold cross carried before her. It is a long distance from the Abbey door to the altar, but the little white figure moved with wonderful dignity, neither faltering nor hurrying. A heavy ordeal it must have been to pass between those ranks of onlookers, kindly though they were, but she certainly acquitted herself with grace and courage.

Then, as she reached the steps and her bridegroom joined her with a smile, a sunbeam suddenly struck downwards through the great window of the Abbey, bathing white bride and grey bridegroom in a pool of light. A good omen if ever there was one.

The simple ceremony over; the Archbishop addressed the newly married couple in impressive but simple style. Reminding both man and wife of their work among the people in the past, he exhorted them to make their future life even more of a blessing to others. Then followed several prayers and beautiful music, including one anthem which had been especi-

ally composed for the wedding of Princess Mary: "Beloved, let us love one another."

Signing the register is not the simple matter at a Royal wedding that it is on more ordinary occasions. In this case the minor ceremony took place in King Edward's Chapel, and while only the Duke and Duchess of York, the King and Queen, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, and the Primate affixed their signatures at that time, many others were added later at the Palace. As in the case of Princess Mary's wedding, there were two registers to sign, one being the ordinary register of the Abbey, and the other a special register in which marriages, births, and deaths in the Royal Family are recorded. At the weddings of both Princess Patricia and of Princess Mary, the expedient of sending the register to Buckingham Palace had been adopted. At the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York there were in all about twenty signatures.

When the register was signed the Duke and Duchess had for the first time as man and wife to face the great crowds of enthusiastic well-wishers. Perhaps the old Abbey has never witnessed a more beautiful spectacle than that wedding procession which formed to pass down the great aisle between those gaily coloured throngs as the Wedding March rang out. Youth and beauty indeed seemed in their right setting. The enthusiasm was tremendous when the Duke and Duchess paused at the west door before entering the open carriage that awaited them. While the rest of the bridal party went to Buckingham Palace by a short route, the bridal pair proceeded, with an escort of Life Guards, by roads that had been deliberately chosen to include Marlborough Gate, Piccadilly, and

Constitution Hill. All the way waving crowds lined the pavements, and the cheering was continuous. Just for one moment only was there a brief silence. This was at the Cenotaph, where unexpectedly the bridal carriage drew to a standstill. The Duke saluted and the Duchess bowed her head. Then the cheering burst forth with renewed impetus.

After the great central interest of the Duke and Duchess of York, the big car which contained the eight lovely bridesmaids was the principal object of attraction for the sightseers. Indeed, it is rarely that so much youth and beauty are to be seen within the compass of one car. Soon all reached the Palace, and for the time being the public spectacle was ended.

On one point all were agreed, the Royal wedding had more than fulfilled all expectations. Such public functions must be spectacular or they are a disappointment, and rarely had such a blaze of scarlet, and blue and gold, and softly tinted hues been seen. The Prince of Wales was in the scarlet of the Grenadier Guards, Prince Henry wore the uniform of the 11th Hussars, and the King wore the full-dress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. Every branch of our Services was thus represented by the King and his sons, since the Duke of York wore the "regimentals" of the Royal Air Force.

Possibly the gown chosen by the Duchess for the great day was the simplest ever worn by a Royal bride. It was of ivory-tinted chiffon moire, that toned exactly with the old point de Flanders veil that the Queen had lent her. The dress was plainly cut on medieval lines, and pearls were embroidered on the silver bands crossing the bodice in front. The train was of finest Nottingham lace.



*Topical Press*

DRIVING TO WATERLOO AFTER THEIR WEDDING



The frocks of the bridesmaids also struck a note of simplicity. They were of white chiffon, and again in these fine Nottingham lace was introduced. Myrtle green leaves were worn in the hair, with a white rose and sprigs of white heather. The presence of the two Queens added a regal note to the assembly. Queen Mary wore a gown of aquamarine blue and silver, on the silver overdress of which was worked the white rose of York ; a glimmering effect being added by showers of blue crystals that sparkled over the length of the gown. Her hat was of the same shade as her dress, and she wore the Ribbon of the Garter as a final ornament. The late Queen Alexandra, in purple velvet with a cloak to match, trimmed with gold lace, looked every inch a queen.

Blue seemed the predominant colour for the Royal relations, for Princess Mary had adopted it, and her cream dress of real lace had a blue and gold sash, and her gold tissue wrap was lined with Madonna blue.

The ceremony was over, the public procession back to the Palace was ended, for the time being the young pair were to gain a certain privacy under the roof of the bridegroom's home. For a moment they paused on the threshold—looking back—looking forward as all young bridal pairs must do. The past was bright, yet they hoped the future would be brighter.

The newly-made Duchess glanced up at the man by her side with that pride of possession that has been the prerogative of brides from the dawn of history. Like countless young wives before her, she was full of innocent pride, not in having married but in having married this particular man—the man of her choice.

There is a story told that in the simple old days of the Strathmore family, when raids and desperate



frays were common, and when life was never free from the danger of the assault by neighbouring freebooters, the dowry of the bride of the family was a peculiar one.

She shall be given, so the old story ran, "half a moonlit night"—which can be translated as meaning half the plunder that the bold knights of those turbulent times could lay hands on during a moonlight night of blood, and fire, and loot.

Distant as those roystering days of adventure now are, and elaborate and conventional as was the wedding of this youngest daughter of the historic old family, the Duchess must have felt something of that ancient spirit of her race when she set out on her life as the wife of the King's son.

## CHAPTER NINE

### AFTER THE WEDDING

**T**HE Royal wedding party had all disappeared within Buckingham Palace, but a large crowd waited patiently without for their hoped-for reappearance. Many people who had not dared to face the crush around the Abbey, had thought that within the vicinity of the Palace they might catch a glimpse of the Royal bride and bridegroom. The crowd was a remarkable one in that it represented every grade of society, in fact, a more cosmopolitan gathering could hardly have been imagined. Poor costers from the far East End had started off early that morning to tramp the long miles to the Abbey or Palace. Suburban housewives had planned their domestic tasks overnight so that for just one day they might be spared their family duties and witness the spectacle. Country cousins had risen at daybreak to catch the first early train to town so that they might be there in time. And Society, that portion of it which was not privileged in any way to witness the proceedings as guests, was not too proud to rub shoulders on this occasion with all sorts and conditions of men.

Then a mighty cheer arose, and everyone stood on tiptoe to see better. A curtain moved and the Duke and Duchess stepped out on to the balcony in full view of all. When they had smiled and bowed and disappeared within again, their place was taken by

the King, Queen, and Queen Mother, who were loudly hailed by the delighted crowd. The enthusiasm was tremendous, and when the curtain of the balcony window had dropped for the last time the watchers lingered, increasing in number minute by minute. They intended to wait and give the bride and bridegroom a right royal send off for their honeymoon.

Within the Palace a great company had assembled for the wedding breakfast. The two immediate families and a number of intimate friends and relations congregated in the State dining-room, and the remainder, numbering more than one hundred and twenty, were ushered to the ball supper-room. Toasts were given, but there was no speech-making ; perhaps because the idea of a speech seems too much like work to Royalty. Then the bride cut the wedding-cakes in one of the drawing-rooms. The largest of these Royal wedding-cakes weighed 900 pounds.

Soon the bride appeared ready for travelling. Her going-away dress was of soft grey *crêpe romain*, embroidered in the same colour, her travelling-wrap was of the same shade, and she wore a small brown hat with a turned-up brim and a feather mount at the side. The farewell was similar to that in any happy English home on such an occasion, save that the huge crowd without shared in it all with enthusiasm. At the main entrance the newly married pair stood to say farewell to the family party gathered there. All was excitement and gay farewells. Then the Duke and Duchess entered the open landau drawn by three grey bays, and amid showers of confetti and rose-leaves from the Royal brothers they swept out of the Palace gates amid clattering Life Guards.

The people in the streets greeted them all the way

through London till Waterloo Station was reached, where to a local train had been coupled a saloon carriage upholstered in gold and decorated with white roses and heather.

Although it is not without precedent for Royal honeymoons to be spent at private houses, the last three generations of Royalty have generally gone to one of the Royal Palaces. Queen Victoria's honeymoon, which was extremely short, being only four days in duration, was spent at Windsor. King Edward took his beautiful bride to Osborne, the favourite seaside home of his mother. The King and Queen went to York Cottage, which was to be their future home, though they started married life at Sheen. Princess Mary has always been independent in her arrangements, and she and her husband went first to Weston Park in the Midlands, and then travelled abroad, first in Paris and then in Italy.

The destination of the Duke and Duchess was Polesden Lacy, a lovely Surrey home that had been lent them by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville. The house lies in delightful rural surroundings not many miles from Dorking, and within each reach of Box Hill, so beloved of Londoners. After a brief stay there the Duke and Duchess travelled north to Glamis, breaking their journey for just one afternoon so that the bride could spend a few hours with her mother in Bruton Street.

While the Duke and Duchess were in retirement in Surrey, great celebrations were taking place in Town, and on the night of the wedding there were innumerable dinners and dances, both private and public, given in honour of the wedding day.

Nor were the rejoicings confined to London, but

all through the country the day was considered a gala one. The Duke, always thoughtful for others, had arranged a series of children's parties in London, Cardiff, York, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast. Here many hundreds of poor children enjoyed one of the happiest days of their lives, a day of which they will talk so long as memory lasts. The mighty wedding-cakes, four feet high, will surely have made a lasting impression on their young minds.

Scotland looked upon the Royal wedding as a most personal affair, and flags and fireworks were the order of the day. Glamis, of course, felt it had cause for particular rejoicing. The famous beacon roared into the night and lit the whole countryside.

When the Duke and Duchess arrived at Glamis their reception was enthusiastic. At the station were crowds of welcoming friends, most of whom had known the Duchess from her childhood. Perhaps what pleased her most was to see her own Girl Guides, in whose training she had taken a deep personal interest, lined up to greet their District Commissioner. A few happy, unmolested weeks at Glamis, and a fortnight at Frogmore, and then the Duke and Duchess returned home to face a public career that promised little privacy or quiet for many years to come.

Happy as honeymoons may be, most couples look forward to the home-coming when life in earnest will begin. Generally some loving mother or sister has put the finishing touches to the house awaiting the newly married pair, and the case of the Duke and Duchess was no exception to the rule. Queen Mary had been busy at the White Lodge.

Probably Her Majesty enjoyed herself immensely

while arranging for the last touches to be given to the house preparatory to the home-coming of her son and her new daughter. One always likes doing what one can do well, and Queen Mary is famed for being a home-maker. She has a harmonious mind, and she abhors a home that is lacking in order. No doubt all her powers of judgment and discrimination were exercised as she debated where should be placed the lovely treasures which had been collected by the Duke and Duchess, or which had been presented to them. As the old house was already fitted with much State furniture it only needed these additions brought in by its new tenants to make it a stately and thoroughly comfortable home.

But charming as was the interior of the house, and beautiful as were its surroundings, the Duke and Duchess had little time to enjoy either, for immediately on their return home they were inundated with requests to make engagements of every sort, social and charitable.

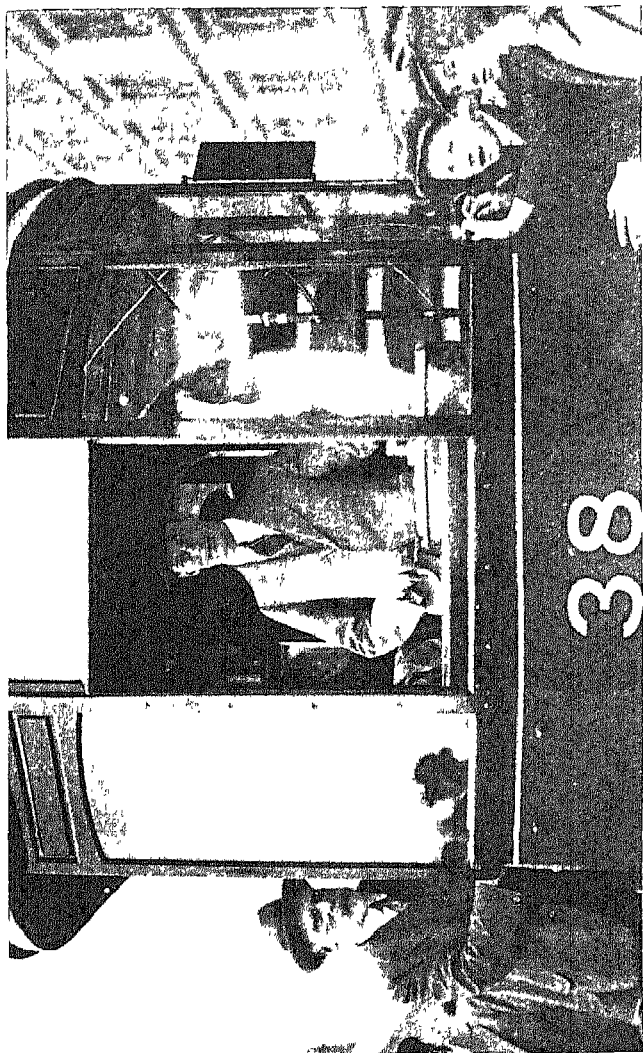
The public probably supposes that Royal personages have at least the right of refusal when invitations pour in upon them. But this is often not the case. Conscientious Royalty must weigh many considerations before exercising its right to refuse. Everything which stands to benefit social and national interest must be accepted. On no account must Royalty cause offence to any section of the community, a thing which could be very easily done by the acceptance of one invitation and the rejection of another. Shakespeare's assertion, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," is still applicable to our Royalties, although perhaps not in the sense of impending danger in which the poet originally

meant it, for they are too beloved by the people for that.

The presence of the Duchess was an enormous assistance at any gathering organised for charity, and she was immediately besieged with requests to become the patroness of various societies, to lay foundation-stones, to open bazaars, to give her patronage to all sorts of organisations, and in general to use her influence to push various good causes.

From the beginning of her public career the Duchess took a deep interest in social work among women and children, and many a Welfare Centre owes much to her interest. She was never content to be a figurehead, but always enquired into the practical working details of the institutions she visited, and so learned many facts that proved useful later. She already knew from the Queen's example that only by determining to take an intelligent interest in social duties can boredom be avoided. When the time came for her to order the preparation of nurseries in her own home she showed that she had wise and determined views on the matter. The excellent training of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret is in part due no doubt to the serious thought their mother gave to nursery affairs in those early days of her marriage.

Nothing so surely guarantees a happy marriage as common interests, and the Duchess showed early that she was determined to share in all her husband's pursuits. It must sometimes have meant sacrifice on her part to accompany him to grimy manufacturing centres, but though these tours of inspection and enquiry into industrial matters often took up several days, she has been more than repaid for her trouble,



*Glasgow News*

THE DUKE DRIVING A GLASGOW TRAM





for now she and her husband can discuss their work as well as their pleasures together.

It must not be imagined, however, that the Duke and Duchess devoted themselves entirely to serious economic and industrial problems. Both alike realised that life must be lived in its entirety, and the pleasures of their own set claimed some of their time. Socially, the Duchess had always proved herself a great asset, and she and her husband could not possibly keep pace with the demands made on their society. Their extreme popularity proved almost a burden, and by the end of July, the close of the London season, they both felt tired out with the excitements of that eventful year and were glad to retire to the peace of Scotland.

It must have been delightful to be in Glamis again and to revisit all the old friends of childhood. For a time the Duchess was able to resume her old private life and almost feel that she had thrown off the responsibilities of Royalty. Then early in October, after finishing their holiday at Balmoral, the Duke and Duchess returned to Town.

In mid-October the Duchess took her first journey abroad with her husband, and as this was to attend a State function it was a time of peculiar interest to the bride. This was not the first time the Duke had visited Serbia, which country was the object of their present tour, for fifteen months previously he had attended the marriage of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Princess Marie of Roumania. Then the Duke had been a prominent figure at the ceremony, and now he and his wife were to take an important part in two functions. Not only were they to act as Koom and Koomitsa at the christening of the infant

heir to the throne, but they were also to be guests at a house-warming party, for the Serbian Royal Family had only just taken possession of its vast new palace. This had been built on the site of the old structure which was destroyed by the bombardment of the Austrians at the start of the War.

The christening of a Serbian baby is a most elaborate and ceremonial affair, and the young Duchess must have felt somewhat nervous at this public and official appearance in a foreign land. The Duke had, however, a certain familiarity with the customs of the Court, and, aided by him, she was prepared to fulfil her duties with her customary grace and sweetness.

The Koom and Koomitsa are no mere lay figures at a Serbian christening. The godfather had to carry Peter, the heir, into the chapel and hold him through the first part of the service, then his grandmother, the Queen of Roumania, "unswathed" the infant, after which he was handed to the Patriarch for total immersion in the font. The child was then anointed, and it was the Duke's task to carry him three times round the altar, after which the ceremonial lock was cut from the child's head.

The duties of a Serbian godfather are by no means ended with the close of the ceremony, for later he is responsible for supervising the child's education, and when manhood is reached and the godson desires to marry, once again the godfather must be consulted on the choice of a bride.

After the ceremony came an interchange of presents between the godparents and the child. Apparently the christening mug of England is not a recognised present in Serbia, for the heir received a gold coin

from the Duke and a suit of clothes from the Duchess. This Serbian visit, with its State functions and semi-public ceremonies, gave the Duchess an opportunity of exercising herself in foreign Court etiquette, and everywhere she won admiration for her quiet dignity and charming friendliness. In all public appearances throughout the visit the Royal couple were acclaimed with wonderful enthusiasm by the Serbian people.

Then came the three-day journey home, and the Duke and Duchess once more settled down to their official duties. A woman in the position of the Duchess of York can never feel irresponsible, for her influence is passive as well as active. Even when she is taking part in no functions, when she is simply living the normal life of a wife and mother, the eyes of the world are upon her, and what she does, says, and wears will influence thousands. The thought would be nerve-wearing to a self-conscious woman. Fortunately, the young Duchess was remarkably self-possessed, and went serenely on her way apparently care-free.

The dress question offers a good instance of the way our Duchess is watched. So closely is her taste in dress noted that it is said that the fashion designers spend hours, and even days, watching for her appearance so that they may make personal notes on her attire on every sort of occasion. Only thus are they able to satisfy their customers' insatiable curiosity as to what the dainty little lady is wearing. The Paris newspapers quote her opinions most respectfully, and one journal remarked, after a recent visit of the Duke and Duchess to the French metropolis : " From her smile to her pearls, making the round trip by way of her hat to her shoes she was more than

conqueror." If Paris admires the way the Duchess dresses, still more does America. In New York she is known as "the prettiest Royal lady in Europe." It is a well-known fact that the big American firms send over representatives to go to those public functions where the Duchess is to be present so that they may make notes on her toilet. They even wait outside "145" with this object, and if they could hope to obtain information from any tradesman who serves her they would be overjoyed, but this they can never do for the English shopkeeper is very loyal. Whole windows are set out in the American stores which are supposed to represent the type of dress that the Duchess is at the moment affecting, and so the Republic proves its democratic admiration of our Royal House. One looks ahead a comparatively few years and wonders what America will say and do when the two charming young princesses of the house of York come to their own at their first London season.

Her husband, on the other hand, seems to have little or no influence in the sartorial world. Like his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, he is quite content to follow fashion rather than to lead it. The Prince of Wales, however, has always been a leader of men's fashions, taking an almost boyish interest in detail. For instance, it was his liking for the coloured wool pullover that made this garment so popular in England and thereby helped local industry. But even our popular Prince of Wales was unable to revive the poor old straw "boater."

The Duchess then settled down as a leader of Society and a keen welfare worker in all philanthropic schemes. Her every hour seemed full, and she was

rapidly discovering that it was no sinecure to be a member of the Royal House. With so many engagements, many of them occupying much time, it was soon found that the White Lodge was too far out of town to make a convenient centre for the Duke and Duchess. Then most fortunately, just when they were debating how they should meet the claims of the season of 1924, came an offer of the loan of Chesterfield House, the London home of Princess Mary and the Viscount Lascelles. This seemed exactly what they were needing, and from here they found it much easier to fulfil their many engagements. When life has to be lived as the Duke and Duchess have to live it, every moment that can be seized for quiet home enjoyment is treasure ; and both husband and wife agreed that precious time had been wasted in traversing even those few extra miles from White Lodge each day, and that it would be well worth their while to consider the idea of a permanent town house.

At the close of the season the Duchess did not go straight to Scotland, as no doubt she desired, but she accompanied her husband on an official tour in Northern Ireland. Ireland's history had for years been an unrestful one, and the Northern Irish were particularly eager to demonstrate their loyalty to the Throne by the warmth of their welcome to its representatives. The chief part of the official engagements naturally took place in Belfast, and here at Queen's University the Duke and Duchess were given the honorary degrees of Doctors of Laws. The ceremony was an impressive one, and after the degrees were conferred the Duke donned his gown over his naval uniform, and the Duchess's beautiful dress of Wedgwood blue disappeared under her new robe, and

instead of her pretty little hat was a Doctor's cap. Very charming she looked in her new attire, all agreed, and more girlish than ever in its sober dignity.

The Duke and Duchess were immensely interested in the flax spinning and weaving mills they visited, and as was their custom learned all they could of the social conditions of the city in which they found themselves. When the Freedom of the City had been conferred on the Duke he laid the foundation-stone of a new art gallery. They concluded a busy and interesting visit with a reception at the City Hall at which three thousand guests were present.

The ancient city of Londonderry, whose grey walls and many historic buildings so well lend themselves to pageantry, was gay with flags and bunting on arrival of the Royal visitors. In Londonderry one lives in the past, for which reason the Duke and Duchess were particularly pleased with the presentation which was made to them. This took the form of a silver model of "Roaring Meg," the famous gun that, during the siege of 1688-89, made itself so well known to the attackers.

After this round of official visits the Duke and Duchess of York felt more than ready for a time of rest and relaxation in Scotland, where rank and its responsibilities were forgotten in a simple, free and easy life in the open. This respite was the more welcome as they knew important official duties lay immediately ahead.

Once at Glamis all ceremony ceases. The Duchess may go out in the simplest of clothes, she is no longer Royalty, but "one o' our ain folk." Here, generally, she goes about in tweeds and a scarf, and

has no fear of the ubiquitous sightseer or tourist with his detested camera.

If ever a book is written on the troubles of Royalty surely the camera will be mentioned in the first chapter, for it really is a trial when some poor individual, simply longing for peace and security from pressmen, is hounded by the amateur photographic enthusiast. Some of the Royal Family are now keen on the hobby themselves, including the Prince of Wales, but they declare naïvely that they are driven to it in self-defence.

Now when the Duchess returns home as a married woman she no longer occupies the room that was hers in her girlhood, but a special suite is now always reserved for the exclusive use of the Duke and Duchess when visiting the Castle. A "Royal Suite" calls up the idea of the garish ostentation of some great hotel, but nothing could be further from the simple comfort of the three rooms reserved for them at Glamis. There is a bedroom each for the Duke and Duchess, while the sitting-room they share in common.

During the frequent holidays the Duke and Duchess spend at Glamis their time is generally occupied in much the same way. A certain amount of correspondence and business has to be attended to even in holiday time, but the one ambition of both the young people is to get out into the open and to enjoy the sweeping beauties of the scented moors. The two chief recreations indulged in there are fishing and golf. The Duchess is a good fisherwoman, as she was to prove during her colonial tours. It is odd that so good a Scottish woman should owe her enthusiasm for golf to an Englishman, but she frankly



owns that until her brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales, took her in hand, she did not care as she should have done for this ancient game. The Duchess loves to look the part whenever she indulges in any sport or game, and for golf she dons featherweight tweeds, with soft Shetland wool jumpers and small felt hats. She always looks well in woollies and tweeds, and womanlike is fully aware of the fact. Needless to say, whatever she wears in this line is always pure Scotch homespun, and generally she can tell you the place of its manufacture.

A joy shared is a joy doubled ; otherwise such a dutiful wife would probably curtail her visits to Glamis, rather than go contrary to her Royal husband's wishes. As it is, the Duchess can travel North with a husband nearly as excited as she.

It must not be forgotten, too, that from his boyhood the Duke himself has had Scottish interests, for all the Royal Family is very deeply attached to Balmoral Castle. And apart from many other childish and official visits, there is one he always remembers with particular interest. Once he spent the whole summer leave as a boy recuperating from whooping-cough at Altnaguibsaigh on Loch Muir, near Balmoral, with Mr. Watt, one of the second masters at Osborne in charge. The man and the boy got on capitally together, and enjoyed their exile amazingly. Mr. Watt was a fine fisherman and taught the Duke some tricks of the trade that otherwise he would never have known. The Duke never forgot his obligations, and years later, when he was touring in New Zealand, was delighted when by chance he came upon his old master at a garden party in New Zealand.

## CHAPTER TEN

### THE EAST AFRICAN TOUR

THE autumn, with its many engagements, was even busier than usual, as the Duke and Duchess had planned a long African tour at the end of the year which naturally involved considerable preparation. The Prince of Wales had already set his younger brother an example as a colonial traveller, and indeed was himself contemplating a visit to another part of the African continent within a few months. While the contemplated trip of the Duke and Duchess was not to be entirely official, it was believed that its results would be beneficial not only to the countries visited, but also to Great Britain. The indirect effects of these Royal colonial tours is not always realised at home, where loyalty to the throne is taken more or less for granted. In remote parts of the world, however, the visit of a representative of the ruling house creates that sense of brotherhood and fellowship so essential to the union of Empire.

Then, too, the peoples of the home country are in danger of accepting the Dominions a little too phlegmatically, and so anything that rouses interest and enthusiasm here concerning the doings of the outlying parts of our Empire, must have a beneficial effect.

It is impossible to say how many citizens studied

atlases or read books about Kenya Colony on account of the Royal visit, but it is undoubtedly true that general interest was aroused in many quarters about that country, and that interest has never died down.

Many women might have preferred a long holiday spent in visiting the fashionable resorts of Europe, but the little Duchess in spite of her dainty appearance has an undauntable spirit, and anticipated cheerfully the hardships that would come her way during her journey into the wilds. It may be that she actually looked forward to a less sophisticated and highly civilised life than had been hers for so long.

Like all true holiday-makers she spent every spare moment of those days in reading guide-books, studying maps, and trying to gain information about the land she was about to visit. The Duke as a sailor was naturally a seasoned traveller, but to his wife the long voyage was a new experience. The War had stopped the opportunities for travel she would normally have had in her young days, and she was eager to make up for lost time.

Sailing from Marseilles on the *Mulbera* on the December 5th, 1924, they arrived at Mombasa on the 22nd of that month. The whole surroundings of the harbour were gay with decorations, and at the pier-head flew a flag inscribed, "Welcome to Kenya." All the white residents were there to give the visitors a true British welcome, and the Governor of Kenya received them officially. Africans, Negroes, Indians, Somalis and Arabs went wild with enthusiasm, and all agreed that never before had the port witnessed such a scene. The novelty of her surroundings delighted the Duchess, who, becomingly attired

in cream and a neat white helmet, created a happy impression at once. The Duke was in naval uniform, and looked a worthy representative of the Services and the homeland.

No time was wasted, and after a formal presentation of addresses the Duke and Duchess toured the quaint little sun-baked town ; visited the teeming, buzzing native bazaars, and were eventually conducted to a stretch of open ground, where uncouthly bedizened natives danced wildly for their delectation. For the girl whose life had been passed in conventional surroundings this sudden revelation of another type of existence was startling. These surprising dances were grotesque in the extreme. Some dancers wore gilt crowns decorated with flaming candles, but many were clad only in swinging grass kilts, depending for effect on their rolling eyes and sinuous contortions. Much trouble had been taken to make this dance of welcome a representative affair and not only natives of Kenya took part, but those from the more distant regions of Tanganyika and Nyassaland. The din was terrific, and the whirling, gesticulating, half-naked figures glistening in sweat, were almost nerve-shaking to the woman away from the peace of English life for the first time. The place where this remarkable exhibition took place was at the spot where once great caravans used to start their weary march to the interior. To-day there is a quaint bazaar and shopping quarter, and primitive conditions are rapidly becoming something attuned to European ideas of the normal. Around the bazaar on the fringe of the little town spread the endless coco-nut plantations which looked so novel to the travellers.

At the close of the exhibition dances, according to

age-old native custom, came a presentation, and the Duke and Duchess were the happy recipients of a gold coin attached to a red silk ribbon, and an Arab address on a scroll thrust into a hollowed elephant's tusk.

The inevitable "At Home" to meet the white population was, of course, part of the programme, but as this took part in the open air, and was given by the Mombasa Sports' Club, it was less of a formality than such functions are apt to be. The Duchess was fascinated with the bright luxurious tropical flowers and the rich vegetation.

Then later, a film on "Trailing Wild Animals" prepared them a little for the life that lay immediately ahead. Brief as their stay in Mombasa was, for they had to leave later in the day for Nairobi, they seemed to gather a vivid first impression of the fierce intensity of African life. Already they realised the new world in which they found themselves differed entirely from anything they had ever known. Already they had learned that the official white element formed but a fringe of the English ruled territories they were to visit.

Later they set off for Nairobi, the capital of the colony, situated on the more healthy and bracing up-lands of the interior.

Kenya Colony takes its name from the Kenya Mountain, which is the second highest peak in Africa. The massive bulk of this great volcanic mountain heaves seventeen thousand feet into the blue heat-hazed sky, frowning down upon the whole savage, colourful landscape of the colony. Lying as it does just south of the equator on its slopes are encountered every type of climate from tropical to alpine, with

the result that almost every example of animal life is met there. During the last twenty years of colonisation wild life has naturally tended to retire into more remote parts of the district. Still, on the uplands are to be found traces of the elephant, while it is not unusual to come across grazing herds of antelope, gazelle, wildebeeste, giraffe, and of kongoni, or see clusters of ostriches pace mincingly by. It is very rarely to-day that the lion and rhinoceros are encountered here, but they can still be sought out by keen huntsmen.

Kenya Colony has had a complicated history, many powers claiming an interest in it. It was formally transferred to the British Crown, however, in 1895, the Foreign Office assuming responsibility for its administration. Before long it was to develop in an unexpected way, for it was decided to build a railway from the coast to Victoria Nyanza at the expense of the British taxpayer. It took five years of fever and death and back-breaking striving before the first locomotive made its way from the sea to the inland terminus, and even then the scheme was not fully completed. But already it had proved itself more than worth while, for it was found on the high inland plateaux there were large areas of fertile land, probably as much as 20,000 square miles, but sparsely populated, and possessing a climate admirably suited for Europeans.

It was on this railway that the Duke and Duchess were now to travel to the capital, for as a sportsman the Duke was naturally anxious to get up-country and try his luck. The railway that had opened up this difficult country had at the same time driven back much of the big game into the interior. When the Uganda line was being built only thirty odd years ago

the Indian coolies employed on the work often arrived at headquarters in panic demanding to be sent back to their own country, because they had been harried by lions, which they considered the spirit of dead Africa resenting their insolent penetration into the wilds.

The Duke and Duchess found this cross-country journey a wonderful experience, and while the train traversed the Government Game Preserve, they sat on a seat on the front of the engine to watch strange and unfamiliar animals which scuttered away into the undergrowth, or at times wandered across the rails ahead with absolute unconcern. The Duke greatly enjoyed this unusual journey, for he has always displayed a deep interest in railway trains and their working. More than once in the past he had persuaded a driver to let him mount the footplate and control the mechanism, nor has he been above turning his hand to a little amateur stoking.

In the distance, as they travelled across country, the Royal Party saw the far-famed Kilimanjare, and the vast uninhabited stretches that lie around it, which are being cultivated by slow degrees and utilised for the benefit of our great Empire. Only a few years ago life in Kenya was precarious for the white man. Not only were the tribes a menace to his safety, but wild animals abounded. The ferocious Masai had a natural love for fighting and were aggressive even without cause. Under white rule these people have calmed down amazingly and are becoming enthusiastic cattle breeders. They seem now to work off their superfluous energies in harmless out-of-door pursuits. The danger of fever, always the white man's peril in tropical and sub-tropical regions, still

persists, but its ravages have been modified by the adoption of European expedients and precautions.

Christmas in the tropics is a novel experience for English people. At this season the extreme contrast of environment and climate is realised as never before. No doubt the Duchess often thought of the Christmas days of her childhood, spent in the stronghold of Glamis among the bleak Scottish hills. Only two years before she was still a young girl at home with no knowledge of the future that was opening before her. Since then how much of the world she had seen, and how much she had learned of pomp and courts !

Nothing could be further from official life than the situation in which she found herself that Christmas morning. Although Nairobi is the capital of Kenya Colony it is no imposing town, for many of its buildings are only built of corrugated iron and but one story high. Yet even here the Duchess found some familiar links with home, for on Christmas morning she attended the English church and heard familiar ritual, and the sermon by the Bishop of Mombasa. Later, they visited the native church, where an assembly of two thousand natives were worshipping, and where they were presented with a Kiswahili prayer-book. A garden party at the Government House and a film completed a Christmas day that could not possibly have contained a dull moment, and which left the Royal visitors little time to give wistful thoughts to home.

After three days they left sophisticated Nairobi and drove to Embu. The going was by no means easy for sudden tropical storms broke the serenity. Once a cloud-burst launched almost five inches of water upon them in half an hour. The rivers were swollen,

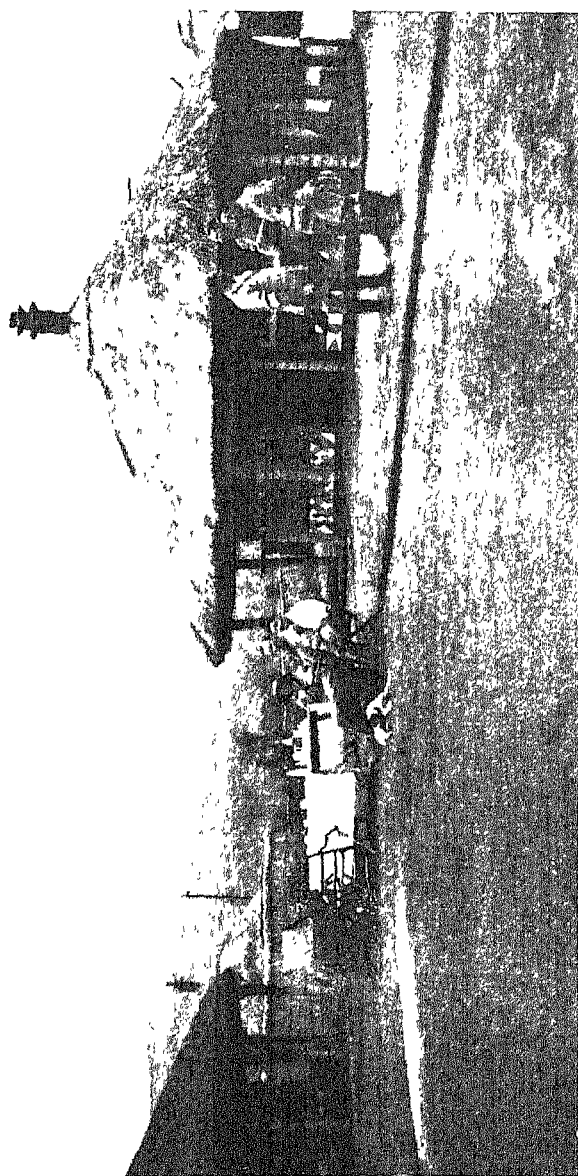


and often they had considerable difficulty in fording the rush of floods. None of these ordinary mishaps of travel, however, seemed to worry the little Duchess. Although as perfect a product of civilisation as one can find anywhere, she maintained her smile as successfully when things went wrong in the tropics as she does when they go awry in Mayfair.

The native population were much excited at the arrival of Royalty and turned out in all their glory of brightly hued warpaint and feathers to greet the Royal couple with war dances. The Duchess was enthralled with the life of the wilds and spent much spare time practising shooting. She felt, however, that at the moment she was hardly ready to take her place with the men when big game was under consideration, and so she was eager to train herself for coming hunts. To her intense satisfaction and the pride of the Duke she discovered that she really did possess that mysterious asset "a good eye," so her assiduity in rising early in the morning for target practice was not wasted. Her rifle was a 275 Rigby.

The first night the Duke and Duchess spent under the stars was during the journey between Nairobi and Meru, which latter place could only be reached through gloomy, tangled forests and hot lonely wildernesses. Here they slept in little huts, and a "banda" or open-sided shelter was erected for meals. To inure them to this rough way of life they decided to stay here for a time before going "on safari."

The Duchess soon learned what it meant to rough it, and appeared to like it, for all the heat, flies, and mosquitoes. On the way to camp one of the cars got irretrievably water-logged and had to be abandoned, the party of seven having to crush themselves into



AN EAST AFRICAN CAMP ON SAFARI



one small Buick and thus continue to bump and jolt on their way, keeping as cool and cheerful as possible.

Siola was the camping-place at which they aimed, but throughout they were much delayed by heavy rain. As a rule the month of January is not wet in these regions, but the elements were not kind to the Duchess. However, she at least had the satisfaction of learning what tropical rains meant. For if the days were hot the nights were refreshingly cool, so that one could gather energy for the next day's adventures. Camp life began early, about the same time that some of her friends in Town would have retired to bed. The Duchess was called at five-fifteen in the morning. Morning tea then arrived, but it was a rough-and-ready function compared with the dainty service of a London home. Before six they struck camp, and often the going would be difficult among rough boulders and thick scrub. At times after rain, walking became almost impossible over the black cotton soil which when wet grew precariously soft and slimy. Return to camp before the tropical sun had reached its zenith was essential, so about eleven-thirty they wended their way homewards with their morning's bag for a meal, christened indifferently breakfast or lunch. Then followed a siesta for all, and about three the party set out for the second shoot. At seven-thirty they came back again for a change into clean clothes and dinner, and an early bed just after nine.

The Duchess often accompanied her husband on his shooting expeditions, and shot quite a deal of large game herself, but naturally did not attempt the whole official programme of shoots. Like the Prince

of Wales in later years, she discovered the joy of "shooting" big game with a camera, and between skill and luck she succeeded in getting many unusual snaps of wild life at close quarters. One can understand why little Princess Elizabeth to-day should find no natural history book so interesting as those photographs taken by her own parents in the wilds.

Life was not without its excitements and adventures, and on several occasions the Duke was in positions of peril. On New Year's day, accompanied by only one companion, he was out walking when a lioness crossed his path. The Duke fired, but the animal darted into the bush. The dogs were sent in to rouse her. Their barking sent two infuriated buffaloes charging into the open. Instantaneously two shots rang out. The Duke had brought down both animals—none too soon. A cautious hunt for the lioness among the undergrowth began, the position being full of danger, as they did not know whether she was alive or dead, and she might spring on them at any moment. Eventually they came on her dead body.

On another occasion when again the Duke was out with only one other man he wounded a rhinoceros. The animal turned to charge headlong with a savage grunt. The Duke stood his ground as it thundered on them. He dropped it with his second shot at thirty yards.

An amusing story is told of the sequel to one of these shooting days. Once while out hunting he and some others followed the trail of two rhinoceroses through thick high grass. Suddenly they came on the animals in a small clearing. One faced the Duke unpleasantly close, and a quick shot from his companion killed it ;

the other crashed into the bush. This incident was reported in the English newspapers. According to the news story it had happened on a Sunday, and the Duke was the man who fired the shot. The idea of a Royal Duke shooting an animal on a Sunday was excessively shocking to certain Sabbath observation organisations at home. Loud was the outcry, only to be pacified when the Duke amusedly sent home word, that firstly he was not the shooter, and secondly the animals had not in any case attacked him on the Sabbath day!

They were now on trek, living the ordinary rough life of white hunters, sometimes in tents and sometimes in mud huts. There was always a chance that any night they might be washed out of their shelter by torrential rains, or that the wind might bring the tent down on their heads. Yet apart from actual sport, life had many and varied interests, for the Duchess was enthralled with watching the swarms of gaily feathered birds and strange butterflies which darted everywhere, and the antics of the small animals among the trees and roots. At times the scenery was magnificent, and always there were the signs of human life lived under conditions so different from any she had known.

After more than a month of big game shooting the party began to consider a return to more civilised parts. They had a big bag to take back with them, and the two hundred porters whom they had employed did not find their task an easy one. Besides a lion and lioness, two rhinoceroses, two buffaloes, and a leopard there was any amount of smaller game to their credit. The Duchess had certainly had her great triumph, for with a single shot, aimed at the vital spot, she had

killed a rhinoceros. A feat which immediately put her into the first rank of women hunters.

Greatly as the Duchess enjoyed life in the wilds, she was soon able to readapt herself to more normal conditions, and once back in Nairobi, official duties started again. She had to lay by her scanty and serviceable drill kit and attire herself in the pretty frocks suitable to tropical hospitality. But some of these duties were of real interest, however, to a sporting man, as when for example the Duke opened the City Park, which ceremony was followed by a match of the Polo Club, where he scored a goal for the winning side.

After a short stay in Nairobi the Duke and Duchess started off for Uganda, their plan being to travel through that region and so down the sparkling Nile to Cairo and home. They left on February 7th, and only three days later the Governor of the Colony, Sir Robert Coryndon, died. We owe much as a nation to these dominion rulers who leave all the amenities of home life to struggle with great problems and difficulties in the distant parts of Empire. Sir Robert had devoted his whole energies to the service of Kenya. Since his early days he had been much influenced by that famous empire builder Cecil Rhodes, and the colony owes much to his lofty ideals and sane and steady government. He was interred with military honours on February 11th, and the Duke of York hastened back to Nairobi to be present. The Duke appeared at this ceremony in full naval uniform with the ribbon of the garter, and his presence was taken as representative of the great head of the Empire.

This sad event naturally upset the previous pro-

gramme of the Royal Party, for it was felt that it would hardly be seemly to proceed with the celebrations planned under the circumstances.

The Royal Party stayed a few days with Lord and Lady Francis Scott at Rangai in the delightful home they have set up there. One of the advantages of these Royal tours which is little appreciated by those at home is the joy they give to those of the governing classes, as we call them for lack of a better name, who are more or less exiled abroad. Often they are hungering for a little first-hand news of their compatriots, but apart from this a visit of their own countrymen gives them an opportunity for the exercise of that hospitality in which they delight. The Duchess and her husband much enjoyed these few days' stay under normal European conditions at this half-way point in their colonial tour.

Then after a few days' rest and good fellowship the Royal Party regretfully said farewell to Kenya and started off by water for Uganda.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### UGANDA—AND SO HOME

**K**ENYA Colony seemed comparatively sophisticated beside Uganda, and the Duchess was much excited at the prospect of seeing what was once considered the darkest spot of Darkest Africa. While the great country is now rapidly coming into line with the civilisation of its neighbours, it has only been known to the white man in comparatively recent times. Its very name is not eighty years old. Years ago an Arab tribe found a wild native race established at the head of the mysterious great lake that had never been explored. This tribe, which called itself the Baganda, described the individual member of its tribe as a Muganda, their country as Buganda, and their language as Luganda. Finally, by dropping the prefix letter the white man named that great unexplored region Uganda !

In the early days of Uganda all was primitive vice, slavery, bloodshed, and the ghoulish horror of overwhelming superstition, amid a wilderness of untamed scrub and forest. Christian rule, however, soon made a remarkable difference, and it was found that the natives were intelligent and adaptable. They were soon eager to learn the ways of the civilised world of whose very existence they had recently been ignorant.

The Royal Party, whose first object was Entebbe, the administrative capital of the country, steamed

across the northern corner of gleaming Lake Victoria Nyanzi. Their vessel, the *S.S. Clement Hill*, did not go unaccompanied, for they had the unusual buzzing escort of two hundred packed war canoes. History repeated itself when the Prince of Wales visited this region four years later, when he too was escorted by the native flotilla.

If it were possible, the Uganda natives seemed even more enthusiastic in their welcome than were the Kenya population ; but indeed throughout the whole of their tour the Duke and Duchess were impressed by the enthusiasm of the natives. These rough untutored negroes for the most part seemed to look with something akin to adoration on the fragile little lady in her simple white frocks whose charming personality seems to move all classes of society equally irrespective of colour.

Entebbe is the seat of the British Government. It has been attempted to form here a city in miniature that will act as an object-lesson to future town planners throughout the country. The Government House stands on high ground in a large park overlooking the lake. The park is laid out as a tropical botanical garden and will prove itself a source of information and interest to horticultural investigators of the future. Kampala, the native capital, which they next day visited, is the business centre of the district. The ramshackle old native town has been reorganised, and to-day wide streets and modern buildings are the order of the day. It stands on the slopes of seven hills, and visible from commanding points rise the Roman Catholic Mission and the English Cathedral. On Menge Hill is the town residence of the Kabaka of Baganda—the native king—and here too is the

lukiko, or native parliament. A museum crowns another hill, and the tomb of the great Mtesa, the celebrated King, rests on yet another. A seven-mile railway joins the town of Port Bell beside the lake.

To find so much that was modern and European in a native town so remote from the coast or any great white centre seemed surprising to the Duchess. In Kampala, or Mengo as the more native part is known, the Duke and Duchess paid an official visit to King Daudi, the Kabaka of the Buganda, at the Lukiki. They were received with a solemn address of welcome. After replying, the Duke, on behalf of the King of England, invested the Kabaka with the insignia of the K.C.M.G., while the members of the parliament knelt to give thanks.

King Daudi, at this time a man of twenty-nine, became King when he was a child of four, and during his minority the country had been ruled by regents. The boy was brought up as a Christian, being educated by the Church Missionary Society in his native land. Here he proved himself remarkably intelligent, and learnt to speak perfect English. Later he visited England and showed himself to be a fine sportsman, being devoted to all sorts of games. Coming of age in August 1914, he immediately proved his loyalty to England, and took a vigorous part in the campaign against the Germans in East Africa. His chief minister and ex-regent, Sir Apolo Kagwa, has also visited this country and has received the K.C.M.G.

Daudi and his wife proved themselves a very charming host and hostess, and the Royal visitors and the Royal hosts were photographed together. The Duchess looks charming, as usual, in a light flowing frock suitable for the climate and the occasion,



*Photopress*

THE DAILY ROUND



but what strikes the English eye is the remarkable elegance of the native element. King Daudi himself looked immaculate in a white drill suit and sun-helmet, while his Queen was most fashionably attired in a straight white tunic-like frock, long gloves, and a big white picture hat.

After the investiture followed the native custom of bestowing presents. These included a magnificent pair of elephant tusks. The proceedings concluded with the impressive Review—Omwoleko—of native warriors, the first held for many years, and a mark of especial honour. Magnificent warriors selected from every tribe in the kingdom swung past with quaint evolutions yelling their tribal cries. The climax of the whole show came when their general slowly advanced to the dais to render the salute to the Duke and Duchess seated there. After this ceremony the Royal Party returned once more to Entebbe.

Both the Duke and Duchess were much interested in studying the native customs. They found they were remarkably clever craftsmen and not only proficient in their native arts but rapidly acquiring much skill in all imported European crafts. They delight in adopting English ways, and in particular in travelling by the white man's methods. They are devoted to the push-bicycle and will happily bump and jolt over atrocious country tracks that would seem absolutely impossible to a white man. The native food consists largely of the banana, and both men and women are great smokers. One habit the women had which struck the Duchess as very strange. They are inveterate chewers of the coffee berry.

Before leaving the country, and after taking part in other ceremonial functions, the Duke and Duchess

travelled to Ripon Falls where the Nile issues from the mighty lake. It is now more than fifty years since the great explorer Stanley first approached this wild spot to discover if Victoria Nyanza fed the Nile or the Congo, finding that it was the Nile that had its source in the lake. In those not very far-off times Uganda was indeed a different place from the Uganda that the Duke and Duchess saw. From Eltebbo they motored more than two hundred miles to the Lukiko, or parliament of Fort Portal, a native town nestling near the southern end of Lake Albert. These parliaments are held to settle local and native matters, and their rule seems to be just and beneficial to the districts for which they are responsible. On this occasion there was yet another ceremonial, and this time one with a real Oriental flavour. The crouching crowds of white-clad natives having first played upon reeds and tomtoms gave long recitatives, extolling the virtues of the Royal visitors and their thousand good qualities.

After a night's rest here they descended the sharp declivity leading down into the Semliki Valley. Up till this point they had been amazed at the fine roads which the government had cut through the wild country from one point to another. Now they had to leave civilisation behind them once again and to live the simple life in the fullest meaning of the word. They slept now in native huts, queerly shaped contrivances made of mud and coloured in all sorts of shades. It was a fifteen-mile trek through this wild valley to their next rest-house, and the going was difficult. The mosquitoes of this district are particularly aggressive and dangerous, and real care had to be taken to defend oneself from their attacks. The

valley itself has always been famed as the supposed place where Solomon collected the ivory which he presented to the Queen of Sheba.

The question of drinking water is a serious one here, and in some neighbourhoods all that could be obtained was a liquid deep brown in colour and full of mud. To make it drinkable it had to be strained with alum, a process which, though it did not make the appearance any more agreeable, did at least render the fluid less dangerous to the drinker.

Most of the time the Duke and Duchess passed through regions where the vegetation was close and luxurious. The swampy regions of the Nile and the eastern districts are characterised by an extravagant growth of papyrus and other rushes, of reeds and of wild grass. Smaller wild animals naturally abounded, and in the Semliki Valley several specifically West African mammals, such as the forest pig. The chimpanzee, gorilla, giraffe, zebra, and the hippopotamus are among the many animals that make the country a delight to the keen sportsman.

It was near Mubendi that the Duchess had one of her triumphs as a sportswoman, when she brought down a large and ferocious red buffalo. Here the Duke shot a fine elephant with ninety-pound tusks, and then near the Tengiri River, in a very different country, he two days later bagged a second elephant and a lion. Later on the party went to a "Rhino" camp. Here the Duchess shot a fine white rhinoceros. This animal is very rare, and is, in fact, threatened with extinction, so that permits to shoot it are much coveted and seldom given. The Duchess was, however, an exception to every rule, and she was begged to add yet another to her bag. On learning



the truth of the situation she immediately refused to accept the favour, which was characteristic of her attitude all through the trip.

The Lake Albert Nyanza was reached on February 25th, after a considerable detour for sporting purposes. By this time the Duchess, with a very tanned complexion, was feeling rather exhausted, more from the result of constant battle with mosquitoes than from normal fatigue however, and she was glad of the comparative peace of life aboard the *Samuel Baker*. It was so hot here, however, that they all slept on deck. On reaching Butiaba the Duke disembarked with the object of tracking elephant, the Duchess, however, remembering her troubles with the mosquitoes of the infested southern area of the lake, decided she would give the wilds a miss this time. She remained on board, but time did not hang heavily on her hands, for she was a keen fisherwoman, and whiled away many contented hours in this way.

It is often said that the broken open country in these upper reaches of the Albert Lake is not unlike parts of Scotland, and one can imagine the Duchess, as she sat silently waiting for a fish to bite, thought back to her care-free girlhood days, when she had watched the still waters of some lonely pool amid the heather of her native heaths and hills.

The White Nile is the overflow of the Lake Albert, and after leaving the lake they steamed for two days down the river. From the shallow-draught steamer which drew only four feet, they could see all the variations of native river life. The White Nile is the highway in this part of the world, and passengers were constantly embarking and disembarking. The goods taken on board and unloaded were strange to

the eyes of the travellers, for besides the ordinary consignments there were raw cottons, all sorts of unfamiliar foodstuffs, ivory, hides, and strange native commodities, the use of which they could only guess. At Nimule they had to leave the steamer, for here at the boundary between Uganda and the Soudan, the river enters upon a new phase of its career, and for a hundred miles roars tossing and foaming over waterfalls and cascades that make it impossible for navigation, after which it levels into the calm unruffled ribbon of silver which is the Nile.

The Royal Party covered the hundred miles to Rejaf by motor, where once more travel by boat could be resumed. Nimule was situated among tall hills of black volcanic rock, with the sparse, hardy vegetation of uplands, but by degrees the hills gave way to clustered foothills, beyond which rolled the endless plains, and by the time they came into Rejaf the vivid green flatness of the Nile Valley lay around as far as eye could see.

By this time the Duchess had become something of a hardened campaigner, and when on their journey down the White Nile the party on occasion camped on shore, she gave proof of her newly acquired ability and experience in such matters. One pitch-black night so fierce a gale blew that her tent twice collapsed on top of her, while the rain falling in torrents soaked all her possessions, as they struggled to put it up again. The men in camp were much distressed, not for their own sake, but because of their Royal lady guest. However, they need not have worried, for the Duchess took all her mishaps cheerily, although she must really have felt most uncomfortable, and seemed just as much at home in a rain-sodden camp in the African

wilds, without ever a dry garment to put on, as she did in the luxurious surroundings of her London home. Adaptability is a great asset to anyone who is forced to fill a public position, and who is perpetually in the public eye, and in this first long journey that the Duchess undertook she proved without doubt that she possessed that quality.

Five weeks they travelled from Rejaf northwards to Port Sudan, and after all the rough experiences they had undergone the comfortable Nasir seemed absolutely luxurious. This long journey by water was not a mere matter of getting from point to point quickly, but an integral part of the tour. Generally they steamed ahead by day, but paused and camped wherever good sport was promised. Nile travel cannot be interesting, but one does gain an almost awe-inspiring idea of the magnitude and mystery of that ancient land Egypt. In their thousand miles' passage they passed comparatively few signs of the busy human life of to-day, but ever and anon rose the gaunt stone remains of civilisations now passed away for ever. Yet although no great cities lie on the banks of this mighty river there are many little native mud villages scattered up and down the palm-tree-dotted countryside, of which fact the Duke and Duchess had ample proof when they landed at Tonga. From there they motored inland to the hills to see a gathering of twelve thousand tall Nubian warriors. After a thrilling march past these warriors gave a fascinating display of their native dancing, wrestling and spear hurling.

Five months earlier the realistically desperate sham fights that the Duchess witnessed would have been to her a bewildering and almost frightening experience,

but by this time she was becoming familiar with every aspect of African native life. As it was, so cunning was the spear throwing that the onlookers gazed spellbound fearing every moment some fatal accident would occur, and this certainly would have happened had it not been for the marvellous skill with which those who were attacked warded off the whining missiles with their shields.

Both the Duke and Duchess were remarkably interested in the great dam, then nearing completion across the Blue Nile. Landing at Kosti they travelled up to Sennar to inspect it, and the Duke, with his intense interest in all industrial problems, was particularly keen to know just how it would help in the irrigation of hundreds of thousands of acres of cotton-growing country.

Khartoum, which will always live in history as the spot where Gordon lived and died for his Empire, was all excitement at the arrival of the Royal guests, for such events were rare in its now sober history. When on April 7th the Royal Party arrived there they were greeted by thousands of all nationalities.

Here all the formalities of civilised life began again, and after inspecting the troops the Duke and Duchess motored to the Palace. Triumphal arches had been erected along the gaily decorated Victoria Avenue, and at night the coloured illumination of these kept great crowds in the city. The spectacle was repeated next night after the Duke and Duchess had departed for Port Sudan.

Now the Duke and Duchess might reasonably suppose their adventures were all over, yet still one more awaited them. For as they slipped down the Suez Canal a blinding sand-storm swept the

surrounding desert and the journey that should have occupied twelve hours took twenty-four.

It was on April 20th, 1925, that the Duke and Duchess of York arrived back in London. Sunday afternoon in London is apt to be rather a dreary time, but Victoria Station looked far from dull on that particular day. The returning travellers were expected to arrive at 3.20, and long before that time people collected in hundreds in and around the station in hopes of seeing the arrival.

It so happened that the M.C.C. cricketers were known to be returning to London by the same train, and they also attracted a crowd of personal admirers. Lord Annaly, whose wife had been acting as Lady-in-waiting to the Duchess all these long months, was an early arrival at Victoria. Shortly before the train was due to steam in the Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, and her husband came to meet the returning travellers.

Then very late the train steamed in, all was excitement, and the little Duchess alighted, gayest of the gay. Much as she had enjoyed her long tour it was nice to be home, and she showed it by her excited, happy greetings of all her friends.

A complete family reunion was not possible during those first few weeks of the Duke and Duchess of York's return, for several members of the Royal Family were away at the time. The Prince of Wales had before this left for his African tour, and it would be some time before he arrived back in England. The King and Queen had also been spending some weeks abroad, but they returned to London just a week later, when the Duke and Duchess had the pleasure of meeting them at Victoria.

After so long an absence from home private individuals would reasonably have asked for a few days' respite before they took up all their former activities again, but such is not the lot of Royalty. Landing on Sunday the Duke of York was hard at work before Tuesday, when he made his appeal in *The Times* asking for the support of the nation for the British Empire Exhibition. After his recent experiences he could speak with some authority, realising the needs and demands of Empire as he never could have done had he not himself gained practical experience of Empire life.

Looking back on their recent experiences both he and the Duchess felt they had gained sympathy and understanding that would serve them to be better servants of the State, and more efficient leaders of the people. In a few months they had met with a greater variety of experience than falls to the lot of most people in a lifetime.

They both of them had proved themselves equal to meeting emergency with calmness, and hardship with cheerfulness. They had won the high regard of all their fellow-travellers who had seen them under a vast variety of circumstances ; and they had learned much of how life goes on in a remote but increasingly important part of our Empire.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### A DOMESTIC INTERLUDE

**A**FTER any great new experience there is generally the danger of reaction, the Duchess, however, after twenty weeks packed every day to the brim with incident and novelty came home to a life equally full of happenings, although these were of a more normal and everyday character. On her arrival an embarrassing number of invitations greeted her, and since she hates paining anyone by refusing any reasonable request, her day's work had to be dovetailed together like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. She and her lady-in-waiting make a custom of dealing with correspondence directly after breakfast, and many a suburban wife would be horrified at facing a huge pile of letters such as that which the Duchess has to attack each day. Indeed, if Royalty could only spare the time, it would pay them to take an intensive course in all the duties of a clerk, for though they wisely relegate all they can to trusted helpers, much must be attended to individually.

The Duchess insists that every communication, however trivial, shall be dealt with immediately, and has proved herself to have considerable organising talent. And it is perhaps as a business woman that the Duchess has not yet been fully appreciated, for men and women, too, are apt to jump to the conclusion that anyone so delicately pretty can have little faculty for administration.

Blessed with the gift for making friends, the Duchess is determined that she will not lose touch with the friends of her girlhood, and let her new life entirely engulf her old. This determination has not been an easy one to keep, for now that she moves in Royal circles the Duchess is by no means free to go her own way. The fact that one never hears a whisper from those that knew her in her girlhood's days against her ; that the word "snobbery" is never even mentioned in connection with her, is proof that she has steered a difficult course with tact and courage. Keeping up old friendships is never easy for a young wife, even under ordinary circumstances, for automatically one's social circle is doubled, and often the married woman finds her interests have altered and her sympathies expanded.

Among one of the earliest engagements made was a promise to attend a dinner given by the African Society in May, and thus the Duke and Duchess were able early to show their interest in and enthusiasm for the great continent from which they had so recently returned.

The love of the English people for a great sports meeting is well known, and it seemed fortunate that the Duke and Duchess should be back in time for the Cup Final at Wembley. Since the Duke was so personally interested in the Great Exhibition being held at Wembley, it was felt fitting that he should be present on this important sports occasion there, and all London flocked up the great West Road on that eventful Saturday to see the game. The whole town was alive with excited Northerners and Welshmen, and well-behaved and conventional Cockneys were a little startled by the enthusiasm and high spirits of the



visitors. The Duchess had never been to a Cup Final before, and was tremendously touched by the enthusiasm of the reception given to her and her husband by the enormous crowd of 100,000 people.

Accompanying the Royal guests at the Stadium was Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and more than one of those present smiled at the contrast between the fragile little Duchess and her neighbour, with his tall figure and rugged, grim face. London crowds can be demonstrative when once roused, but the Welsh and North-country crowds have a wilder and more excitable nature, and on this occasion let themselves go with a will.

The battle for the Cup was a furious one, and the cheering throngs rocked in feverish excitement. Only one goal was scored, and that by the Yorkshiremen. The Duchess particularly enjoyed the community singing, for those rugged voices were truly musical, for all their heartiness.

At the close of play the Duke presented the Cup to the captain of the winning team and medals to the twenty-two players. The loyal Yorkshiremen told the Duke that their pleasure in victory was doubled because they had borne off the honour for the White Rose of York. The Duchess always declares she will never forget her first Soccer match, and she dates her love of the people of the northern counties from that time.

Later the Duchess was to see much of both North-country-men and of Wembley, for that summer her husband's chief preoccupations were industrial visits to the north, and his work as President of the British Empire Exhibition kept him busy off and on throughout the year. The visits to northern towns made by



THE DUCHESS WITH HER FIRST CATCH IN AUSTRALIA



the Duke and his wife were triumphs. Industrial affairs were by no means easy in 1925-6, but no sign of discontent or ill-feeling was ever made apparent to the Royal Party. Indeed, so eager were the townspeople to show their loyalty that the streets of these northern towns always fluttered with myriads of gay decorations when the Royal car made its appearance, and in the poorer quarters, where the residents were unable to afford bunting, brightly coloured garments of all shapes and sizes danced in the breeze in place of flags.

The Duke and Duchess paid an official visit to Dudley in the Black Country on June 4th, making a tour of the district and visiting many of the factories. In the afternoon of this day they returned to Dudley and went over the hospital. Great was the excitement here at the thought of the Royal visit, and the staff had good-naturedly done all they could so that the patients could enjoy the honour. They had the beds of many of the patients brought down into the quadrangle, and all the convalescent patients were gathered there, including many children. The Duchess was presented with a bouquet by a small patient who was too shy to fulfil the allotted task till a kindly sister helped in the function. All the small children were supplied with flags, but here again the aid of the nurses was required to help them to wave them, to the amusement of the Royal visitor, who laughingly did her best to overcome the diffidence of the wide-eyed little folk.

Later in the day the Royal Party visited a bazaar in the form of an Old English Fair, organised to pay off the debt of £10,000 still remaining on the hospital. The Duchess received cheques which amounted to practically that sum. During their visit to Dudley

they were the guests of Lord and Lady Ednam, and when entertained at tea at the bazaar their pretty waitress was Lady Patricia Ward, daughter of Lord Dudley. Such is a fair example of how these busy official visits passed by, although the welcome in each held its own touch of individualism. In this way their influence acted as a real bond of union between all the social orders of the districts they visited.

The success of the British Empire Exhibition was very near to the heart of the Duke of York, and he gave up much of his time to attendance there. The Duchess, eager as always to share his interests, made a point of being with him whenever possible, and took a keen interest in the exhibits. One particular day at Wembley she will never forget, and that was when ten thousand children attended from the L.C.C. schools. The Duchess, who by this time had quite a number of nephews and nieces with whom she was immensely popular, has always been a child lover, and has the happy art of making herself beloved by little people. That auspicious day she altogether bewitched the young visitors to Wembley. They crowded tumultuously into the great arena to cheer the Royal pair.

One function in which the Duchess took part that summer made an especial appeal to women. The Five Sisters' Window in York Cathedral is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, and its wonderful stained glass panes had recently been restored. It was unveiled in June by the Duchess of York, and was the first of the many public memorials scattered up and down throughout the land to be dedicated directly to the memory of women who gave their lives in the

service of the Empire during the War. Fourteen hundred women are thus commemorated, and it was fitting that one of the leading ladies in the land should perform the ceremony.

At Darlington that summer the Duke had promised to take part in the Railway Centenary, and his wife accompanied him. The first passenger coach which travelled between Darlington and Stockton was nothing more than a great box on wheels, with wooden seats on either side and a deal table in the centre. The Duchess was presented with a silver replica of it, and was delighted to have yet another souvenir to add to her stock of curios.

Amid the pressure of home duties the Duke and Duchess had a happy reminder of their recent Empire trip. On visiting the Kodak works at Wealdstone the Duke saw in their private cinema a film of his East African tour, and he enjoyed immensely re-living their happy trip. In particular he was amused at the scenes where a laughing rumpled Duchess appeared in khaki shirt and shorts. The contrast between the Duchess in those days in the wilds with the sophisticated girl he had just left ready for some formal State occasion must have struck him as almost absurd.

The Duchess took considerable interest in the Women's Section of the British Empire Exhibition, and at Lowther Lodge attended a garden party to meet a number of visitors from East Africa. Indeed, her official duties constantly brought her into contact with overseas visitors, and recent experiences made her appreciative of their viewpoint, so that she could without effort endear herself to this important class of visitors who flocked to our shores during that year.

As guests of the Australian and New Zealand Luncheon Club at the Hotel Cecil, there came the first hint of the heavy duties awaiting the Duke and Duchess in scarcely more than a year's time. In a brilliant and amusing speech the Duke remarked that he hoped some day to be privileged to enjoy that hospitality for which Australians were famous. The chairman, in welcoming the Royal guests, had already remarked that they were doing double duty in the absence of the Prince of Wales, but the Duke said that he did not want his elder brother to be the only member of the family to gain first-hand knowledge of our mighty Empire.

For the Duke and Duchess autumn had come to mean Glamis and Balmoral, and this year they were glad to escape from the rush of London and bury themselves in the restful quiet of the Scottish mountains. For a time after their return to Town they lived in Curzon House, then as the White Lodge seemed inconvenient for people whose days were so fully occupied, it was decided that they should take No. 17 Bruton Street from the parents of the Duchess.

In those busy winter months before the removal to Bruton Street there were many social duties demanding attention. But a sudden and unexpected break came in Court routine, when, by the death of Queen Alexandra after an illness of only two days, the whole country was plunged into mourning. Ever since she had come to this country as a beautiful bride sixty-two years previously Queen Alexandra had been deeply beloved. Her death marked the passing of a great epoch. Court mourning brought a necessary pause in the activities of the Duchess, and



FISHING AT TOKIANU (NEW ZEALAND)





she could not help being glad of the respite though deeply sorry for its reason.

On April 21st, 1926, was born the world's best-known baby. The wires hummed, and within a few hours the most remote parts of the world knew that a child, third in direct line from the British throne, was being acclaimed in London. National rejoicing at the birth of an heir to a throne is possibly the most simple and healthy form of mass impulse that exists. It is the reflex of that spontaneous joy that occurs in the home when a child is born; and just as the baby is the centre of the home, so the infant heir is a link, sentimental but strong, that helps to unite citizens of diverse convictions, opinions, and loyalties. From April 21st onwards Bruton Street was the centre around which many thoughts gathered. Indeed, the street itself was thronged by those who seemed to have the queer fancy that comes to women at times that their very presence in the neighbourhood will somehow convey sympathy to the one who is the object of their thoughts.

The nursery at Bruton Street, however, does not look out over the street but back towards Grafton Street, and this big pleasant room soon had many visitors, most eager among which were naturally the two grandmothers. As everyone knows, the Queen, far from being the stern mother-in-law beloved of fiction, has the warmest regard for her daughter-in-law, and between them is a deep bond of mutual sympathy.

Three months later the Duchess took her baby "home," as she still sometimes calls Glamis in moments of forgetfulness. The child there was welcomed with unbounded delight. Indeed, to the

older inhabitants it did not seem so very long since they were admiring the charming ninth baby of the Countess of Strathmore, and one and all declared that, loyal as they were to the old order, the new addition was well up to standard. At Glamis the little Princess divided her time, as a rule, between the ancient nursery which stands away from the main keep in a wing to itself and the Dutch garden. This Dutch garden, where daily the baby was wheeled to sleep, was the one designed by Lady Strathmore herself, in which the turquoise tiles of the fountain's pool seem to reflect the blue skies in the limpid depths, however grey the day. And a more fitting spot than this, where in addition the flowers bloom all the year round, could not be imagined for the dreamings of a little Princess. But when she planned it little did the Countess think that here a Royal grandchild of hers would sleep away the sunny hours.

It was in August that for the first time the Duchess parted from her baby, leaving her at Glamis with her grandparents while she herself accompanied her husband on a short round of visits to friends. Then they returned to the Castle, and mother, father, and daughter travelled together to Town. They lived at Bruton Street for the time being, and the Duchess got ready for a busy autumn. Both of them had finally decided that a London residence of their own was essential, but so far the right thing had not been found. At last they chose 145 Piccadilly, but considerable preparation was necessary before it could be made ready for their occupation. The busy wife and mother had to consider scores of domestic problems in the midst of her ever-increasing social engagements. In addition, she was facing the

problem of the Australian tour. Now that she had her baby to care for this did not present a very alluring prospect, as normally it would have done.

When the Duke had expressed his desire at the official dinner of Australian and New Zealand representatives in Great Britain to visit our far overseas Dominions he had not realised that his wish might so soon be fulfilled.

The Australian Government was about to open its first parliament in the new Government House at Canberra, and it was its great desire that the King's second son should perform the opening ceremony. In reply to the urgent request of the overseas Government the Duke of York decided to accept this warm invitation, and, accompanied by his wife, to visit our island continent.

In the autumn before the trip endless social engagements had to be fulfilled. Important among these was a gathering of colonial Prime Ministers and their wives and other colonial notabilities at St. James's Palace. Under the circumstances it was well that the Duke and his wife should establish friendships with those influential personages whom they would again meet on the tour in prospect. The recent Imperial Conference gave them an opportunity of so doing. All colonies were well represented both politically, industrially, and socially.

In the October of this year the Duke began that course of treatment that was to cure him of the speech defect that he had fought against since his childhood. Every specialist who had been consulted so far pronounced the defect as a purely nervous one, but had failed entirely to cure it. However, on seeking the advice of Mr. Lionel Logue, an expert who had come

from Perth, Australia, to practice in Harley Street, the Duke was assured that the defect was physical and could be eradicated if he were prepared to spend sufficient time and pains on the cure.

The Duke decided that he would make any sacrifice that would add to his value as a worker for the good of the nation. Straightway he placed himself unconditionally in the hands of the specialist. From that day onwards he attended the Harley Street rooms at regular intervals. He proved himself a model patient, keeping his appointments to time, obeying orders without question, and showing such remarkable determination that the ultimate result was that he had conquered his defect when he left the *Renown* at New Zealand. To-day to hear him speak in public no one would imagine that he had ever had a stammer. In his long and brave fight against his trouble the Duke had found his wife a true friend and helper.

There were many preparations to make for the impending six months' tour, which was, in contradistinction to the East African tour, to be entirely official. The Duchess had to spend many weary hours consulting her dressmakers as to a suitable outfit for the various occasions, on which she would be the chief lady guest at important functions. Since she was going to a hot climate there was every reason to indulge her natural love for light colouring and pretty fabrics. Later, people in the Dominions used to say that the Duchess had something just right for each separate occasion. Doubtless also the Duke and Duchess saw to it that there were plenty of books aboard the *Renown*, on which they were to travel, to suit their individual tastes. The Duke has a passion for detective fiction, and probably Conan Doyle has

no more fervent admirer. He enjoys too a good book on outdoor sport and hunting, and is quite happy when he can obtain a well-written survey of shooting areas which he knows personally.

The tastes of the Duchess lie in another line, and she is somewhat old-fashioned in her choice. Jane Austen and most of the Victorian classics appeal to her. Kipling is another favourite, and in this she agrees with her brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales, who is an enthusiastic Kipling worshipper. Finding time to read is, however, one of the greatest difficulties of Royalty, and many a time they envy the happy hours that less favoured individuals can spend over books.

During the last few hurried weeks before the great Australian tour the Duchess threw herself heart and soul into planning every arrangement for her baby's welfare. Little Elizabeth was to divide her time between her two grandmothers. The first Christmas of the Princess's life was spent with her parent at Sandringham, and as soon as the festivities were over the family went to St. Paul's Waldenbury. It was here that there was the heartrending parting when the Duchess said good-bye to her baby before they left on January 5th for the Antipodes.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### START OF THE ROYAL TOUR

**T**HAT farewell to the little Princess Elizabeth left at home was a sore trial to the Duchess, and no one sympathised with her more deeply than the Queen. She also, when Duchess of York, had passed through a similar experience. Little more than twenty-five years earlier the Duke and Duchess of that day had also taken an official journey to the Antipodes, and on that occasion the Queen had left quite a nursery full of little children behind her. The present Prince of Wales was but seven years old at the time, and Prince Henry, the youngest of the four, was only eleven months of age. In those days, too, the world seemed a bigger place than it is to-day. Wireless had not bridged the ether, and the idea of an Amy Johnson reaching Australia in nineteen days would have sounded folly.

All mothers feel alike, however, and it must have been some comfort to the Duchess to feel that the Queen had had to suffer in the same way before her. She knew that the Queen would understand just how eager she was to hear news of every little detail of her baby's welfare while she was away, and to be reassured as often as possible all went well in that nursery over the seas.

Happily, as we know, the Duchess being a woman of considerable strength of character had far too much

sense to waste her time and energies in repining over the inevitable, and soon she was to prove herself the most light-hearted member of the little company which sailed southwards.

The King and Queen said an affectionate farewell to their son and daughter-in-law at Victoria Station, amid a large gathering of celebrated people who had come to wave a last good-bye. Probably no station in the world has witnessed so many Royal greetings and partings as has Victoria, and the King and Queen standing there must have found the years rolling back as they recalled the day when another young Duke and Duchess had left for the Antipodes amid just such another crowd of which they themselves were the principal figures.

The news was well known that the Duke and Duchess were travelling that day, and at many stations down the line groups of people waited to cheer the Royal Party on their way. About fifty miles out of Town they observed the lone figure of a man standing rigidly at attention on the desolate hillside as the train dashed past. That solitary figure seemed symbolic of the man in the street and the man behind the ploughshare.

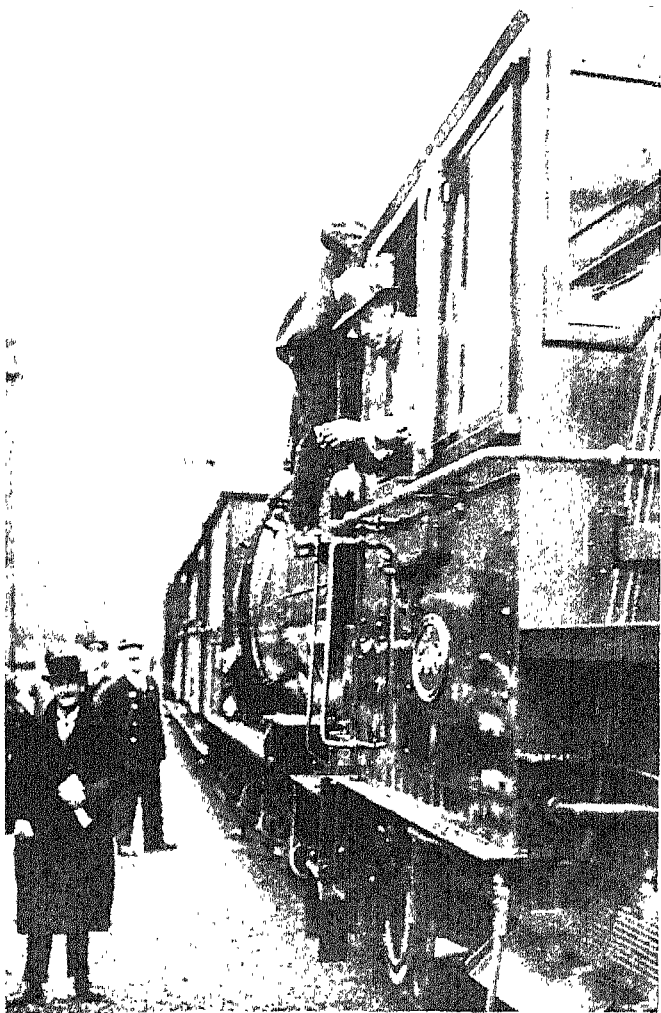
Once at Portsmouth, the party were soon on board the *Renown* which was for six long months to be their home. The Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and Prince George had travelled down to see them off, and the Duke in naval uniform and the Duchess in pale grey—the Duchess looking perhaps a little pathetic with her thoughts back in London—stood side by side smiling a last good-bye on deck as the ship swung clear of the quay. The whole population of Portsmouth seemed to have flocked down to join



in the farewells, and the water was covered with little vessels of all descriptions, with syrens hooting. Thus the great voyage began. Like all tourists, the Duke and Duchess were eager to make the acquaintance of their new quarters, and they spent their first few hours on board exploring the vessel under the guidance of the captain of the ship. The *Renown* had previously carried the Prince of Wales on a similar voyage, so that she has some just claims to being a matter of Royal history.

The Duke and Duchess, like all people in their position, have often diverse engagements that prevent them seeing as much of each other as they would wish when at home. But both alike realised that here was a golden opportunity for seeing much more of each other than was ever possible under normal conditions. They determined to make the most of it. As at home they shared each other's responsibilities, so now they determined to share each other's pleasures. The Duke naturally had a sailor's interest in everything, in particular in the engineering side of the ship, and frequently visited the mess-decks, showing a deep interest in the activities of the crew. Like a true woman, the Duchess was delighted with the boast of the engine-room staff that she need not put an overall over her pretty frock when she went to inspect their work, for the *Renown* was oil fired and exuded none of the clinging dirt of the old coal-firing days. They were determined to set up friendly relationships with the men, and together they would chat with them in all parts of the ship.

The Duke and Duchess were constantly to be seen on the five courts together. Both alike were determined not to get slack for lack of exercise during the



*Central News*

THE DUKE AS A NEW ZEALAND TRAIN DRIVER



voyage. The Duke, however, had a good many official duties to do even on board ship, for he had to work through all the various programmes submitted to him in reference to the visit to New Zealand and Australia, and decide what must be included and what omitted.

The first Sunday on board followed the normal course of a Sunday on a man-of-war. Whether the Navy be on active service or merely on a peaceful cruise, as on the present occasion, Sunday means church parade. Each Sunday morning that they were on board the *Renown*, the Duke and Duchess attended Church Parade Service beneath the great gun of the after-turret.

The blue-grey cliffs of Teneriffe hove in sight on Monday, January 10th. Then the outline of the Grand Canary rose out of the sparkling sea. Exactly to schedule the *Renown* dropped anchor at two-thirty in the Bay of Las Palmas. Spain was greeted with a salute of twenty-one guns, and the batteries at Puerta Luz boomed out a reply.

Having driven through noisy streets full of enthusiastic dark-skinned Spaniards, many of the women wearing the mantilla, and most of the inhabitants barelegged, Their Royal Highnesses were shown over the hospital and the British Seaman's Institute, after which they had tea at the Club where practically the whole of the British community had assembled, and where of course the Duke and Duchess made the acquaintance of the whole two hundred and more. How many complete strangers the Duchess shook hands with on this Australian tour no one dare ever estimate, but it must have cost her considerable self-denial to give her bright and friendly greeting to such

unlimited numbers, while no one can guess what pleasure she gave by so doing.

From the port they jolted out to Las Palmas itself over the pot-holes of a road so deplorable that obviously in wet weather it could be nothing but a lake of mud. Magnificent motor-cars are now the chief means of transport here, but the road-making still lags behind. Again Their Royal Highnesses were introduced to the whole British community, including some fifty ex-service men, and so to rattle back to the ship after a hard day. Next day as the sea was running high the Duchess elected to stay on board though the Duke went ashore for a few games of tennis. Then the *Renown* slipped away and began her crossing of the Atlantic.

By this time the Duchess was beginning to feel quite at home in her new quarters. The Royal Staff numbered eight, and fortunately complete unity and friendship pervaded the little party from the very commencement of the voyage. General the Earl of Cavan was Chief of the Staff, and the nation owes much to him for his sensible and tactful conduct of the trip. The Duchess was fortunate in her two ladies-in-waiting, one being Lady Cavan and the other the Hon. Mrs. John Little-Gilmour, both accomplished and charming women. The Duke was also accompanied by his private and his political secretary, his medical adviser, private detective, and others. The ship's company of the *Renown* consisted of thirteen hundred officers and men, with Captain N. A. Sullivan. By the time the *Renown* sighted Jamaica eight days later this big and rather mixed family had settled down contentedly to the routine which was to be theirs for half a year to come.

Jamaica was sighted on the dawn of January 20th, and when the *Renown* dropped anchor off Kingston the water front was covered with thousands of wildly waving black and white inhabitants eager to see the Duke and Duchess.

There were many formalities after the Royal Party landed, but at length they were free to go their own way. That gathering of loyal citizens, black and white, were all much impressed with the appearance of the Royal visitors, the Duke wearing the white uniform of a naval post-captain with the blue sash of the Garter, while the Duchess looked delightful in a charming *crêpe de Chine* dress of rose with a hat of the same colour.

The programme of the whole official proceedings had been carefully rehearsed, but there was one small breakdown, for when the Mayor of Kingston tried to open the lovely casket in which the city address of welcome had been placed he discovered that the key had been forgotten. The Duke, however, quickly perceiving the predicament, promptly took from him casket and all with a smile. Royalty has always to be ready, for so often officials are nervous, and then it is that the Guest, stepping into the breach, can save much embarrassment and worry to kindly hosts.

That night the Royal Party attended a dinner given by the Governor of the island. The second day of their visit the Royal Party toured the country, and it was hoped that they would attend the Jamaica Club ball, but the Duchess was too weary to do this. Those of the party who did remain for this festivity, however, were well rewarded, for the clubhouse and grounds were colourfully illuminated and a dance

floor had been laid in the open amid the scents and shadows of a sub-tropical night.

The Duke is a naval man and immensely interested in anything that bears on the history and progress of the Navy. On the last day of the Jamaica visit he had an interesting experience. The Officer Commanding Troops and the Governor met him early in the morning and took him round Port Royal, which had been a naval station before Nelson's time. Indeed, that hero was once stationed there. Under the vivid blue sky of the sub-tropics the man who was some day to make England resound with his prowess would pace up and down the ramparts with his telescope, pausing to stare out to sea and dream those dreams, which unlike most dreams of future greatness, were destined to come true. Here, too, the Duke saw the remarkable spectacle of a barracks perched at a seemingly impossible angle, so that you laboured uphill on its floor. It was the result of a bad earthquake which while inclining the building had yet left it intact. Port Royal is an interesting reminder of the Navy of old days, and from it the Sailor Duke returned to the latest example of naval life of to-day.

Two days after leaving Jamaica the Panama Canal was reached, and here Duke and Duchess alike were delighted by the antics of the aerial fleet that roared to welcome them. The passage through the famed canal was extremely interesting, and the Duke and Duchess spent much of their time on the bridge, where they could obtain a fine view of everything, and incidentally where the delighted people along the bank could obtain a fine view of them.

Only two special privileges were granted the Royal visitors on their journey through this remarkable

waterway. These were in the first place that the most experienced pilot, Mr. Osborne, who had also been chosen to bring the Prince of Wales through the canal, was selected to take charge of the huge bulk of the *Renown* for the second time. Those two instances were the only occasions where a pilot has been ordered for special duty out of the normal roster.

When Their Royal Highnesses had landed to inspect a guard of honour beyond Gatun, they went half a mile journey to Spillway, where excess water from the canal is run off through a dam of fourteen gates. As the season was a dry one the gates were expressly opened for their benefit so that they might see the remarkable sight of the rushing waters, which burst forth with such fury that they leapt high into a white pillar before they foamed off into the Atlantic.

The Duchess, like a true woman was much more taken up with humanity than with machinery. Looking down from the *Renown* she was thrilled to see two black lock-keepers perched precariously at the end of the massive gates as they swung to at one of the locks behind the ship. She seemed to think that they were in considerable danger until reassured by those around her.

The passage through the canal took about twelve hours, and on the approach of Balboa the inevitable crowd were awaiting the arrival of the Royal Party. After the official reception they paid an unanticipated call on the Union Club. Here they joined in with the dancers and enjoyed the strains of a real American jazz band until midnight. Yet at eight-thirty next morning they were ashore again to receive the welcome of crowds who had been assembling almost since day-



break to greet them. Many of these enthusiastic natives of British Panama sacrificed their day's pay to welcome the Royal visitors. The Duke had many official calls to make, but the Duchess begged off and went instead for a quiet drive round Panama and Old Panama to do a little necessary shopping. But before long she was recognised by the excited inhabitants and would almost have been mobbed but for the good-natured efforts of the police. Then later in the day the *Renown* left the American continent behind her, and was once more at sea.

Crossing the line is always a ceremony that gives scope for much fun, and on February 1st the crew of the *Renown* saw to it that she lived up to tradition in this respect. A message by wireless had acquainted the Duke and Duchess the day before that King Neptune intended to welcome them into his domain. Next day an elaborate and comic ceremony took place, when Father came picturesquely into his own.

The Duke had pleaded that as he had already suffered from the attentions of the hoary sea-god, when he went to Africa, he was entitled to exemption, but the men would not hear of this. Initiation on a mere passenger liner just did not count according to their ideas. So he and other unfortunate novices were solemnly shaved with huge wooden razors and soundly ducked amid roars of delight from the crew. The Duchess and her ladies-in-waiting were let off, after long deliberation.

When the Marquesas Islands were reached it was decided to stop and wait for the oiler bringing supplies to the *Renown*. She arrived off the largest island of the group, Nukuhiva, which proved to possess a beautiful little bay. Around the semicircular coast rose walls of

rock to a height of a thousand feet or more, their steep slopes carpeted with lush green scrub. At the head of the bay a delightful village peeped from among coco-nut palms and banana trees. The natives were tremendously excited when the great grey warship slipped in and anchored. In the afternoon the French Administrator of the islands, M. Coup, came aboard to pay his respects.

The Duchess was much delighted with the picture his whaler made, for it was rowed by a crew of six finely made Polynesians, their dusky skins looking all the darker in contrast to their white shirts and trousers, and the chaplets of white flowers adorning their heads. The representative of the Republic was received with the greatest respect. The band struck up "La Marseillaise" as he came over the side, and on his departure the salute of the *Renown's* guns echoed round the bay.

That evening the Duchess paid her first visit to a South Sea island.

This Royal visit was a great event in the simple lives of the islanders, and many had taken sea voyages of fifty or sixty miles to see the visitors and their battleship home. Fortunately formalities were few for the Resident was incapable of offering formal hospitality as he lived very simply, with no troops save one gendarme, the official headquarters being on another island.

The Duchess was delighted to be free from a set programme and spent part of the day fishing with Captain Sullivan. Then she wandered off to explore her new surroundings, whose beauty enchanted her. Life is easy in these islands, for the sea teems with fish, and meat in abundance is provided by the wild

cattle, goats, and pigs. Inland the rich valleys are most fertile, for bananas, lime, pineapples, coco-nuts, and other fruit are everywhere. However, the native population suffers much from pestilence, and their numbers are declining.

It was at the instance of the Duchess that the Marine Band played on the village green during the afternoon, a compliment which the villagers greatly appreciated and repaid by an impromptu performance of their choicest native dances.

After the young Administrator had dined aboard the *Renown*, the Royal Party once more landed for a formal entertainment of songs and dances that had been arranged in their honour. Strange was the scene to the English visitors out there on the open green, where the shadowy forms of the crooning dancers moved by the light of flaring and spluttering torches, with white shafts of the searchlights from the *Renown* from time to time sweeping the ghostly tropical vegetation growing thickly around them. Some of the dances were quaint, some terribly monotonous, while others struck the visitors as purely comic. Such was the Pig Dance when the lifelike grunting of the performers and their vivid imitations of actions of a wild pig were truly laughable. The dancing display over the Duke and Duchess returned on board.

When the *Renown* steamed away next day the Duchess took with her a magnificent chaplet of red coral presented to her by the chief dancing girl, which is always a reminder of a delightful and restful day in the simple and primitive Marquesas Islands.

A few days at sea without event and then the Samoan Islands were sighted and passed; but not



*Central News*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS TALKING TO THE AUSTRALIAN VETERAN  
WHO FORMED ONE OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR WHEN QUEEN  
ALEXANDRA LEFT DENMARK TO MARRY KING EDWARD



without a greeting from the loyal inhabitants, who sent a wireless message wishing the travellers "soifua"—good luck. Then on February 17th the *Renown* reached Suva, and clustered at the mouth of the channel through the long coral reef tossed a welcoming fleet of native sailing canoes. The Fijians have long been famous for their great war canoes, and these were smaller replicas of them, being no more than thirty feet long, but with such a wide spread of brown triangular mat sail that they cut through the waves at an amazing speed.

In the past the Fiji Isles were known as cannibal islands where every form of cruelty was exercised. To-day, however, they are the abode of a kindly and friendly people, and judging from the reception given to the Duke and Duchess no more loyal populations can be found throughout the Empire. Great festivities had been planned for this occasion, but unfortunately an outbreak of measles—that menace of these southern isles—had forced much of it to be curtailed.

The warm tropical rain, so plentiful in those regions, fell fast as the Royal visitors landed, but in spite of this two thousand children, mostly coloured, were assembled at the landing-place furiously brandishing flags. Then after a review, came three cheers and a tiger in English fashion. The national anthem was sung with great fervour; three bouquets were presented by three children, one English, one Fijian, and one Indian. After tea at the Government House the Royal visitors were conducted to the recreation grounds to witness a native display. First there was a ceremonial native greeting to the Duke, followed by a greeting by the native women to the Duchess. The

vast throng of natives with grotesquely bepainted faces, decked in garments of leaves and grass and beane armlets and anklets, make a strange and remarkable picture for the visitors. Ratu Popil, head of the Fijians, invited the guests to a reception, and there they found it was essential to sip the loving cup.

This was made in their presence, which made them none the more eager to share it. The chieftain proceeded to pulp and mix various strange-looking roots with his hands, in a battered wooden ceremonial bowl more than a hundred years old. Then he strained the mixture through a wisp of fibres not unlike a sponge to remove the grit. While these operations were in progress his dark-skinned subjects chanted mournfully a dirge, the meaning of which has been lost in the mists of antiquity. When the forbidding looking beverage was prepared the cup was handed to the Duke. He drank it heroically without a grimace, but begged off for the Duchess, who was very glad to escape her share of the treat. Then came the presentation of gifts, which were piled round the great pavilion where they sat. These included mats, bowls, water-bottles, and best of all, whales' teeth, a commodity so highly prized that at one time one of them had the purchasing power of a couple of wives !

After a dinner at the Government House they attended a reception and ball. Surely a long programme for any woman to tackle in a day. Nor had their day even then ended, for a weird native escort waited to take them down to the pier, where a Fijian farewell song followed them across the water to the ship.

The next day was less strenuous, and the part the Duchess most enjoyed was her visit to the War Memorial Hospital which had just been completed. The maternity wards particularly interested her, and she delighted in examining the tiny brown babies, who made such a vivid contrast against their white bed linen. One tiny mite showed his feelings towards Royalty conclusively by roaring lustily at the entrance of the Duchess, and refusing to be comforted; in fact looking exceedingly resentful, and bellowing harder than ever when the Duchess herself tried to comfort him.

A tour of the island had been planned, but torrential rain spoilt it. But at least a large number of school children had the pleasure of seeing them and singing the songs they had so painstakingly learnt for the occasion. The Duchess was much struck with what she heard of the efforts being made to educate the native races, not only in the ordinary branches of study, but in domestic and agricultural subjects.

Then next morning the *Renown* steamed away for New Zealand and the more definitely official part of the programme before them.



## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### NEW ZEALAND

NEW ZEALAND has been called the Great Britain of the antipodes, and, like Japan and the old country, it forms one of the three groups of islands that are renowned for the vigour and business acumen of their inhabitants. The Duke and Duchess were now reaching the culmination of their long journey. The welcome at Auckland convinced them that they had done right to travel so far to greet a loyal people. In the harbour there were yachts, launches, and boats of every description awaiting them, and wherever crowds could gather on shore the ground was black with people. Unfortunately their first sight of New Zealand was blurred in a deluge of rain, but the elements kindly improved for the actual landing of the Duke and Duchess. They came ashore in the Royal barge, and as they left the ship's side the Royal Standard ran down from the masthead, and a farewell salute crashed out.

First impressions count for much, and the New Zealanders were delighted with their first view of the Royal visitors. The Duchess had taken considerable pains with her appearance on this her first public drive through the streets of the capital city. On this occasion she had discarded her favourite pink and wore a long gown of an exquisite shade of delphinium blue, with a close-fitting hat to match. The emotional

fervour of the crowds was almost embarrassing, and the Royal Party's cars had hard work to make a way through the seething masses of people, who again and again got beyond police control. Royalties are not a common sight in these new lands over the seas, and those ardent Colonials presented a strange contrast to the sober, disciplined, but no less patriotic throngs who line the London streets.

The bluff New Zealanders were very outspoken in their admiration of the two members of the Royal House, and on every side one heard compliments about their attractive appearance and genial manners. Quite a number could remember the visit of the Duke's father twenty-six years before, and many were the comparisons made between the Royal visitors of those days and of these. Auckland has altered much in a quarter of a century, and while the older city was utilitarian and ugly the new additions are much more beautiful. Wood is still used largely in the construction of the smaller houses and bungalows, but it has been realised that wood buildings may have architectural merit as well as those of more durable materials. The more important public buildings will now vie with those in any European city, and the authorities are trying to develop the district on garden city lines and make it a place of real attractiveness. The Auckland welcome was very like those to which the Duke and Duchess had already become accustomed. Its outstanding features being the large part in the proceedings which was taken by the girls and boys. Scouts, guides, cubs and brownies made a brave show, and the part of the whole day that the Duchess most enjoyed was a presentation by two tiny brownies on behalf of the

children of Auckland. It took the form of a huge doll almost as big as the donors, which was to be taken home to Princess Elizabeth.

The thoughts of the Duchess were constantly with her baby girl left at home, and nothing so delighted her as something that made the little Princess seem nearer. The doll was gratefully received and carefully packed away, when time permitted.

The Duke won the heart of the hundreds of parents who were assembled at the Town Hall to meet them when he remarked, "The Duchess and I want to see as much as possible of the children."

At one point of their tour through Auckland a woman called on the Duchess to stop and look at her twins safely tucked up in their perambulator. More than willing, the Duchess stopped, and then called back her husband to admire the unconscious sleeping infants, who no doubt when they reach years of discretion will tell the tale to their contemporaries with no little pride.

Again, the procession must stop at the infirmary where an ancient lady of eighty-five, attired for the occasion in a black bonnet, with spotless white apron, curtsying, presented the Duchess with a bouquet; and Duke and Duchess alike insisted on going in to shake hands with the oldest resident of ninety-three.

The Auckland programme ended with a formal garden party and civic reception where the Duke and Duchess met all the leading inhabitants. Then late on the night of February 23rd the *Renown* steamed out of Auckland harbour.

A constant succession of receptions and official engagements is a terrible strain, and to relieve the

situation it had been arranged that a week of sport and sight-seeing should follow the visit to Auckland.

As we know, the Duchess, being a true daughter of Scotland, has been used to fishing from her earliest years, and the Duke spent many of his boyhood's holidays fishing in the North. Both alike they were delighted at the opportunity of trying their luck in southern waters. The Duke was ambitious, and set his heart on capturing a black marlin swordfish or a mako shark. The biggest fish generally escape, but marlins have been caught weighing as much as 1200 pounds, and it is no unusual event to have a catch of five or six hundred pounds in weight. The Duke was to have one success, and one only, but it was no small fish which he landed, and he was quite content with his 120-pound capture. On the other hand, the Duchess and her party had aimed at less ambitious prey. She obtained a fine basket, and was so pleased that in spite of a choppy sea she ventured out again next day. After big game hunting in East Africa, the sport certainly seemed rather tame, but the Duchess made the best of it. She donned waders at Lake Taupo and spent some time trout-fishing in the shallows. Great was her delight when she succeeded in landing a fine seven-pounder, for in the whole basket there was only one heavier fish. Again, off Russell, the Royal couple enjoyed a morning fishing for schnapper, the Duchess considerably surprising the local fishermen by her skill, and actually catching seventeen out of the twenty landed in her boat! Every time she struck she landed a fish, and once when the guide put out a helping hand to steady the rod the Royal lady quickly disclaimed the proffered

assistance. Then having done with fishing she steered back through the heaving seas to the *Renown*.

It is a long day's journey from Auckland to Rotorua, and in spite of pouring rain vast crowds were waiting to greet the Royal couple on arrival. This, the thermal region of New Zealand, is well worthy of a visit, though the English visitors found the air somewhat trying. After the rain the sun shone out, and its rays combined with the natural heat of the locality to give a steamy, hot-house atmosphere that was exhausting to a stranger. It is not often realised that this thermal region of New Zealand covers about 300 square miles, and throughout the whole area the activities of Nature are at work only a foot or two below the surface. There is considerable danger in passing through some regions; as, for instance, when the Duke and Duchess were taken through Whakarewarewa, where to leave the path is to court danger of stepping through the thin crust of earth into the boiling springs below. Thick boiling mud pools seethe and bubble by the roadside, and a thrust of a walking-stick into the ground on either side of the path results in a cloud of steam arising.

Yet in spite of the dangers of the district, numbers of Maoris live there by choice, and much enjoy the convenience of hot water always ready for cooking purposes, and the genial warmth which always surrounds them. All through this thermal district dense clouds of steam float over the hilltops, strange rumblings and hissings sound periodically beneath the ground, and here and there great boiling fountains spout high into the air.

The Royal Party were taken to the new Government Bath House, where the free gift of Nature is harnessed



# REUNITED

A photograph taken immediately after the return from Australia

March 1945



for man's needs. Here are the usual medicinal and sulphur baths, and also mud baths of great health value. And apart from the medicinal baths there are large swimming baths of pleasantly warm water, most popular with visitors. There are great varieties of temperature in the waters of this district, and in some places it is possible to catch trout in one pool, then turn round and cook them in the next.

Such was the interesting region in which the Duchess found herself, and apart from its natural peculiarities it had that added attraction of being the chosen haunt of the Maoris. The Maoris are rapidly becoming Westernised, and most of their ancient customs are dying out, but for this occasion old customs had been recalled and old dances rehearsed. They gave a special display on the race-course near Rotorua, where so thin is the earth's crust that a special law has been passed that no man may dig down further than four feet.

On entering the enclosure a spear clattered at the feet of the Royal Party, and the Duke, who had been forewarned, picked it up and advanced slowly towards the fierce-looking men before him. In ancient times his action would have been taken as a sign of peace, but if, on the other hand, he had hurled it back, it would have meant war.

Peace having been thus declared, the chief performed an outlandish dance of welcome which was followed by all manner of rhythmical mass dancings with wild gesticulations and contortions. Before the end of the festivities the Duke and Duchess were presented with white feathers from the tail of the huia, a sacred bird ; and on these being fastened into the Duke's cap and the hat of the Duchess they were



proclaimed chief and chieftainess of the Maoris. Then amid the applause of the natives the Duchess was presented with a greenstone "tiki," a charm, much valued by the Maoris. The address of welcome was most poetical :

"Welcome ! Welcome ! Welcome !" it ran, "Son, Welcome ! Second of that name which your Royal Father bore to this distant land a generation ago, welcome ! Thrice has Royalty deigned to honour our courtyard, to enter our humble house and to walk among us. It is good !

"Thus is fulfilled that word which we spoke on this ground to your elder brother, that those who govern this far-flung Empire should walk and talk with its peoples in all its severed parts, and so understand and be understood of them. Come, then, in that spirit of trust, wherein England appeals to the ears of all races, knitting them surely together in peace and goodwill.

"Welcome, the Messenger of the Era to be, when space and distance may be made of small account, when words and works may encircle the globe—as does the sun—so that no part of the Empire may brood in gloom and there conspire evil," and then turning to the Duchess the speaker continued, "Daughter of an honoured House, Welcome ! Welcome ! Thus did that first Royal Duke appear before the eyes of our fathers, with his Lady ! Welcome, the Second Duchess ! Ha !"

The Duke's reply was translated into Maori by an interpreter, and all alike were delighted when the Royal visitor began with a Maori exclamation, "Tenakoutou !" which means "Greetings to you all !" "Changes must come with time," the Duke

continued, "but retain your traditions of loyalty, courage, and chivalry and all will be well with you and your children." With his closing words he relapsed once more into the vernacular, saying, "Kia-ora"—"Good luck."

On their many pauses as they travelled through New Zealand the Duke and Duchess were much impressed with the number and the fine physical charms of the children; nor did these children forget that little child whom the Royal visitors had left at home, and it was no unusual thing for an extra cheer for Princess Elizabeth to be called. On one occasion after four little girls in white had presented the Duchess with a bouquet another approached and shyly tendered the Duke a little bunch of white heather. "Three more cheers for the baby at home!" shouted the Mayor later, after the usual cheers for the departing visitors had subsided.

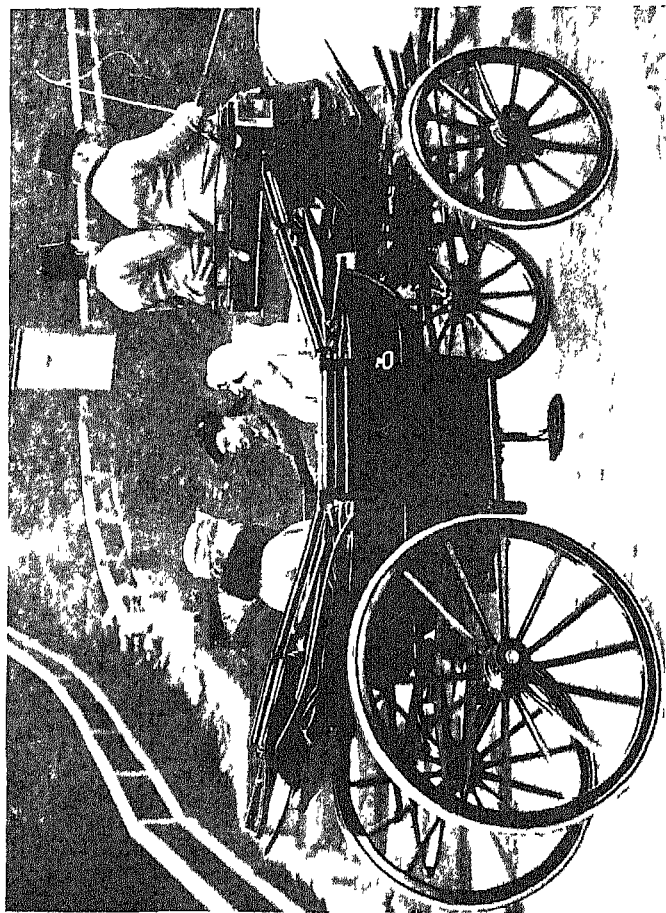
Royalty's lot is by no means an easy one, as was proved by the Duke and Duchess again and again during those days. For example, worn out with the round of a long day's public work at Nelson, they had regained their hotel, with the prospect of a quiet evening, but huge crowds collected outside the hotel, shouting, "We want the Duke and Duchess!" until a tired couple were forced to come out and face the good-natured citizens.

While travelling from Napier onward the train had to halt for water at Takapau, and here the Royal visitors invited the engine driver and the stoker to the Royal saloon. The Duke held out his hand to them, but embarrassed they looked down at their oil-stained, coal-blackened hands, for they had had no time or opportunity for washing. Then the Duchess joined

her husband and each heartily grasped the hand of the nearest man and shook it warmly.

Approaching Wellington the Royal train was escorted by shoals of motor-cars, packed with cheering and waving passengers, for the high road ran beside the railway embankment. The Duke enjoyed the dogmatic and yet sincere message which he received here to transfer to his Royal father. A two-mile-long procession had been formed in his honour and the city was ablaze with bunting. One streamer, more original than the average, simply said, laconically, "Tell the King we're Loyal!" The Duke had ample means of proving in his six months' tour that the sentiment was true.

So enthusiastic were the throngs assembled at the Town Hall that it almost seemed at first as though the Duke would be unable to make his speech, but at last curiosity got the better part of enthusiasm and the people subsided in their welcome to listen to his words. That afternoon the Duke, that earnest social worker at home, found time to dash off with the Prime Minister to see a specimen of colonial model housing. While the Duke was too good-natured not to call at those houses on the estate whose owners had been warned of a possible visit, he was not going to be put off with a mere sight of homes that had been specially swept and garnished for his benefit. "I'd like to go in here!" he suddenly exclaimed, and turned into one of the homes that were not down on the official list. In reply to the Duke's friendly greeting the mistress of the house gasped frankly, "Well, I'm so excited that I don't know where I am!" The Duke was not satisfied till he had found out all about the children and shaken hands with every one of them. He had a



*Topical Press*

TRH'S WITH THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING TO CHURCH IN SCOTLAND



pleasant chat with their mother about her home life, and finally left, after making himself immensely popular, with many compliments to the good woman on the way she was bringing up her family and caring for her home.

The tour of the northern isle was a time of considerable strain, and one could hardly wonder that the Duchess began to feel the effects. The doctor on board pronounced her to be suffering from an attack of tonsilitis and ordered her to give up the remainder of the New Zealand trip. It was a great disappointment for her, and still greater for her husband, but greatest of all for the loyal South Islanders, who for months had been planning their great-hearted welcome.

It was an effort to the Duke to determine to carry on as usual without his wife, but the English Royal Family has been well trained to do its duty, and he never hesitated but went straight ahead with the programme already made.

Those who were with him have had a transient fear lest the trip, shorn as it was of the presence of the charming lady who won all hearts, might prove flat and uninspiring, but they did not realise the powers and popularity of the Duke, nor did they appreciate the loyalty of the people. In spite of the absence of the Duchess, and all the disappointment that this meant, the southern trip was a wonderful example of enthusiasm and well-organised welcome.

It was at Nelson that the Duchess was first kept in bed. Here in an hotel she was detained, and the people of the town outvied each other in trying to think of some way of adding to her comfort. Fruit and flowers poured into the place from a host of

unknown friends, and enquiries were unceasing. The Mayor called early each morning, then went away to issue an official bulletin. The local paper published special editions with the latest news of the Royal invalid. All traffic passing her hotel was cautioned by the police, and notices were posted in the streets saying, "Proceed quietly. Sound no horns."

Meanwhile the Duke was carrying on alone, although he heard frequently from the Duchess, who had the telephone by her bedside, and communicated with him on every possible occasion. One day the Duke stayed at Westport specially to meet the children of the district, some of whom had travelled as much as eighty miles over rough mountain tracks to be there to greet him.

While alone he had an opportunity of indulging once more in his loved hobby of train-driving. The journey from Greymouth to Christchurch is 145 miles, and includes the longest tunnel in the island, and one which claims to be the longest in the British Empire. The Duke himself had the joy of driving the train through this tunnel. So pleased was he with himself that when on the far side of the tunnel a steam locomotive was substituted for the electric traction used before, he desired to take charge for the fifteen miles to Cass. Here, greasy and dirty, but completely happy, he had to leave the engine, regain the Royal coach and array himself in full naval uniform ready for the official reception at Christchurch.

In two ways the Duke had impressed himself on the population of Christchurch, both as a man interested in the welfare of the people and as a sportsman; and hardly could he have managed better to endear himself to a democratic community. His first

interest he showed by making a careful enquiry into the housing conditions of the working men, his second by the keenness he displayed when he attended the trotting races at Addington race-courses. Trotting races are a very favourite form of sport in New Zealand, and one with which the Duke was naturally not very familiar, but nevertheless the competitors were greatly honoured when he acted as judge for one race, not an easy task for a novice, for the end was close.

Two picturesque things impressed the Duke during his Christchurch visit. One being the lovely white stone bridge that has been erected over the river as an arch of memorial for those who fell in the Great War. The other sight was the hardened groups of early colonials who were gathered in the Botanic Gardens when he passed through under banners bearing the names of the ships by which they came out from England. He enjoyed chatting to these old people and hearing their reminiscences.

The Duke was reminded of home when he saw his first snow falling since leaving England, but in spite of the severity of the weather he determined to fish in Lake Hawea, on the banks of which he was staying. But the weather was too severe for good fishing, and although he toiled till nightfall in a biting wind, one small trout was the whole of his catch.

Invercargill has a Scottish name that would have appealed to the Duchess had only she been there, and she would have appreciated too the march past of seven thousand children, and the presentation of a gift to the little Princess back in England. Heavy rain failed to damp the ardour of the enthusiastic children, but unfortunately a positive quagmire developed



before the dais, in which many of the little folk lost their shoes and socks in spite of the efforts of the officials.

Two little children presented the Duke with a doll and a cot for Princess Elizabeth, and he proved the Duchess had trained him well as a father by carefully tucking the doll in bed before making his speech of thanks.

The New Zealand visit was now about over, and the Duke sent a farewell letter to the Governor-General expressing his thanks for wonderful hospitality received, and his regrets that the Duchess had so unfortunately been unable to complete her share of the official programme. Weather had not favoured the Royal pair during their New Zealand tour, and even at its close it was unpropitious. When the tug left the shore with the Duke aboard and came alongside the *Renown* the waves curling up and rebounding rendered the use of the gangway difficult. There was nothing for it but a well-timed leap, and thus it was that the Royal visitor regained his home and his Duchess.

Fortunately the Duchess had by this time wellnigh recovered her normal health, and was feeling greatly invigorated because of the enforced rest. She was anxiously awaiting the Duke on the Royal deck, and was obviously overjoyed at having him back on board again.

It was on the 22nd March that the *Renown* turned into the teeth of the wind and ploughed her way into the Pacific for Australia. The Royal visitors were glad to have a few days' respite together before they need face further and still more important formalities. They had much to tell each other, many experiences

to relate, and the few days of rest and leisure did much to brace them up for the strenuous duties ahead. Both alike they had been *immensely impressed with the land* they had just left. Its marvellous development in a comparatively few years struck them as extraordinary, and it seemed to them that New Zealand was a country with a great future before it.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### AUSTRALIA

THERE is often danger of anticlimax when the end of a long planned and much anticipated expedition is reached, but the Royal arrival at the coast of Australia came up to the highest hopes of those who had travelled so far to visit the great island continent. The first sign that their approach was anticipated was the sight of two specks in the far western sky. Rapidly they zoomed nearer and revealed themselves as large flying-boats with the red, white, and blue stripes of the Commonwealth adorning them. They saluted the Royal ship, then turned and escorted her back to harbour.

Sydney Harbour is one of the most lovely in the world, and lends itself admirably to any sort of pageantry. It is hardly possible to conceive that only some hundred and fifty years ago this great natural bay was surrounded by wild bush and scrublands where now a city rises in lovely curves, surrounded by groves of trees and semi-tropical gardens.

The sun shone down from a clear blue sky as the *Renown's* anchors splashed into a calm sea. Seven years previously, on just such another errand, she had entered this bay with the Prince of Wales aboard. Profound silence reigned in the harbour as the *Renown* glided to her appointed place, with the crew standing to the rails, and the martial strains of the ship's bands

drifting across the water. Then by common consent every syren in the harbour sounded, guns thundered the salute, and from the shore came the wild pealing of church bells, and the deafening roar from thousands of massed spectators. Thus Australia proved her loyalty and her great-heartedness from the very outset.

The landing-place was in Farm Cove, a semicircular bay around which lie the brilliant flower-beds and vivid lawns of the Botanic Gardens. On reaching shore Their Royal Highnesses had a wonderful reception as they walked through an avenue of breathless, tightly massed humanity, each individual of which seemed personally eager to demonstrate his or her loyalty ; and then followed a triumphal drive through the streets of the city preceded by an escort of slouch-hatted lancers. Different institutions and societies were drawn up in block form by the route, and each shouted its unison cry. For instance, the boys of Sydney Grammar School massed before their building bellowed, "Greetings from Grammar. Grammar sends greeting to little Princess Elizabeth." Mother-like, the Duchess must have wondered if some day these boys, then men, would see her little daughter on some Royal errand in this far country.

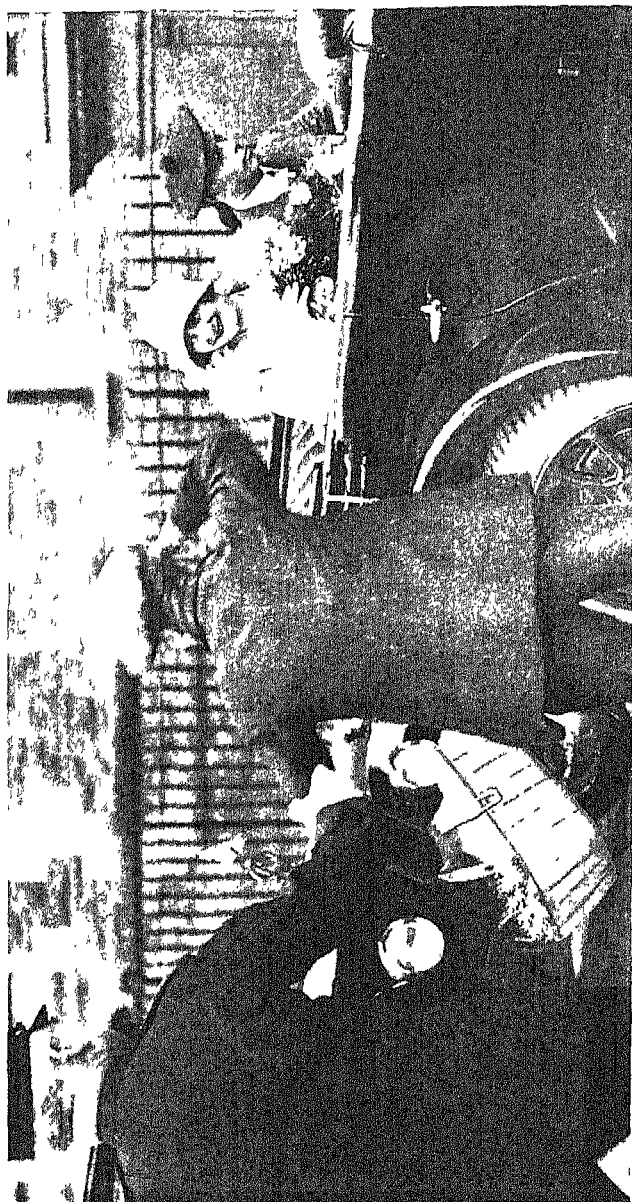
There was a gigantic reception which was the precursor to a remarkable march past when it was estimated that forty thousand people filed before the Duke ; and their progress was slow, for each individual was eager to look his full upon the Royal Party. It was a strain on any man to stand attentively and recognise the loyal salutes of his people for so long. This march past was followed by a luncheon given by all who had served King and Country and who, irrespective of rank, were hosts to the Duke. Here

the Royal guest made his one and only formal speech in Sydney, and when he was asked to become the second patron of the Returned Soldiers and Sailors League he accepted, adding, " I think I can now call myself a Digger ! "

On a later day of the Royal visit to Sydney so great was the eagerness of the people to see the visitors that a certain dignified General, much respected and revered, actually climbed a lamp-post to see the Duchess, of whose charms he had heard so much. On the same occasion she had escaped from the crowds and was having tea in a marquee in the Government House grounds, which unfortunately for her was not far removed from the rail that cut off the grounds from the Domain, where curious sightseers were gathered. Rain was falling and there was a biting wind, but the people outside cared nothing for weather, but stood there clamouring, " We want the Duke. We want the Duchess ! " Until, in spite of the discomfort of the occasion, the Royal pair had to have the flap of the tent raised, and come and greet their zealous admirers.

Only once during the whole of the Royal tour did the Duchess speak in public herself, and that was at Sydney University. There her husband had conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and there she was entertained by the women's organizations of the State. Her speech was a short one, just a few gracious words of thanks, but the impression she made on the minds of those cultured women still lives.

The Duchess has a kaleidoscopic remembrance of receptions, addresses, balls, yet more receptions, crowded streets full of cheering people, and rain. The close of the Sydney visit had to be much



*Tupical Press*

A SCOT WHO PRESENTED THE DUCHESS WITH WHITE HEATHER, DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF THE POLICE



curtailed because of the weather, and her last memory is of hundreds of children packed in boats and rowing round and round the *Renown* singing patriotic songs of farewell while the rain lashed down on their undaunted shoulders.

The visit to the State of New South Wales had perforce to be a perfunctory one, and it was unfortunate that the visitors had small opportunity of seeing life in the bush, for of necessity they had to confine their attention mainly to the big centres of civilisation. The first objective of the Royal Party was the world-famed Blue Mountains, although various halts were made on the way. These mountains are famous as summer health resorts, and along their ridges lie a line of towns which cater almost entirely for the holiday element.

The Jenolan Caves are well known to the Sydney tourist, and it was on her way there that the Duchess had the rare experience of seeing a wild kangaroo bound over the road as the Royal car approached. The limestone caves of Jenolan interested them much. Certainly these dark winding caves strike the visitor as eerie and mysterious, even though to-day they are fitted with electricity, the strong light of which gleams on stalactites and helictites making them reflect ten thousand dancing rays like fairy candles in a fairy cavern. Great subterranean halls open before the explorer whose dazzling white rock walls are in places veiled by coloured streaks of geological formation.

As a rule the Royal Party kept strictly to programme, but occasionally the strong will of some individual would be too much even for the master of the ceremonies, and such an occasion occurred after leaving Katoomba. A new Anzac hospital had been opened



in this district, but it had been decided that the Royal programme could not include a visit there. Mr. Dooley, the Speaker, however, decided that for once he was not to be ruled by programme, so finding exactly when the Royal Party was to pass he stood out in the centre of the road and defied it to pass over his body. His determination won the day, a halt was made, the Duke and Duchess very graciously descended from their car, and were led to where a great crowd of people had gathered in hopes that the Duchess would unveil a fine war memorial which had been prepared for the occasion, while the Duke signed his name in the visitors' book.

At one halting-place the Duke got astride a horse and rode across country when the party had pulled up at one of its halting-places. Then after inspecting the countryside he thought he would visit the agricultural show at Camden. He was recognised as soon as he rode into the ring, so waiting till the cheering crowd had settled down he proceeded to ride slowly round the ring, with a smile for everyone.

Now the Royal train was to bear them steadily north, for it was the intention of the party to visit Queensland ; and since Australian travel means vast distances, every consideration had been given to the State train. Both sleeping apartments and the dining-car were of up-to-date design, and had been newly furnished for the occasion in a most luxurious way. Owing to the differing gauge of the Australian railway-lines the visitors had at different times to occupy a number of different trains, but always they found they were most luxuriously housed.

It was a great event for the little railway stations up the line when the Royal train came through, and

their enthusiasm was shown in diverse ways. Singleton, for instance, had decorated its platforms with local produce. Incredibly big pumpkins won the Royal approval, and these were flanked by a variety of fruit and flowers, giving the traveller a practical object lesson on the produce of the countryside.

By now Queensland had been reached, and the travellers felt they were well beyond the beaten track. Queensland is a land of great plains and forests, studded with isolated homesteads and small towns ; but loyalty can be as intense among individuals as amongst communities. One morning on leaving their sleeping-car the Royal visitors were touched to hear an account of a motor-car which, at four in the morning, when everybody of the Royal Party was asleep, was drawn up alongside the railway-line so that the rays of the lamps fell full on the train. Waiting anxiously at the fence, silhouetted in the glare of the lights, were a man, his wife, and two children, enthusiastically waving flags in greeting to the unseen sleeping visitors.

Warwick, at which they spent a crowded hour, is a busy town now, and was once one of the oldest squatter settlements. Here the Duchess narrowly escaped an accident, for the horse of a mounted policeman, frightened by the cheering of the school children, suddenly reared, and his hoofs narrowly escaped her, as suddenly perceiving the danger she darted to one side.

At the reception at Clifton Their Royal Highnesses met two people who particularly interested them. One was an old gentleman of seventy-five, whose boast it was that he was the first white child born in the district ; a claim which made them realise the

comparatively recent date of the colony. The other was a pioneer farmer, an old Dane, eighty-eight years of age, who told them with great emotion that he had been a member of the military guard of honour when Queen Alexandra left Copenhagen for England to marry King Edward.

The Duchess was particularly delighted at one little agricultural town to see a party of high-spirited children, who merrily galloped on horseback beside the line shouting and waving flags in true Australian style.

The remote parts of the great continent are now linked by wireless, and though distance prevented the majority of the inhabitants from seeing the Duke, there were comparatively few who did not have the opportunity of hearing his voice. He was more than familiar with the microphone, and when at Brisbane, the metropolis of Queensland, he addressed in effect the whole of the province.

In answer to the State's address, read by Mr. Forgan, acting Prime Minister, he said to Queensland: "It is right that you should be proud of your State; it is right that you should desire to make it the greatest State in the Commonwealth: and you can only show that pride and realise that desire by one and all working for it. 'State before Self' is a motto that all who love their country should everywhere set before them. Let us try to learn from one another, to know one another better, to see how best we can help one another in our various troubles."

A viceregal ball in a wool-shed sounds unusual, but it had at least the advantage of not being overcrowded as had been some of the dances in more sophisticated Sydney. With two acres of floor space,

the fifteen hundred people invited could not complain of a limited dancing floor, and the Duchess much enjoyed the experience.

Two other afternoons in Brisbane stand out in her memory which she spent with the representative women of the city. The National Council of Women and the Country Women's Association had each of them many interests and ambitions in which she as a practical woman herself could share, and she returned from her conferences with them laden with flowers, and with a big Teddy Bear to take home to her little daughter in England.

A train journey of more than five hundred miles took the Royal party back from Brisbane to Sydney again, where they paused for one day before going aboard the *Renown*. The *Renown*, by the way, will live in the minds of thousands of school children of Australia, for the authorities arranged that groups of them should be periodically taken over the ship, to the great delight of the juvenile population. Since the same arrangements were made during the Prince of Wales' visit, quite a large proportion of the sea-coast younger population has thus been familiarised with one of our most famous warships.

Sydney was left on April 14th, and the Duke and Duchess enjoyed being back in their old quarters once more, and almost wished the sail to Tasmania had been longer. The stay at "The Garden State of Australia" was of necessity a short one, but the authorities were determined to make the most of it. Since the visitors could not visit all their industries, they determined to give them a representative view of what the island could produce. In the main street, apart from the conventional bunting and streamers,

were four triumphal arches. One was of wool, announcing Tasmania as the "home of pure Merino." There were recesses cut in either side of the arch in one of which was a machine-shearer at work, while in the other was a wool-classer. This so interested the Duke that he had to stop his car to have a nearer look. Then came a fruit arch, with strings of rosy-cheeked apples festooned across it. The next arch was to display the mineral wealth of the island, while the last was the work of the Hydro-Electric Commission staff.

Owing to the energy obtained from the waterways of Tasmania by the Hydro-Electric Commission, it seems that soon Hobart may develop into a great industrial centre ; yet one would almost regret if this should happen, for at present it is a dignified and somewhat old-fashioned spot of considerable charm. The Duke and Duchess spent Easter week-end in the city, attending early communion in St. David's Cathedral, and being almost unrecognised. They were expected, however, at the midday service, and a vast assembly of people had gathered both outside and within the Cathedral. Later on this same Sunday they went to the Repatriation Hospital, and here they saw those heroes of the War who live there. The ex-service men of the district seized the opportunity to give a personal greeting to the representatives of the Royal House, and great was the spirit of loyalty that they displayed. The Duke inspected the men and stayed for a pleasant word with many of them, when one old soldier took courage to present him with a walking-stick. This stick was of interest, as it was a local product made from the top branch of a rare pine tree which grows on the island.

It was constantly realised by the more seriously

mind of the transcontinental citizens that the Duke was not visiting them purely for pleasure, and he was frequently consulted on some domestic problem, or informed of some business difficulty. For example, when he was at Launceston the Mayor went to considerable trouble to introduce him to the business side of the town and to impress upon him the fact that both as regards climate and travel and transport facilities it was a most desirable locality for the development of industrial and business concerns.

The business man in the Duke suddenly gave place to the boy when, having finished discussing business affairs with the Mayor, he observed at the reception that followed an unusual addition to his audience. Several kangaroos and wallabies had here been enclosed in a space close by the dais, and they caused much amusement to the visitors by the air of bored resignation with which they listened to the proceedings. The Duke was not content till he had thoroughly inspected his novel audience.

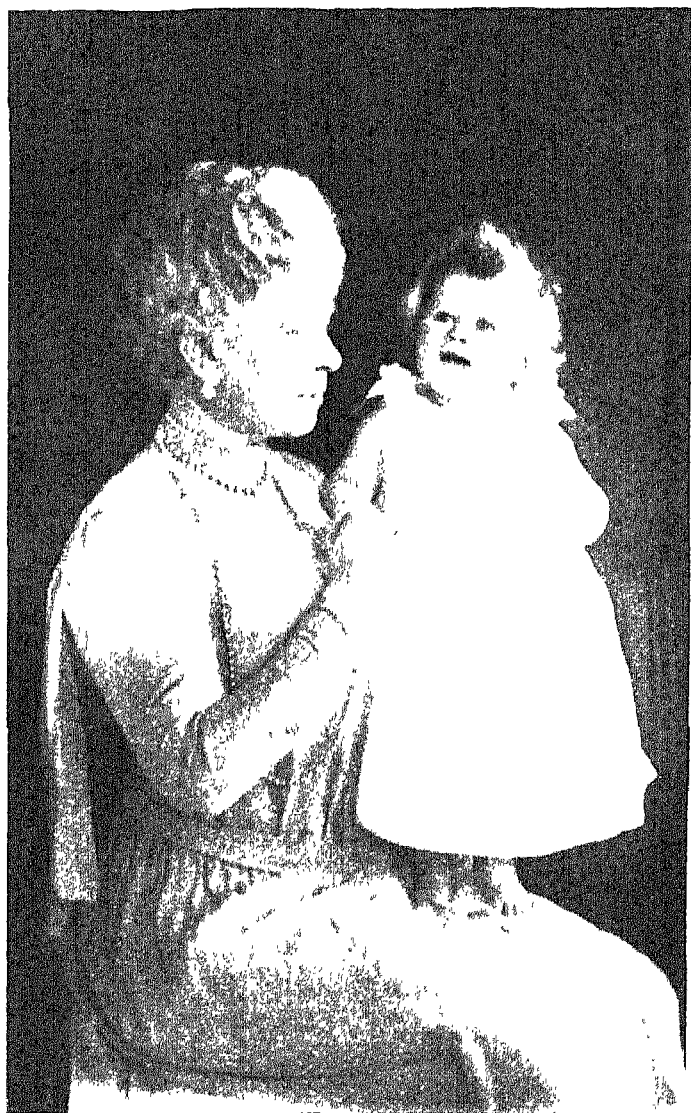
After a few days up-country they returned to Hobart for a final reception before embarking. The birthday of Princess Elizabeth was fast approaching, and the children of Tasmania had not forgotten the fact. Together they had subscribed for a birthday present which took the form of a set of doll's bedroom furniture made from Tasmanian blackwood, and exquisitely ingrained and designed.

Then the Duchess went on board to add one more treasure to the collection she was making for the little girl at home. By midnight the *Renown* was at sea, and heading back for the mainland.

It was on April 21st that the *Renown* entered Port Phillip Heads, which forms the narrow entrance to the

huge bay on which Melbourne is situated. April 21st is a day that the Duchess will never forget, and apparently the Navy is as mindful. At eight a.m. the Navy fired its first salute to the baby, Princess Elizabeth, who that morning celebrated her first birthday. By a fortunate chance the child's proud parents were both on deck when the guns sounded. The triumphal drive through Melbourne was delayed till afternoon, for in a busy industrial city trade must not be too much dislocated. So busy were the Royal Party visiting and inspecting institutes, hospitals, factories, ex-service parades, not to mention purely social events, that it is perhaps small wonder that at length the strength of the Duchess flagged, and her doctor ordered her a week-end rest. Youth, however, soon recuperates, and in a few days she was able to take part in the main part of the official programme. At Flemington Races they met most of the social celebrities of that part of the world, who were duly impressed with the charms of the Duchess, arrayed in a marvellous grey chinchilla fur coat, over a thin grey frock, and a hat of pink straw trimmed with a little cluster of small pink roses. The Duchess never forgot her poorer brothers and sisters, and on this occasion she insisted on the Royal Party making a detour from the grand-stand round by the "Hill," where were gathered the rank and file of the racegoers.

University students are much alike the world over, and the Duke anticipated some sort of a "rag" when he received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Melbourne University. No one joined in the fun more heartily than did he, and when it was demanded that before his inauguration he should give the speech of a suburban mayor his response awoke shouts of laughter,



*Marcus Adams*

THE ROYAL GRANDMOTHER AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH





for he promptly seized on an unlucky member of the student's escort, and making him his town clerk desired him to read the speech! The boyish good-humour of the Duke was a guarantee of his immense popularity with the student population of Melbourne.

An interesting event was a dinner given by the Commonwealth Government at Parliament House, the last event to be held in this building before the transference of the seat of Government to Canberra. It was a most important gathering of notabilities, and at it the Duke spoke for twenty-five minutes, the longest speech he made on the tour. At the close the Duke presented to the Speaker of the House of Representatives two dispatch-boxes, the exact replicas of those used at our own House of Commons, as a gift from the King to the New Parliament at Canberra. Then followed a presentation from the Duke and Duchess to the Speaker, which took the form of a tortoise-shell and silver cigarette box.

Perhaps the most outstanding happening during the Melbourne visit was the great march past of the ex-soldiers, affectionately nicknamed "Diggers," on Anzac Day. Thirty winners of the Victoria Cross marched among those thousands, and the column took over two hours to pass the saluting place. A temporary Cenotaph like that at Whitehall rose near by, guarded at each corner by a tin-helmetted "Digger" in full marching order, resting on his arms reversed. The procession was headed by the band of the *Renown*, and two hundred and fifty cars with maimed and blinded men, and "lying down cases," in motor lorries. The Duchess wore black for the occasion. First to lay a wreath at the Cenotaph was the Duke, and behind him Mr. Bruce, the Prime

Minister. Then a stream of mourners followed, and presently a great pile of wreaths was rising on every side of the tall grey stone, with its immobile sentinels. And indeed throughout all his tour the Duke paid the greatest attention to ex-service men, by whom he was always greeted with the greatest loyalty and affection. It was not uncommon for these veterans to hail him as "Digger."

When visiting Ballarat, renowned for the discovery of gold there in the fifties of last century, the Duchess was much interested in her reception by the "Lucas" Girls—a body of about five hundred, who determined to build an Avenue of Honour as a memorial to the soldiers and nurses who enlisted from the town and district. They collected money throughout the neighbourhood till they had funds to enable them to plant an avenue of three thousand trees, each bearing the name of some soldier or nurse. This wonderful road stretches away for fourteen miles, a silent, ever-growing, and truly impressive monument, and is a remarkable record of their enthusiasm.

Since the Royal Party had decided to visit every State they could not linger long in any, and soon they had left Victoria behind and crossed the border to South Australia. Sometimes the little provincial towns and even villages of the interior had unexpected streaks of luck with regard to the Royal visit. Too small for any recognition on the programme of the tour it might happen that the Duke could not resist their loyal enthusiasm. When the Royal train stopped at Horsham for water on the way to Adelaide, every inhabitant in the countryside had gathered in hopes of catching a glimpse of the King's representative. They stood by the line out in the hot sunshine and

shouted " We want the Duke ! " till they were hoarse. His Royal Highness could not resist their call, though it meant real sacrifice on his part to face an audience other than those many to whom he was already engaged. He stepped out and walked the whole length of the platform to salute his loyal fellow-citizens.

They were much charmed with Adelaide, the third largest city in the Commonwealth, and perhaps the model modern city of the world. The " Thousand Homes Scheme " appealed to them greatly ; this is a super-garden city so planned that the owner of even the smallest house can walk round his own abode, such a thing as a semi-detached villa being unknown. Perhaps the monotony of a Royal tour was never so forcibly illustrated as at Adelaide, when it was officially recorded that the national anthem was actually played seventeen times in the streets in one day ! It was on this day that the Duke and Duchess for the first time on their tour wore the uniform of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides respectively. The occasion was an important one, for they were to attend a demonstration of three thousand scouts and guides, apart from the general public who would be there. After an imposing march past they presented cups and medals.

Two rather charming incidents marked their visit to Port Adelaide, which is seven miles from the city. First there was a bombardment of red and yellow streamers, which unfurled themselves in the path of the Royal car as merry factory girls threw them, and which caused great laughter as the car became more and more entwined in their meshes. Then, later, two tiny girls advanced shyly to the Royal dais, and so small and innocent did they look that officialdom had

not the heart to check them, even though they were breaking rules. In a frightened whisper they said, "Will you please put this in Baby Betty's money-box?" and presented the Duchess with two three-penny bits. The Duchess was very deeply touched, as can be imagined.

On the borders of South Australia and Victoria the Duke and Duchess had some small experience of real Australian life. A kangaroo hunt was organised, which the Duke took part in. The hunters were mounted, and although the Duke led the field for the greater part of the hunt, it was another member of the party who was finally successful in capturing the refractory quarry, which, however, was afterwards released. The Duchess followed the hunt in a motor-car, and was immensely interested in the whole proceedings. She too had her thrill, for the car ran over a big black tiger-snake four feet long, which, since this variety is extremely venomous, was immediately dispatched with a stick. In the evening the party motored back to the line, where they rejoined the Royal train for their long ride to Canberra.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### THE STATE CEREMONY—AND SO HOME

**A**T the opening of the new seat of Government at Canberra, the Duchess did not appear as an individual, not even as her husband's wife, but as the consort of the representative of the ruling house of Great Britain.

The occasion was a most imposing one, and for those of imagination its future significance was even more impressive than its present. No one yet realises the possibilities that lie before this, the only continent state of the world. So comparatively few years ago it lay inert and almost uninhabited, to-day it is in parts a highly civilised industrial state, but there are yet huge tracks undeveloped and unclaimed. What the future may hold for this marvellous island no one can predict.

The people of Australia felt themselves that they were making history, and they flocked to Canberra for the ceremony. The country beyond the new city was one vast camping ground, and every hillside was gay with white tents and lightly-clad crowds. One man owned to having travelled two thousand miles, from the north of Queensland, for the occasion, and there were tourists from as far west as Perth, and south as Hobart. Nearly all had come by car. The English visitors exclaimed that the scene reminded them of a great Derby Day, and the brilliant sunshine and

dazzling blue sky added an air of carnival to the whole proceedings. So great was the host of pressmen that they had commandeered a whole hotel, and even so were not all accommodated.

Canberra is two hundred miles from Sydney and twice that distance from Melbourne, and it is intended to have a well-made motor road to connect it with both capitals. As it is, there is a daily motor bus service plying to Sydney apart from the ordinary train service, so it was easy for the inhabitants of the great cities of the south to reach the scene of the demonstration.

Fortunately the great day of the opening of the new Government House dawned perfectly, and the lovely setting for the ceremony looked at its best. Perhaps the great buildings gleamed a little too sharply white in the sunlight amid their soft green setting, but this effect of newness will wear off with the years, and that sense of isolation as of an island in a sea will also disappear as dwelling habitations grow up around it, and the soil comes under cultivation. The designers of the city, however, have anticipated the needs of the future ; years ago an afforestation scheme was started, and there are enormous nurseries where thousands of pines are growing, which later will be used to line new streets as they are built. Another interesting act on the part of the authorities is the regulation that no front gardens shall be flanked by hedges, so that the streets are bordered by lawns and flower-beds.

The new Parliament House of the Commonwealth of Australia is an imposing structure set among lawns in a district, which will be filled with official buildings, each standing amid its own gardens. The ceremony of opening the door of the Parliament House was a

public one, and it was only the many warnings of the authorities that kept the crush from being unmanageable. As it was, many people stayed away, because they dreaded being part of an unmanageable crush, and only between seventeen and eighteen thousand were actually present.

At the appointed hour the Duke and Duchess swept up the road to the Parliament House in an open carriage drawn by four horses, and attended by postillions and outriders, while overhead a fleet of twenty aeroplanes accompanied them. They drove once round the quadrangle in view of the crowd before alighting at the main entrance, where the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven and the Prime Minister and Mrs. Bruce were awaiting them at the foot of the steps.

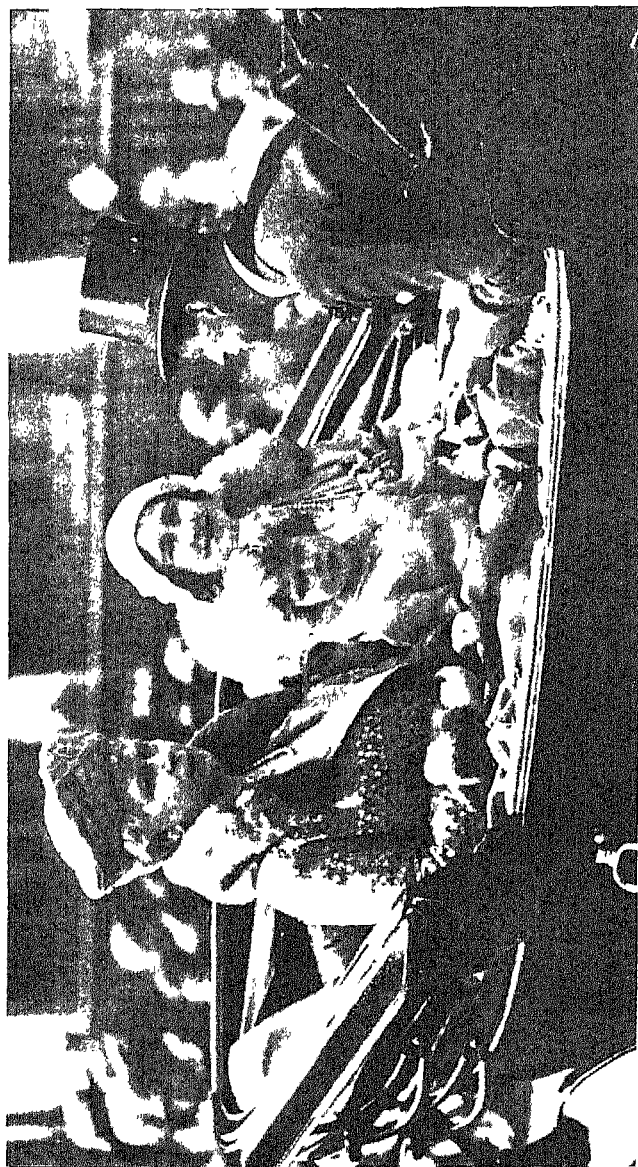
The Duke wore full naval uniform with the ribbon of the G.C.M.G., and the Duchess wore a flowing cloak of silver-grey chiffon velvet trimmed with fur. Almost immediately on her arrival she was presented with a bouquet by a little girl.

It was a fitting part of the ceremonial that Dame Nellie Melba, the famous Australian singer, who has adopted her name from that of her native city, Melbourne, should lead that eager assembly in singing the national anthem. First she sang a verse by herself, then the bands crashed in with full strength, and thousands of voices swelled in chorus. The Prime Minister then addressed the Duke. The Duke made a brief reply, then unlocked the doors with a golden key. All passed within the building, and there the Duke unveiled a statue of the King. From the hall they proceeded immediately to take their places in the Senate, which presented a scintillating picture of



colour and life with its sea of uniforms and bright dresses. The Royal Party took their places on the dais, the Duke and Duchess sitting in two throne-chairs in the forefront of the platform. The King's Commission empowering the Duke to open this first meeting of Parliament in Canberra was read. Then the Duke rose and delivered his speech in a clear firm voice. Perhaps the most significant words in the speech were, "To-day marks the end of an epoch and the beginning of another, and one's thoughts turn instinctively to what the future may have in store. One's own life would hardly be worth living without its dreams of better things, and the life of a nation without such dreams of a better and larger future would be poor indeed." A short religious service followed. Afterwards the Duke, bareheaded, read the King's message to the people of Australia. The concluding words were, "Our thoughts are more than ever with you on this day of happy memories. On this occasion of signal importance in the history of Australia, I ask you to assure the people of the Commonwealth of my heartfelt wishes for their continued happiness and prosperity. I share their pride in their new Capital city, and join in their prayers for its successful future." It was noon as the Duke finished his father's message. Buglers blew a fanfare. A salute of twenty-one guns sounded. The Parliament of the Commonwealth was open.

That afternoon the Duke and Duchess attended a great military review, in which representative detachments of every branch of the Australian service were on parade. Sixty-two King's Colours, sixty Regimental Colours, and eighteen Light Horse guidons all passed the Duke, amid the clouds of powdery dust.



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DRIVING TO VIEW THE TROOPING OF THE COLOURS ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY



Two more days were spent in the new city, and before leaving the Duchess was asked to plant two trees in a large open field, which is one day to be the great central park. One of the trees was a willow from the Royal Botanical Gardens, London, and in years to come those who shelter under the Duchess's trees will often recall that ceremony of past years, when a beautiful and gay young Royal visitor wielded a spade.

The great ceremony of the Royal tour over, the party entrained for Port Melbourne, and the *Renown*. It was raining when they were driven through the crowded streets of the port to the ship. But the Royal couple smiled gaily through the downpour, refusing to have the hood of their open car raised. Moreover, for the whole three-quarters of an hour ride they stood in their car, so that those spectators at a distance might see them.

The Duke's last message on leaving Australia was one of warm-hearted appreciation and sincere regret at leaving. "With very great regret the Duchess of York and myself must now say 'Good-bye' to Australia," he said. "The demonstrations of loyalty and whole-hearted affection and devotion to the Throne have far surpassed anything we had imagined, and have most deeply moved us. We have been greatly impressed by the general appearance of virility and well-being of the people of this great continent. The strong healthy children we have seen everywhere inspire a faith in the future. We have been no less struck by the marvellous development and progress of the country which has taken place within a period of three generations. The purpose of our mission has been fulfilled and it will always be among the proudest

memories of my life that I was called upon as the representative of His Majesty the King to perform the ceremony of the inauguration of the new capital city of Canberra."

Then on May the 12th the *Renown* again put out to sea. It was not yet time to say good-bye to Australia, however, for once more the Duke and Duchess were to land on the continent, this time to visit Perth and its vicinity. It is a six days' voyage from Melbourne to Freemantle, and the Duchess found them six of the most disagreeable of the tour. The *Renown* rolled and wallowed through sweeping seas; much damage was done on deck, and there were several small accidents among the crew owing to the vessel's liveliness. In spite of these disagreeable conditions, however, the Duchess proved herself a good sailor, though she did not pretend to enjoy life under these creaking, quivering, heaving conditions. The seas had gone down, and by the time Freemantle was reached the *Renown* slipped into harbour on a cold sunny day.

After a triumphal drive through the lovely city of Perth, and an official garden party, the Duchess was welcomed by three thousand returned soldiers and nurses whom she met at the local theatre. As Their Royal Highnesses entered the theatre they were greeted by the hearty singing of "We love a Lassie." That was followed by "Who's your Lady Friend?" and then the Duke was prevailed on to make an extempore speech.

Later they visited the farm school of Pinjarra, where poor children from London are given a new start in life. The Duchess was very interested in all she saw here, and soon made friends with the children.

She asked one jolly little fellow if his present quarters were not better than Lambeth, where he said he had come from, to which the child replied in true Australian manner, "Too right!" Later the Duke and Duchess each planted an oak tree on the estate and went to visit some of the married quarters where the officials lived.

The Duchess was much amused when attending a reception in King's Park at the quiet determination of a Girl Guide, who comfortably established herself on the arm of a tree opposite the Royal Party during a certain ceremony. Having taken all the "snaps" she herself wanted she reached down for the cameras of her friends. When she eventually left her tree she had been steadily photographing the visitors for an hour on end.

And now came the last good-bye to the continent where they had spent so many happy and busy weeks. Thousands on shore stood cheering again and again, and the plaintive national "coo-ee" rent the air, while the bands played "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I left behind me," as the *Renown* swung clear. The last salute of the Australian Navy boomed over the waters, and the *Renown* passed from sight of the shores.

The great Australian trip was over, and no little exhausted the Royal Party settled down for a time of rest and recuperation. They had had excitement enough to last them for a long time, and all alike asked for nothing but peace and quiet. However, this seemed to be just what they were not to have. Midway between Perth to Mauritius fire suddenly broke out in the boiler-room. It was on May 26th, the Queen's birthday, which had been duly celebrated

earlier by the firing of a salute of twenty-one guns, and the dressing of the masthead with flags.

The *Renown* was in mid-ocean at the time, eleven hundred miles from the nearest land. It was shortly after one in the afternoon when the fire was discovered. It raged for nearly twelve hours. There was no sign of panic, and indeed few realised the gravity of the situation, but those in authority knew matters at one time to be most serious. There was no hiding the fact that something was amiss from the ladies of the Royal Party, for the fierce hiss of the belching black smoke-clouds issuing from the stacks and shadowing the light of the sun made this evident. The ship heaved to for nearly three hours while the engine-room staff and squads from the lower deck sweated grimly to kill the flames. Neither the Duke nor the Duchess seemed in the least perturbed. Indeed, the Duke insisted on descending to a point near the outbreak, although there was considerable danger in going there. He wanted to help, but it was pointed out to him that there was nothing he could do, so he returned to his own quarters.

All hands were piped on deck, and men were posted in readiness to flood the magazines, which were full of explosives, in case of need. It was not considered necessary to send out an S O S, but the Australian ship *Sydney*, which was cruising off the north-west coast of the continent, was informed by wireless as a precautionary measure, and altered her course in the direction of the *Renown*.

From one till midnight all those directly responsible for the safety of the ship were on duty. Then it was announced that all was safe and the danger completely over. Throughout the ladies of the party had done

their best to relieve the minds of the authorities of their natural anxieties, under the circumstances, but they were much reassured when at last the good news circulated that all was safe and all might now sleep without anxiety.

A few days of peaceful voyaging made the Royal Party quite forget their anxieties, and on the first of June a merry party landed at Mauritius. All alike were impressed by the twin peaks, Pieter Botte and La Pouce, both over 2600 feet high and volcanic in origin, which seem to dominate the island. The Duke and Duchess went ashore in a Royal barge to visit Port Louis, where nearly the whole population of the island seemed gathered to give a welcome to the Royal visitors. The Duke was arrayed in a white naval uniform and the Duchess in her favourite pink *crêpe de Chine* with a large hat, and carrying a white parasol to shield herself against the fierce sun. The Duke and Duchess were the first Royal visitors to the island since the King and Queen visited it twenty-six years previously. So far from the home country, there had developed an idea among the Mauritians that they were rather forgotten, so this visit did much to restore that spirit of content that does so much to weld the Empire together. It was rather strange that in this remote island some of the most valuable gifts of the whole tour were presented to the Duke and Duchess. This is a land of mixed tribes and nations, and each had seemed to compete with the other to see who could best give an outward expression of loyalty. One extraordinary present certainly seemed to stand alone amid all the many gifts received on this long tour : it was a map of Mauritius in silver, on a scale of four miles to the inch, with the railways and



roads marked with gleaming silver threads. Four rubies showed the lighthouses round the coast, a sapphire represented Port Louis, and all of the fifty sugar factories of the district were marked with diamonds set into the silver.

The Duchess was charmed with the inhabitants of Mauritius ; never had she and the Duke received a warmer and more courteous welcome, and, moreover, the people were never intrusive, or tended to forget themselves in their enthusiasm. Something of the dignity of the East combined with the cordiality of the West made them feel they were honoured guests whose comfort and privacy were things to be respected. It was with regret that at length they steamed away from those lovely palm-clad isles.

So happy were they on the Island that it made the unconscious irony of a printer's error the more laughable when it was announced Their Royal Highnesses cannot "*stand*" more than two days in Mauritius, when "*stay*" was the intended word. Another item of the Mauritius trip which brought a smile from the Duke, was a clause which occurred in the list of official arrangements referring to the departure : " As the *Renown* is about to move off—hymn. Now thank we all our God."

Mauritius was left on June 3rd, and soon the ship was steaming through the intolerable damp, hot airs of the Red Sea—never much beloved of travellers. They called at Great Hanish Islands, where an Admiralty oiler was waiting with supplies, and the Duke landed to have a shot at the gazelles which manage to sustain life on those dreary sun-baked lands. He obtained one, too, and was very pleased to have this addition to his trophies of the tour. But

the most important reason of the halt was to give a coat of paint to the *Renown*, so that she might arrive home looking her best. It was no pleasant task for the painters in that stifling, "prickly heat" giving atmosphere, but enthusiasm seemed to be the keynote to all the proceedings on the *Renown*, for that voyage at least, and in a surprisingly short time the work was accomplished. Fortunately a northernly breeze somewhat tempered the horrors of the Red Sea, and the voyage up it was accomplished in record time.

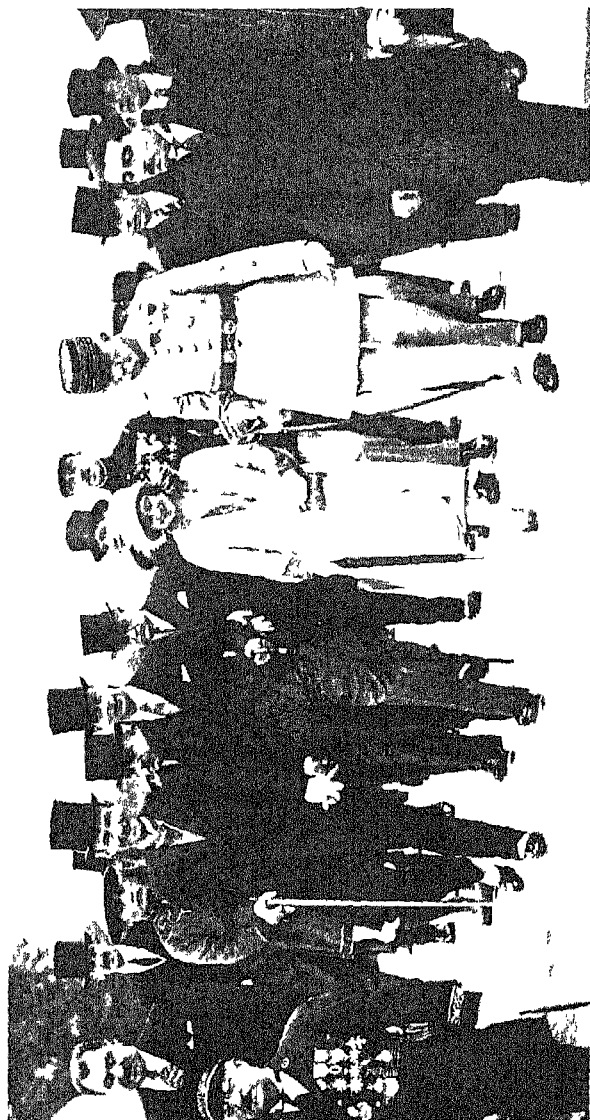
Everyone now began to have that "end of term feeling," so familiar to the schoolboy. Enjoyable as the tour had been, yet in a sense it was exile from home, and now crew and passengers were feeling excited at the prospect of seeing familiar faces and hearing well-known voices. Those last few weeks seemed particularly long to the Duchess, for with every hour that passed she thought more and more of the baby she had left behind. The constant reports she had had of the child had been completely satisfactory, the photographs she had received by every mail had been such as would delight any mother's heart, yet as the expanses of sea grew less, her anxieties seemed to increase. It is a common human attribute this habit of growing anxious as the need for anxiety lessons, for one cannot help reflecting how dreadful it would be if disaster came when achievement was in sight.

Partly to while away these last long hours, and partly as a friendly gesture of farewell the Duke and Duchess made a point of seeing all they could of the men on board on the return voyage. The men in their turn were delighted to see at close quarters the

lovely lady to whose service they had been so devoted all the voyage through. Every evening they tried to visit gunroom or wardroom, and these gatherings were entirely informal. During the return voyage home Their Royal Highnesses had every member of both messes to dine with them, and generally would end the evening with music or a visit to the Deck Movies, which were immensely popular.

As the *Renown* was slipping slowly down the Suez Canal, her great bulk seeming to fill the whole channel, an unexpected incident occurred. She had just passed through Lake Timsah, on whose shores lies the oasis of Ismailia, when on rounding a bend in the canal a hillock on one side was seen to be packed with British troops, cheering and brandishing their helmets wildly. Among them was the Somerset Light Infantry, to whom the Duke is Colonel-in-Chief. His Royal Highness remembered this. He was standing with the Duchess acknowledging the cheers on the platform outside the Royal apartments, but suddenly turned to speak to the slender figure beside him, then left the platform. Before anybody had realised what was happening the *Renown* had heaved to and the Duke was standing on the shore, although few seemed quite certain as to how he got there. He explained that he wanted to inspect his regiment. Then bugle calls shrilled frantically, senior officers panted about tripping over their swords in efforts to hasten the round-up, and in a remarkably short time the men of the Somersets were stiffened into two proud ranks as the Duke passed down their length, pausing to chat here and there.

While the *Renown* stopped her engines outside Port Said Harbour she only stayed there to take on the



*L'opinion* 1931

AT THE GREAT COLONIAL EXHIBITION, PARIS 1931



pilot and provisions, and no one landed. Then after mails had been received on board came the run through the blue Mediterranean to Malta.

Once at Malta the *Renown* found herself in touch with the British Navy. Outside Valetta Harbour a destroyer flotilla met the *Renown* and escorted her to the entrance.

The Royal warship nosed her way into the harbour entrance, every vessel and every shore battery fired a resounding salute, which re-echoed among the tall cliffs and the flat-roofed sandstone buildings around them. Little gondola-like boats darted to and fro; every variety of seacraft had been brought out to do homage to the representatives of the King, and the shore seemed alive with flags that fluttered briskly in the breeze.

At Malta official duties began again, and there were formal calls to be made and receptions to attend.

The Duchess found Malta fascinating. She loved the narrow winding streets with the overhanging windows with the dusty green shutters, and those long alleys of worn steps, where the washing dangles overhead, and flocks of goats root among the refuse, and the dark-eyed women in their black-hooped hoods shop to the tune of the never-ending bells.

Of her official visits the one that most interested the Duchess was that to the Children's War Memorial Hospital. In her travels she had become familiar with war memorials of every conceivable nature, yet this struck her as the most beautiful idea of all; and surely all will agree with her motherly feeling that the best thanksgiving for war ended is the effort to build up a worthier new generation. A presentation at

Malta that delighted the Duchess was a lovely Maltese lace scarf, the gift of the ladies of the island.

On Sunday Their Royal Highnesses were free from engagements, and decided to avoid the crowds by quietly cruising round the island in Lord Louis Mountbatten's yacht, *The Shrimp*. The day was perfect and the party bathed. Then while they were lunching on board it was found that the anchor had fouled, and they could not get clear ; however, their difficulties were soon overcome by the aid of two Maltese Boy Scouts, who, almost as much at home under water as on dry land, succeeded in clearing the obstacle by skilful diving.

After Malta came Gibraltar, and here, after the ceremonial military welcome, the visitors had the rather novel experience of being shown over the Waterworks. The Gibraltar Waterworks may certainly be classed amongst the engineering wonders of the world. Huge storage reservoirs have been hewn in the heart of the solid rock, and to reach the works it is necessary to travel by rail through a deep tunnel, where the atmosphere is so cold that one needs to be protected with winter wraps. Before leaving the Duke and Duchess both planted a commemorative fir tree, using for the purpose a gaily decorated spade that had been used by His Majesty the King on a similar occasion.

The Duke and Duchess, by the way, are devoted to animals, and collected quite a number during the tour, though many of these were later given to the Zoo and elsewhere. On the return voyage the only sad happenings which the Duchess took much to heart was the death of one of the ship's Australian pets, a furry opossum, and a double tragedy when a lovely green

parakeet presented to the Duchess died, and its mate, heart-broken, swooped through the open door of the cage and plunged into the waves. But two kangaroos, a wallaby, and a number of cockatoos and parrots lived to reach England. "Jimmie" the parrot was a fierce bird, but he loved his mistress, and when she approached his cage he would do a joy dance and exclaim, "Jimmie! Have a drink!" and the lot of Jimmie was to take an honoured place in the new home which they were to occupy at "145".

A few more official rounds and then once more the *Renown* put to sea, this time for the last lap. The last four days on board were busy ones, everyone was occupied in preparing for the landing.

On the night after leaving the "Rock" the Duke and Duchess were the guests of honour of the ward-room at dinner. In the speech of the evening it was pointed out that this was the first time that ladies had travelled completely round the world in a ship of His Majesty's Navy. His Royal Highness made his farewell speech of gratitude and congratulations. The band played the "Maori Farewell" and a loving cup was passed from hand to hand. The party then joined in a musical evening; old familiar airs were sung, each Royal guest calling for favourites, the choice of the Duchess naturally enough being for those of her native land.

The *Renown* neared Spithead about nine o'clock on the morning of June 27th, after a six months' voyage that had comprised three oceans and a circle of the world. Standing on the quay were the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and Prince George. The moment the gangway was fixed the Royal brothers were piped over the side.



Thousands of excited onlookers watched them, but the family party for once had eyes for none but their own people. The brothers clasped hands, the Prince of Wales kissed his charming sister-in-law, and all was spontaneous joy and excitement.

The long voyage was safely over, the Royal tasks were faithfully accomplished. It was well to be in England once again.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### HOME AGAIN

VICTORIA STATION is often the scene of Royal receptions, but rarely has the grim old place witnessed a happier event than when the Royal party from Australia returned in June 1927. The King and Queen were there with a number of the family. The Earl and Countess of Strathmore were present, and a contingent of notable people, including the Prime Minister and the Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand.

It was something of a State occasion, but the little Duchess was far too excited to remember Court etiquette. Her high spirits infected the others, and for a few minutes the whole party gave themselves up to warm greetings. Outside the station in the rain a great crowd had gathered to welcome them home, but for once the Duchess felt oblivious of her duty to the public. She could not linger, she was all eagerness to reach home where her darling awaited her. The original plan had been for the little Princess to meet her parents at the new home, 145 Piccadilly, but Queen Mary had planned a happy surprise. At Buckingham Palace Princess Elizabeth was sitting waiting in readiness to greet the mother who was a stranger now to the little girl. The new arrivals disappeared within the Palace, then came a long pause.

In imagination thousands of fathers and mothers

were picturing that happy reunion. Suddenly there was a stir in the waiting crowd outside the Palace railings, and just as four years previously the Duke and Duchess had stepped out after the wedding to greet the assembled people, so now they appeared once more on the balcony. But this time the Duchess had her baby in her arms.

At a State lunch in New Zealand the Duke had remarked on one occasion, "Take care of the children, and the Country will take care of itself." He and his wife have always displayed a marked interest in the welfare of the young, and seem to consider the young life of the State as their peculiar responsibility. Because of public duties they left their own child in trust with others, and they returned to find their highest hopes fulfilled. Princess Elizabeth had developed into a charming and healthy little girl, who would be the pride of any home in the world. Physically and mentally she would make any parents' hearts glow with pride, and the Duke and Duchess, who had hungered for the sight of her for so long, were overjoyed.

Onlookers were surprised to see how immediately the little child seemed to realise that these two newcomers were her own particular possessions.

At once she settled down to the happy family life of 145 Piccadilly, and proved herself as eager to monopolise her mother as any child who has never known nurses, and has had a mother's care alone. Being a modern product she would later, as a little toddler, often seize the telephone and call down it quite confidently, "Mummie, come to Lillibeth!"

While the Duchess found, then, her baby awaiting her at Buckingham Palace, she did not feel she was

really hers till they drove home to "145," the house that was to be "home" to them in future. This Piccadilly house is generally known familiarly among the family as "145," and is the only Royal residence without a name. Before the Australian trip the Duke and Duchess had taken 17 Bruton Street from the Earl and Countess of Strathmore for their town residence, but they had decided that it would be best to have a town house of their own.

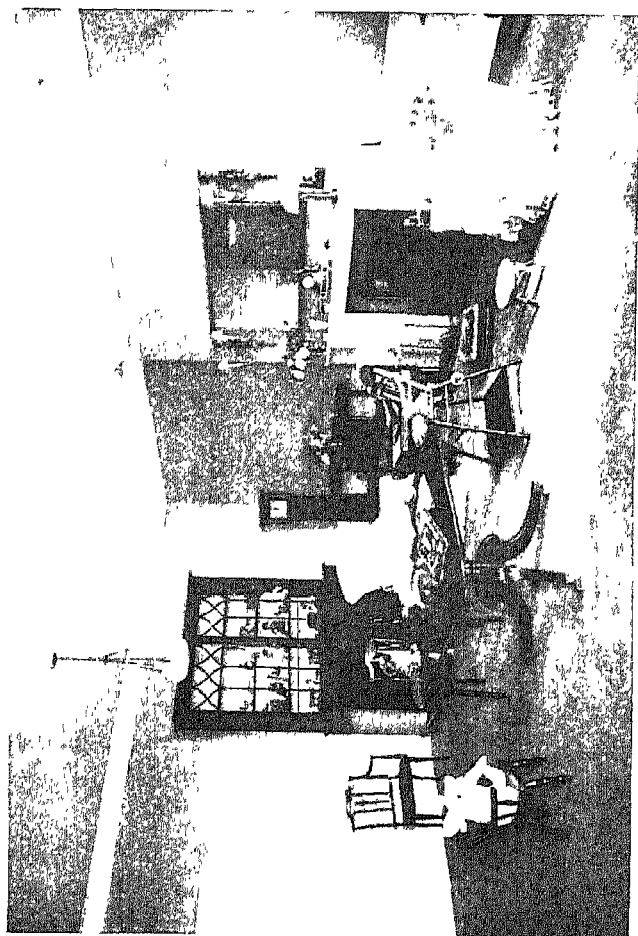
The Duchess felt her official house warming had taken place when on that memorable day of return she stepped out on the balcony over the front door of her own house, and with her baby on her arm and her husband by her side returned the greetings of the waiting crowds. Then she disappeared within, and the new life in the new home had begun. The crowds turned away well pleased, they had seen the smiling Duchess and her kindly husband, and their gay greeting convinced their admirers that all was well with them.

Naturally enough the Duchess begged a short respite from public engagements, for she had literally to learn to know her own child. Six months at such a tender age is as long as six years later, and though constant photographs had followed the anxious mother all over the world, nothing could take the place of the living reality. It was not mere parental fondness that convinced the Duke and Duchess that the child was remarkably fine and intelligent, for that was obvious to any outsider, but when the older generation declared she was the living image of her mother at that age her parents could give no opinion. On this point, however, even the older generation could not agree, for most people declare there is a remarkable likeness between the little Princess and the Queen.

That summer the Duchess undertook few public engagements, but one exception she had to make, for she and her husband were invited to a luncheon at the Guildhall on July 15th, to receive the City of London's greetings and congratulations, after their return from their Australian tour. An official address was presented at a Court of Common Council held in the library. The Duchess looked very sweet and girlish sitting on one side of the Lord Mayor, while her husband sat on the other, and the grave city fathers assembled around. Then followed luncheon, after which came speeches. In the course of his speech the Duke declared, "I return to London a thorough optimist—if we hold together we shall win through!" Wise words they were for a young man, and if England could only remember them it would be well for her now.

An autumn holiday in Scotland was not entirely without official duties, and the Duke and Duchess, together with the King and Queen, were present at a fête given at Balmoral Castle in aid of Crathie Parish Hall. Princess Elizabeth also attended, though not officially, and she in her perambulator was the constant centre of interest. For some time her nurse kept her behind the stall where her parents were helping the Queen to sell, and the child amused herself with a dancing doll and other toys. Then she was wheeled round the grounds and almost mobbed by the enthusiastic crowd, and to everyone's amusement the King was among her most abject worshippers. Finally, the child, pram and all were carried up the terrace steps away from the crowd and so to bed, leaving many new admirers behind her.

In Scotland the Duchess had another busy day



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PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S DAY NURSERY



when she and her husband were the guests of Glasgow on the occasion of the Corporation's Housing and Health Exhibition. Everywhere they saw signs of fervid loyalty on their visit to the new Kelvin Hall of Industry.

The visit to St. Andrews naturally interested the Duchess more, for here she visited the famous girls' school which has turned out so many fine scholars, and been the Alma Mater of innumerable daughters of the makers of Empire. St. Leonard's School was celebrating its jubilee, and there she opened the new Memorial Library in Queen Mary's House, after which she planted a tree of double pink hawthorn in the school grounds. The Duchess would hardly like to say how many trees she has planted up and down this and other lands. In three continents, and in many countries trees are growing to fruition that were originally put in the ground by her small hands. The forest of the Duchess would contain many trees of many kinds, could it be collected together. A pink hawthorn, however, seems peculiarly adapted to a girl's school, and one can imagine the little Duchess feeling gratified that the blooms would be of her favourite colour.

After Scotland, Woolwich seems a gloomy change, especially if visited in November, but when the Duchess went with her husband to open the new Woolwich and District Hospital they found plenty of warm enthusiasm awaiting them. In the Memorial Hall, which is part of the structure, a Book of Remembrance is kept in a niche, for the preservation of the names of the 6230 local residents who gave their lives during the Great War; and it is of interest to note that included in these are the names of a hundred



residents killed by explosions in the Royal Arsenal while manufacturing munitions, and of fourteen killed during local air raids. The Duchess was only a schoolgirl in those dark days, but she and her own people suffered with the rest, and she always feels a warm sympathy with those who would give a practical outlet to their emotions.

Some of the Duchess's official duties were of a more frivolous nature, and she immensely enjoyed herself at the Ball given on behalf of the Princess Elizabeth Hostel. She enjoyed the fun all the more because the object appealed to her so directly, since it was to aid the Mothercraft Training Society. The great feature of the Ball was a parade of dolls dressed exactly to correspond with those who carried them. After the Parade the Duchess of Sutherland, Viscountess Curzon, and Miss Gladys Cooper judged the dolls, and later Mr. Leslie Henson auctioned the five winners and also the two contributed by the Queen and the Queen of Spain, the proceeds being given to the Society's fund. The Duchess was "accompanied" by a life-size doll, which was a very good likeness of Princess Elizabeth.

Few women have ever faced such a variety of engagements as fall to the every-day lot of the Duchess. Consider, for instance, the contrast between reviewing a battalion and attending a dance of the "Pearlies," yet those were but two of the many functions that she attended within a few days. Military honours are no unusual lot of the women members of the Royal Family, and the Duchess is Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Escorted by General Deedes and Major Keppel the little Duchess proudly inspected her battalion at Blackdown, Alder-

shot, and no doubt the men longed to express the admiration and loyalty that military discipline forbade them to show.

When "Pearly" Royalty and Real Royalty met at the Costermongers' Ball held at Finsbury Town Hall, the occasion was much more informal, and the Duke and Duchess made themselves extremely popular by joining in the Lancers and the all unconventional jollification. Before going home the kindly "Pearlies" presented the Duchess with a Pearly Prince doll for the little Princess at home.

The public were very much impressed by the Duchess's popularity with her Royal relations when they saw her at Epsom at the Royal Oaks Day of 1928. There was quite a group of the younger members of the Royal House gathered there in the paddock. There was the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester and Prince George, and they all seemed gay and care-free, in spite of the fact that the King's much-fancied filly, "Scuttle," just failed to win.

Another social event of the spring of the same year was the marriage of her brother, the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, with Miss Elizabeth Margaret Cator, who had been one of the bridesmaids of the Duchess. This wedding awakened endless interest in the world of fashion, and the populace determined to view it. It is no unusual thing for a big Society wedding to be celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, but rarely has more excitement been aroused over one. So dense was the crowd that it was with difficulty that the Royal car with the Duchess could approach the church. The onlookers were delighted with the appearance of the popular heroine, who was dressed in pale grey.

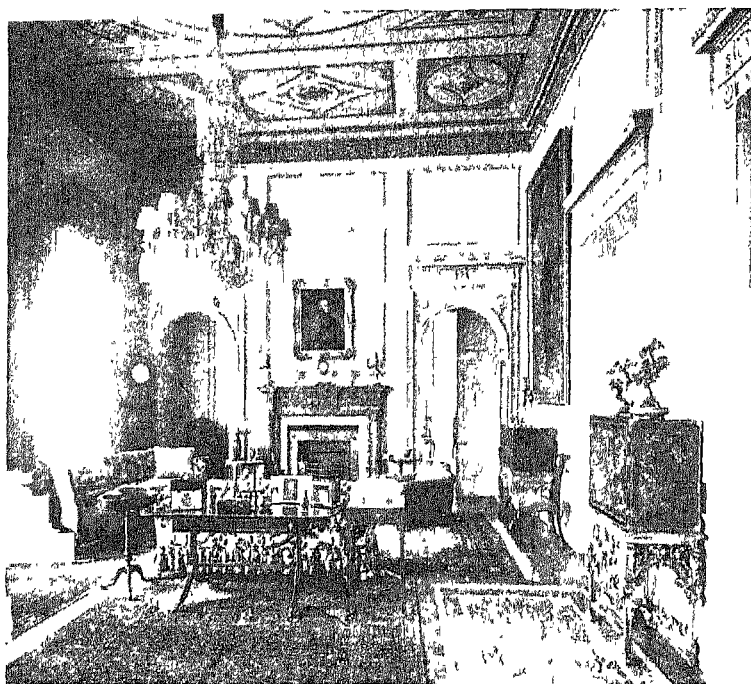
The best man on this occasion was the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, and little Timothy Bowes-Lyon was one of the pages. The Duchess could not resist pausing for a word with her small nephew as she took her place in one of the front pews.

Later, the fervour of the crowd was more than embarrassing, and it was with difficulty that the Royal pair escaped from the church at all, so eager were the crowds of women and girls at the church door to get a near view of the little lady they so admired. But the Duchess took it all philosophically, for she had learned in Australia to put up patiently with an enthusiastic mob.

Such are some few of the activities that filled the first year after the return of the Duke and Duchess of York from their Australian tour, and on similar lines the ensuing years have been filled with social engagements, public functions, and all the busy round of a popular woman of affairs.

Possibly in the years that have followed the most important and responsible task that the Duke had to undertake was when he was appointed His Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. This was officially notified in the *London Gazette* of September 20th, 1929.

The meeting of the General Assembly on October 2nd of that year consequent to the union of the Church of Scotland with the Union Free Church of Scotland was a great day in the annals of Scottish history. It is hard to realise now the bitterness of feeling that accompanied the disruption well-nigh a hundred years ago, but for the last generation hostility has almost died away and for the last twenty years there has been a tactful and painstaking effort to bring



*Balfour Tower*

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT 145 PICCADILLY



together these two churches. Now the culmination of this work was at hand.

On October 1st Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York attended by the ladies and gentlemen of their Household arrived at the Palace of Holyrood House. This ancient Royal palace of Edinburgh has not been used regularly as a Royal residence for over 300 years. Dating from the fifteenth century, it has a romantic history. Many Scottish sovereigns lived there, and in particular it is associated with Mary Queen of Scots, and it was here that Rizzio was murdered. Queen Mary of our day has shown keen interest in its restoration, and the refurnishing and improvement of some of the historic chambers that were almost going to ruin but a few years ago.

The two great churches met for the last time that day as separate bodies, for next morning they were to join together and the old divisions would pass away for ever.

The Duke and Duchess, who had arrived the previous night by motor, next day drove what is known as "the Royal Mile" in an open conveyance amid cheering crowds. The enthusiasm was intense, for not only did this Royal tour appeal to all the deeply ingrained loyalty of the Edinburgh burghers, but at the same time their genuine religious enthusiasm was aroused by the thought of the mission on which the Duke had come.

The whole solemn Assembly rose as the Duke entered, the atmosphere was impregnated with loyal emotion. This was no time for noisy greetings, but those upturned faces showed a warm satisfaction in the presence of the King's representative. Never has the Duke shown himself more in sympathy with his

people and his task than at that moment. Behind him stood Lord Stair and by Mr. James Brown in attendance, both of whom had in the past acted as High Commissioner.

The Duke's speech to the Assembly was most impressive, and everyone was struck by the dignified bearing of the youthful looking High Commissioner. "I count this as one of the happiest and most important events of my life," he confessed.

Next day he again appeared at the Assembly to receive an address of thanks for his services of Lord High Commissioner, and he was deeply interested to learn that among the company there gathered was Mrs. Douglas Bannerman, of Perth,—a lady over ninety years of age, who was present as a child at the Disruption, and had lived to see it end.

The English people, strong in their affections and tenacious in their loyalties, take a warm interest in the home life of the Royal Family, and while the senior branch has first claim to our respect, it may be that the home of the Duke and Duchess of York is watched with more intimate interest. There are no links more strong than those made by childish hands, and the third lady of the land was already innocently and unconsciously exercising her Royal sway.

The proof of this widespread interest in the Royal Household was markedly displayed when the Princess Margaret was born on August 21st, 1930. Not since the boy who was to be Charles I first saw the light in Dumferline has Scotland been the birthplace of an heir to the throne. The new Princess was, however, born in her mother's early home, Glamis Castle. The elements were not propitious at the time of her birth, for the August night was wild, with driving rain,

thunder and lightning. In spite of the weather, however, the villagers celebrated the occasion in almost feudal style, for the bells pealed out, and the glare of beacons lit the whole countryside in a wild ruddy glow.

The baby Princess, being fourth in succession from the throne, her birth was a national event. Official bulletins were issued, but far more satisfactory than any of them to the anxious mothers of the neighbourhood, who came to enquire, was the old Scots nurse's assurance that "the child is a bonny girl and doing fine !"

The due importance of the event was recognised in London, where the Lord Mayor was informed at midnight, and straightway sent a congratulatory telegram in the name of the City ; and the general public, or such members of it as were astir, were informed of the great news by means of a bulletin on a piece of foolscap pinned outside the main door of the Home Office facing the Cenotaph. Thus is the world stirred when a child in direct succession to the throne is born. Fortunately the news reached the metropolis in ample time for the morning papers to do justice to it, and the tiny Princess was the one topic of conversation at a million breakfast-tables before she was many hours old.

Great was the excitement in the old grey pile which now will have a new claim to historic interest since here was born an heir to the English throne, but most of the excited inhabitants forgot history that night and asked the question that has been asked in ten thousand homes before under similar circumstances—"What will little Elizabeth say when she hears to-morrow ?"

One can imagine the young mother asking herself



that question in these scenes of her own childhood. It is no easy task to be the wife of a Royal personage, as we know too well by now, and the Duchess must have rejoiced at having her husband and children all to herself there in the seclusion of the old Castle.

Here at Glamis the little Princess Elizabeth had the first great excitement of her short life when, the morning after the great event she was told that from henceforth she would have a little playmate in the home. Would Elizabeth be jealous or would she be pleased? Fortunately the Princess chose to be most royally delighted, and prepared immediately to share her toys and books with the little sister whom she fully expected to grow up in the course of a few days, and be ready to play with her. Although little Margaret is perhaps disappointingly slow over the growing-up process, yet her sister has never wavered in her loyalty to the new baby. When they are taken walking together in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, Elizabeth will hover close to the pram for fear Baby is lonely; then some stray butterfly or flower will catch the little girl's eye, and straightway she will dash off, only to return all in a hurry to see "if Baby is all right!"

Indeed, Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, to give her full title, is too young to realise her importance in the realm, and is quite willing to concede to her sister the leading rôle in the nursery that the new baby always holds there.

So well did the new addition to the nursery thrive that by the end of the month while the Royal infant was not yet a fortnight old the last bulletin was issued. The King and Queen, who were staying at Balmoral, drove over to Glamis to see the child and her mother,

and the important question, "What shall we call the baby?" was discussed.

The general public were immensely interested in this matter of a choice of name, which was not ultimately decided till a month later; and should proof be needed of the extraordinary attention paid to the family of the Duke and Duchess, it should be forthcoming by consideration of a significant fact revealed by a Registrar of Births in London. He said that the number of girl babies registered by their surnames only during late August and September was entirely unusual, and was accounted for by the fact that the parents were waiting for the name of the Royal baby to be revealed so that they might choose the same.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### HER CHILDREN AND HER LIFE WORK

FAMILY life never seems complete when only one child occupies the nursery, for child-life is never able to fulfil itself so long as it is isolated. With the coming of her little sister Princess Elizabeth found herself living in a new world, a sense of perspective had come, and she had someone of her own generation with whom she could compare herself, instead of being an isolated pigmy in a world of giants. She gained too certain independence, for she is mentioned in a Court circular at this time as visiting her grandparents at Balmoral, the other visitor being—the Prime Minister! Before setting out on this State visit, however, the Princess had had the pleasure of accompanying her small sister on her first airing when the baby was taken in her pram into the Dutch garden at Glamis. All being well at home the Duke and the Earl of Strathmore devoted themselves to grouse shooting during the next few weeks, and the Duke also spent some time at Balmoral. From there he and his elder daughter drove over to Glamis to see the new baby, and immensely proud was Elizabeth, for actually she had been allowed to have a new kilt, and, naturally, she desired to show it off to her mother.

The Duchess was delighted to have her two little girls together again, and she had every ground for

expecting good fortune to attend them, for had she not obeyed the injunction of the Countess and remembered to "go upstairs before going down," after the old wives' tale when first she had joined the family after her illness. You cannot live in an ancient castle like Glamis without absorbing much folk-lore and superstition.

The baby was over a month old before its name was fixed, for the matter was one of some considerable debate, the Queen and her daughter-in-law not seeing quite eye to eye on the matter ; and it is proof of the affection that exists between the two when finally the mother was left to make her own choice and no one's feelings were hurt. The name delighted all the Scots neighbours—"Aye, Margaret is a guid name for the wee bairn " they agreed.

For over five hundred years Margaret has been a family name among the Strathmores, and it is a name, moreover, that has been held by three Scottish queens. There was Queen Margaret who died in 1093, and who was canonised for her benefactions to the Church. There was a tragic little Queen Margaret who only lived to be seven years old. She was the daughter of Eric, King of Norway, and Margaret, daughter of Alexander III of Scotland. The child, known as the "Maid of Norway," became Queen in 1286 at the age of three, and died in 1290. Then there was Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII of England, who became the wife of James IV of Scotland, and was crowned Queen at Edinburgh in 1504.

The second name, Rose, was that of the much-loved sister of the Duchess, who before her marriage was the matron of the war hospital of Glamis. After the Duchess had spent a few happy quiet weeks in

her old home, enjoying the society of her own people and visiting old neighbours and friends, the family returned on October 21st to Town, where the first event of any importance was the christening of little Margaret Rose.

Princess Elizabeth has, of course, always been a popular idol, and the merry little girl is indeed of all that is best in English childhood. Born on the 21st of April, 1926, in the home of her mother's parents at 17 Bruton Street, from her earliest hours she seemed to display strong individuality. Lord Brentford, who, in his official capacity, was present at the house at the time of her birth, was one of the first to see the child, and pronounced her a bonny child who actually yawned at him. The remarkable likeness between her and her grandmother, the Queen, was early noticed, and when the Princess was only a few months old it was quite pronounced.

When five weeks old the Princess Elizabeth was baptised by the Archbishop of York, now the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, and the sponsors were the King and Queen, Princess Mary and the Duke of Connaught, and the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. The child wore the cream Brussels lace robe that had been worn on a similar occasion by her Royal great-great-grandparents and grandparents, and also by her little cousin, Princess Mary's son. After the ceremony there was a family tea-party, when the christening cake was cut. One realises how akin all mothers are when one finds that the Duchess had the little gold font which was used for the ceremony filled with real Jordan water from the Holy Land. This font, by the way, was the one originally designed in



THE PRINCESSES WITH THEIR MOTHER

*Udessa Udessa*



1840 for the christening of Queen Victoria's children. The christening cake, which was the mother's own choice, was suitably decorated and surmounted with a little silver cradle which contained a tiny doll. So do all young mothers revel in the details of the first ceremony in which their child takes part. The Princess's first public appearance was then celebrated with due pomp, and concluded in the simple and homely way that is so dear to the heart of her parents.

The christening of Princess Margaret followed on very similar lines. It was conducted in the same place, the same font was used, and the same robe worn. Crowds watched the progress of the car which contained the Royal Party on their way from "145" to the Palace, and the nurse held up the baby to the window for the spectators to see. The Duke and Duchess sat side by side, and the crowds caught a glimpse of Princess Elizabeth's golden head as she sat on her father's knee. Perhaps Elizabeth was more impressed than anyone else at the quiet little ceremony in the private chapel, it was all very awe-inspiring and strange to her.

With so many adoring uncles and aunts it has been difficult not to spoil the two little girls in the nurseries at 145 Piccadilly, but their mother has steadfastly set her face against over-indulgence. It takes all her tact to settle the matter of presents, for there is a danger of far too many being showered on the two Princesses. For these come not only from relations but from total strangers.

Anything that savours of being given by interested people who desire some advertisement or advantage by the present must, of course, be sternly refused. The Duchess was, however, pleased to accept a silver



porringer from the goldsmiths of Great Britain, which she was asked to receive on behalf of Princess Elizabeth. The President of the Association remarked, as he handed the gift to the mother of the Princess, "We hope this porringer will take its place in due time upon the breakfast table of the first baby of the land, and may even be banged imperiously on the table by her infant hands."

So popular have these two Royal babies been that Bruton Street, in the days of Princess Elizabeth's infancy, and the environments of "145" to-day, have become landmarks for London visitors, who will wait for hours in the hope of seeing the Royal children. Indeed, their enthusiasm has become almost embarrassing, and Princess Elizabeth, who used to take her airings in the pram in Hyde Park in true democratic style, has several times been almost mobbed, so instead her nurse has now to take her for walking exercise into the grounds of Buckingham Palace, which are fortunately close by.

Whatever their engagements may be, the Duke and Duchess always find time when in Town to spend a proportion of their leisure with their children. For the Duchess has lost none of her girlish enthusiasm, and the little Princesses find there is no playfellow as good as "Mother." Herself a product of Scottish training, which though not so austere as in the old days is still one of strict rule and method, she is naturally most particular about her children's training. They must keep to time in such matters as meals, rising and going to bed.

The training of possible future rulers has always a tendency to run to extremes. Either the child is over-indulged, forced into a too early precocity and allowed

to escape discipline, or more often he is over-trained, and the attempt is made to force him to be a specialist on every side of life. In either case there is danger ahead, for the over-indulged child lacks the self-control to rule others, while the over-disciplined child reacts as soon as a position of recognised authority is reached. Of late generations the tendency has been to over-discipline their heirs to the throne, but there was a sensible reaction in the case of our present Royal House, and the Prince of Wales, his sister and his brothers were brought up in a most simple and normal atmosphere. Now a younger generation is rising up, and the country looks on with considerable interest to see what effect the democratic thought of the day will have on its future. Already Princess Mary's boys have gone to their preparatory school, and probably they are the first of the English Royal House to take so democratic a step so early. The results, however, seem highly satisfactory, and they promise to follow closely in many respects in the steps of their uncles. It is far too soon yet to predict what form the serious education of the little Princesses will take, but one may be sure of one thing—their democratic parents, who have seen so much of the world, will not be satisfied with an education that is cramped and narrow.

Fortunately the Princesses are still young enough for their parents to enjoy them without too much anxiety about the future. As a mother the Duchess has won the hearts of all the mothers in England. She is intensely interested in every minute detail of her nurseries. They are equipped in the most up-to-date way, and run on modern lines, yet old-fashioned comfort is not forgotten. The Queen came to her aid

when she put her nurseries at " 145 " in order, and the two women between them thought out a scheme that some mothers have pronounced almost ideal. Needless to say, the Duchess, who is such a lover of light shades and bright colours indulges in cheerful decorations, and creams and light blues are the colours that predominate in the rooms where the children live.

The rooms are simple and homely and yet dignified, light and air being the first aim. The thoughtful mother has arranged that a small kitchenette shall be constructed adjacent to the nurseries, where all the food for the Princesses' table is prepared and cooked.

If Royal parents were not careful their children would at an early age become blasé little Society women, for all kinds of pleasant invitations come the way of these small people, and it is by no means easy to say " No ! " to personal friends who urgently desire the presence of the Royal children in their own homes.

Perhaps it is just as well that Princess Elizabeth is kept from undue excitement, for she is a lively little person, and so imitative that it would not do for her to mix too freely with adults. Two instances will prove how highly her powers of observation are already developed. Having driven often with her Royal grandmother, and having observed how Her Majesty bowed from right to left, she once startled her nurses by adopting the same tactics, to the delight of the onlookers.

Many women are anxious to know how the Duchess dresses her little girls, and of one fact they may be assured, she aims always, above all else, at simplicity. Princess Margaret Rose has not yet, of course, got beyond her baby white frocks, but Princess Elizabeth

is well-nigh as simply dressed as her little sister. She generally wears loose simple white frocks for morning made with a yoke. Her afternoon frocks are slightly different. Often, now, they are of some delicate pink or faint primrose shade, and since the Duchess does not care for long-waisted frocks the waist comes in the middle. Often the arms are bare and bodice plain, while the skirt is made up of a host of tiny, flouncy frills. It is very sweet to see the child out driving, wearing a pink frock and an old-fashioned sunbonnet and gravely holding a diminutive sunshade over her small head.

The Duchess had much experience as a bridesmaid and it would seem that Princess Elizabeth is going to follow in her steps, since she was chosen as one by her distant cousin Lady May Cambridge. Blue is a colour in which the Princess always looks charming, and that day she wore a long period dress of powdery blue velvet, a little bodice, puffed short sleeves, and the tiniest frill of lace at the neck. A Juliet cap of blue velvet ribbon, plaited to form a trellis and bound with tiny silver leaves bound the child's fair curls, and she wore silver kid shoes and a necklace of cut crystal, the gift of the bridegroom. She carried a little posy of shaded anemones in pale colours tied with narrow silver tissue ribbons. She arrived last of the bridesmaids, in a car with her father and mother. The crowds were delighted as she stepped from the car in her long white fur coat, and gazed innocently around her. The little Princess looked for once quite nervous as she walked towards the church holding her mother's hand.

So far Princess Elizabeth has displayed little interest in her clothes, but this little experience of

social life may awaken the woman within her. In any case, however, she will be kept to a strict school-girl wardrobe for nearly ten years yet.

If her mother chooses her clothes she also has to read the young lady's correspondence, as the Princess cannot yet aspire to reading handwriting for herself. At first glance one would expect her correspondence to be limited, but such is by no means the case. The Princess has already admirers more than she can number, and in fact has "fans," just as does a film star. Letters come from every quarter of the globe. One perhaps from some small boy admirer who saw the Duchess on a never-to-be-forgotten day in Australia, another from some good little American democrat who so dearly wishes they had a princess out there, another pleading for a photograph to put up in some lonely shack on the veldt. It really looks as if yet another secretary will have to be added to those already busy at No. 145, and that for the correspondence of the little Princesses alone!

Needless to say the Princesses are quite used to the photographer, and face him without any shyness. To give long sittings to an artist is, however, quite another matter, and it takes all her mother's cunning to make the lively Elizabeth keep still. The King is remarkably proud of his elder grand-daughter's good looks, and the family were much interested when Mr. A. G. Walker's plaque of the Duchess and her daughter was to be exhibited at the Royal Academy. While the Duchess was quite satisfied and signified her warm appreciation of the work, the King declared it did not do full justice to Princess Elizabeth.

Princess Margaret is still in her babyhood, but she gives promise of being as lively as her elder

sister. When being wheeled in the park recently the crowds pressed rather near to her pram. She fully appreciated their attention, and gaily waved her small arms, cooing gaily in her baby tongue to her circle of admirers.

On September 19th, 1931, the two Princesses were honoured with a Court circular mention all their own. It was issued from Balmoral Castle and it merely ran : " Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret of York have left the Castle." Possibly this is the first purely " Nursery Circular " ever issued.

Royalty naturally always has its special police protection, but " 145 " has not its regular force of private detectives, always on duty, as have the Royal palaces. A special detective looks in at intervals to see all is well, and, of course, whenever the Duke or Duchess go to any function they have their escort, though the public may not know it. In private life, however, they go about like any other citizens. The Royal children are more carefully guarded, and the nurses know that somewhere in the background there is generally a representative of the law when they are out with their precious charges. There is really no fear for the safety of the children, but crowds suffer from hysteria, and there is always the danger that some enthusiastic admirer may overstep the bounds of common sense. Before now complete strangers have desired to stop and kiss the children, and such familiarities occasionally need drastic treatment.

The playfellows with whom Princess Elizabeth most enjoys a game are her two cousins George and Gerald Lascelles, to whom, as they are respectively three and two years older than herself, she looks up with considerable veneration. Perhaps of the two

her favourite is Master George. Like their cousins, the sons of Princess Mary are being brought up in a very simple way, and under strict discipline. Indeed they are not allowed even to roam about the gardens by themselves, but are always accompanied by a governess. Princess Margaret and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, by the way, share the same birthday, one being born August 21st, 1930, and the other August 21st, 1924. When the little Princess is old enough to appreciate a birthday party, one can reasonably anticipate some joyous family revels on that day.

Princess Elizabeth gives promise of being a good sportswoman some day. She is quite at home on her tricycle, and hurries importantly up and down the long paths of Buckingham Palace grounds as though she were an express messenger. She has also learned to ride the pony that was her grandfather's gift. Like most little girls her one ambition is to persuade her busy father to spare time to come out in the garden and play with her.

She also portrays a passion for flowers and a great love of animals, and her drives are often planned to take her through Regent's Park, where she can catch glimpses of the mountain sheep on the Mappin Terraces, and watch the many coloured birds in the aviary by the canal.

Interested as the Duchess is, however, in her children's pleasure and happiness, she is fully alive to the more material side of things, and every detail of their surroundings is her immediate care. She knows exactly what foods are served on the nursery table, and often considers the matter of the menu of the simple meals. Although she has the good sense to



THE FAMILY AT GLAMIS, 1931

*Tupelo Press*





leave the general routine of the children's daily lives to Miss Knight, the faithful nurse who for some years served in the Strathmore family, yet she likes to be consulted on every point.

Not without reason do we class together the children of the Duchess and her life work. There are many women who find their children *are* their life work, they have no time during the formative period of the younger generation's life to find work of any other sort. In the case of those in high position this can hardly be so. In the nature of things the children of Royal households must be left much in the hands of tutors and governesses, for public events incapacitate their parents from devoting their whole interest to their own families.

In such a case everything devolves on the parents' power of choosing wisely those who will have the training of the young. King George and the Queen showed remarkable talent in this respect, and never once did they make a mistake, the present friendly and confidential relationships of those who once had the care of the young Princes and Princess Mary proving how entirely wisely the parents made their choice.

The children of the Duchess of York are still young enough to be much under their mother's influence, and she is wisely seeing as much of them that she can while their young minds are still plastic and impressionable.

How easily young minds retain trivial ideas is proved by a small anecdote of Princess Elizabeth. Picking up, parrot-like, the phrase "My goodness" she introduced it casually into conversation, only to be told quietly not to use the words. Unfortunately

later some adult came into her presence and promptly used the incriminating words. Immediately the small Princess was overcome with a mixture of horror, amazement, and contempt, and it was obviously only with the greatest struggle that she could restrain herself from admonishing the offender severely for perpetrating such a grave breach of manners. Till the end of her days that terrible phrase will be taboo !

Dealing with minds so plastic, wax to receive and marble to retain, no wonder that every good mother is all anxiety that her child shall see and hear nothing but what is beautiful and true.

Fortunately the Duchess has sisters of her own, and sisters-in-law with whom she can talk over those problems of training that confront every mother, and since her nephews and nieces are generally older than her own children she has a modern object-lesson ever before her.

She and Princess Mary have many a talk together on their children and the future. While the Duchess has clear-cut ideas on the training of a princess, no less decided are those of the Princess Mary. Probably few princesses in history have such an advantage as has Princess Mary in the matter of child training, for surely it is unique that a princess should have served for years in a children's hospital, as was the case with our own Princess. At Great Ormond Street Hospital during those years of War and after, she must have had a vast experience of little boys ; and though they were drawn from very different homes from that in which her own boys are being reared, yet little boys all the world over are very much alike " under their skins."

Since the sons of the Princess are not in the imme-

diate line of succession to the throne she and her husband can have their own way to a great extent with regard to their education, and they have decided on the ordinary public school training that would have fallen to their lot as the offspring of a noble English family. The fitting education for the two little Princesses is still speculative, although already their parents have given the matter much thought. Should they be sent to school it will certainly be a new development for the future possible queen ; yet in these most democratic times such an eventuality is not unlikely.

The life work of a Royal Duchess apart from the training of her children is a nebulous and intangible matter, but it is as real and hard as it is difficult to define.

First such a woman is a social leader, and the tone of Society depends much on her example. As a social equal the life of the Duchess perhaps touches comparatively few, but it must always be remembered that social habits and prejudices sift downwards, and what the Court thinks and does to-day the suburban housewife may believe and do to-morrow. We see this instanced again and again in the matter of dress, and it is equally true of manners.

The first, possibly the most important, social work of the Duchess consists of living serenely a life that will influence others beneficially. She has to remember that ten thousand eyes are watching her movements, and yet she must avoid self-consciousness, and surely she must have something of genius in that she manages, " somehow," to attain this double end so gracefully.

She has, too, always to remember her influence on trade, particularly as regards dress. The Duchess is

buying British, then so must her little adorer in Peckham Rye ! The Duchess refuses to follow an exaggerated fashion that is undignified and foolish—a worshipper in Cape Town does the same. For the influence of the Duchess, it must be remembered, is not a mere local or even national affair, it is Empire wide and international.

How wearisome the work of the Duchess must sometimes become only those who have opened endless bazaars and laid foundation stones uncountable can guess. Yet somehow she manages to produce that charming smile of hers again and again, and moreover it is spontaneous and genuine ; otherwise it would soon become mechanical and unlovely. She really is interested in her work.

She knows her interest in a thousand little personal ways. When she was opening the new wing of the hospital at Wembley recently, she not only was anxious to understand all about how the funds were raised, but she must know, too, the quality and price of the bedspreads, and discuss the design.

Again, she realises the dangers of town life to the young girl who is friendless in London, and for this reason she has taken a personal interest in the great new buildings that the Y.W.C.A. have recently erected in Great Russell Street. Here is Club life on a big scale for the woman who has her way to make, and the Duchess knows enough of life to realise that the lot of such women in London is not an easy one.

Since the Duchess and the Prince of Wales have always been good friends it is no wonder that she is influenced by his interests in social work as well as in pleasure ; and the Prince has always been intensely regardful of the ex-soldier. He is one of the patrons

of the Toc H movement, and will sacrifice much himself to light those lamps which are symbolic of the work they do. One of the commissions with which the Duchess was entrusted when in Australia was to bring back with her the banner of the Australian section of the Toc H League which had been entrusted to her by the women of Victoria. At the first convenient opportunity she went down with it to All Hallows Church, Barking-by-the-Tower. This ancient church is one of the most historic in England. To enter its hoary walls carries one back to the days when the now closely knit city was wild and desolate country where hunting was the favourite amusement of the squires, who on Sunday said their prayers in the ancient grey building. It was at Barking-by-the-Tower that many a stern-eyed Crusader dedicated himself before starting off across the treacherous seas to that far-away scorching land from which so many never returned. And in the cool shadow of this same church rests through the centuries the battle-cross of Gilbert Talbort. The soldier of to-day, with the old Crusader instinct, thinks much of Barking Church, and so the Duchess felt eager to visit it and carry with her the symbol of goodwill from Empire builders across the sea.

Or, again, it may be the question of housing that interests the Duchess. The Queen, as all her subjects know, takes a deep and personal interest in the housing of the people, and indeed is quite an expert on the housing problem. The Duke of York has also acquired a deep insight into social questions, and the Prince of Wales has won golden opinions as a landlord by both his tenants in Westminster, in Kennington, and in Cornwall. It is, therefore,

no wonder that when the Duchess of York went on December 7th, 1931, to open the "New Homes for Old" Exhibition at the Central Hall, Westminster, she should speak with much enthusiasm and interest. The exhibition had been organised by twenty voluntary housing associations in London with the sole object of helping the slum-clearing movement. The Duchess said she hoped that the effort would mean an increasing number of new homes for old, and added that she believed housing to be one of the most vital works of the day. Afterwards she showed a keen and appreciative interest in a stall organised by the Kensington Housing Trust, which showed models of slums and then of the new and convenient modern flats that have been built to replace them.

No wonder that the Duchess should feel strongly on this evil of the slums, as her mother heart reflected that little children as well loved as her own two darlings at home had to struggle up into womanhood amid such appalling conditions!

It is not without reason that the British public always rejoices when a new child is given to a Royal House. Unconsciously the poor and oppressed realise that those with children understand and sympathise more readily than do those who, unconsciously and unintentionally, harden with the passage of years.

If ever the Duchess feels it rather difficult not to weary of the endless routine of an official life the thought of other people's children keeps her going. And always at the end of the busiest day she has the anticipation of going back to her own little nursery folk, who always so hope that Mother will be back in time for a precious good night kiss.

With all her social cares the Duchess shares the

simple joys of other young mothers, and when busy with her secretary she may glance out of the window, and see the baby's pram out there in the garden as the child sleeps in the sun, and turn back to her desk with a sigh of satisfaction.

The private apartments, by the way, of the Duke and Duchess overlook Hyde Park, which gives them a quiet and privacy that they could not have at the front of the house. The dining-room and the Duke's study also face the same way.

In the garden the little Princesses pass many sunny hours. A neighbour who lives behind has a small dog with whom the children have made friends, but recently the democratic animal made himself too much at home, and jumped up at the pram of the sleeping Princess Margaret, so his master went to call him away.

Princess Elizabeth who was nearby seemed not at all afraid at the approach of a stranger, but asked him politely :

" Please what is that in your eye ? "

" It is an eye-glass."

" I'd like to see it close ! "

So she was shown it, then after examining it closely she exclaimed : " Put it back now—I think it suits you very well."

Already the Princess has an idea of what is fitting, she knows what suits people. She takes after her mother in that. The Duchess has a wonderful conception of the suitable. She knows what to say, what to do in a difficult situation, she is never at a loss for the kindly word or the gracious deed.

That is what makes her such a success in her life's work.



## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY AND PRINCE OF PLAY

**A**T the close of the War and during the ensuing years England was faced with social and industrial problems the like of which had never come her way before. It is still too soon to realise the change in our work and play that great catastrophe caused, but in truth the attitude of the different classes towards each other considerably changed from the inevitable intermingling of War years. Under these difficult conditions it occurred to certain earnest social workers that a lead might be given to useful industrial and social work if one of the Royal Family could be induced to give himself to industry—in fact, to be captain and spokesman for the new industrial consciousness which seemed to be awakening in the people.

For obvious reasons the Duke of York appeared the right person to approach, for all his life he had displayed an intense interest in the welfare of the worker, and even in his college days the subject of his chief studies was social science.

To the gratification of those who had the matter at heart the Duke was not only ready but eager to take his part. It was apparent from the first interview that he would be no mere figurehead in social activities, but an actual leader, and his suggestions were of value

from the inauguration of the Industrial Welfare Society.

It is no digression in telling the life-story of the Duke of York, but a necessity here to explain what the Industrial Welfare Society actually is. It is an organisation which may be said to hold the strings for almost every diversity of industrial and social work. It deals with a man's working hours and with his leisure. It is an intermediary court where worker and employer may each air his grievance. It is an educational authority providing books for the workers' libraries, and approaching the educational boards to arrange advantages on the workers' behalf. Its work under the heading of health is enormous—experts consider such practical issues as heating and lighting, rest pauses and rest rooms, sanitation, protective clothing, records and research, and all sorts of medical service. It considers problems of employment, and accident prevention. It takes a sane and helpful attitude towards thrift, has sound practical ideas on tool funds, holiday funds, pensions and sick pay. And, above all, it realises that man is not merely a worker, but that his leisure hours deserve more consideration than they have ever obtained. All outdoor activities as well as indoor games and hobbies are its interest, and it is the enthusiastic upholder of camps and holiday schemes.

The Duke of York makes a most enthusiastic President of this Society which has on its executive representatives from many great industries and members of important social organisations. The headquarters of the Society lie just behind Buckingham Palace, and the Duke pays it many a surprise visit. One day some Welsh miners from a district lying

under the cloud of industrial depression came to the Industrial Welfare Society's headquarters. Their story was depressing, and they won much sympathy from those who listened to them and noticed their resolute and cheerful courage under intense difficulty. Then one of the staff had a bright idea, and ventured to send a message to the Duke that these visitors were being entertained. In a short time the door opened, and to everyone's amazement in walked the Duke. He shook hands with the rough men and sat down and had a leisured and sympathetic talk with them, entering into their troubles and advising and helping to the best of his ability.

On another occasion there was a meeting on of the Amalgamated Engineers' Union. Again the Duke appeared as a visitor, and there was no question of the enthusiasm of his welcome, and in this case he much impressed these hard business-like men with the knowledge he possessed of affairs. He asked to see their back reports, he examined the Union books they offered for his inspection, he asked many apposite questions about union affairs, and he went his way. He left them convinced not only that he was a thoroughly likeable man, but that he might have made a first-class union member if only circumstances had been different.

Fortunately the Duke resembles his mother in having an excellent memory for names and faces which is a real asset in his social work. Many a time in being taken through some great factory, or perhaps a mine, he has said a casual word to some rough worker on his entrance. A few hours later he will meet the same man and immediately pause to ask, "Well, did you finish that job to time?" or some

such question that proves he has fixed not only the man but his task.

He is a remarkably practical man, and realises, what unfortunately many Royal visitors overlook, that to disorganise a big concern for even a quarter of an hour means a considerable loss to the employer of labour, and should the hands be on piece-work it also entails in the aggregate a heavy depreciation in the men's earnings. He is also enough of an engineer to appreciate that it takes time to get machinery into running order, and that to stop the engines for even a few minutes means a serious expense. For these reasons apart from any others the Duke strongly shuns ceremonial visits. He will not be responsible in these days for stopping production, when every industrial undertaking in the country should be doing its best to fill the national purse.

His visits therefore to industrial concerns are as a rule private affairs rather than public functions. In this way he misses much publicity and self-advertisement, but fortunately he has a soul above such things. Indeed, he must have deliberately denied himself thousands of public triumphs. Against that he sees businesses as they really are, instead of a well-staged business effect, and in this way he is constantly adding to his knowledge of industry and to his value as a welfare worker.

He is so keen on mechanics that sometimes he becomes a trouble to those who have to keep him up to time for his next appointment. He sees a skilled workman busy with some intricate device, and nothing will satisfy His Royal Highness till he has the whole operation explained to him, and then if it be possible he must try for himself. Trying for himself has

always been one of his chief pleasures in life. Few men in the country have had a hand in so many operations as has had the Duke. He has cast iron plates and made clay ones, he has learned from some rough miner how to wield a pick, and, needless to say, he is an expert planter of trees !

Those who go about with the Duke on his journeyings say they are never dull, for even the driest tours of inspection cannot be boring if you are in company with an enthusiast who wants to know how everything is done, how all things are made. But the Duke seems to be a most innocent and unconscious discoverer of flaws, and his presence is often the precursor of disaster. This is no fault of the Duke's, who is most sympathetic with mistakes and eager to see the best side of everything. Probably the mere fact of his presence makes operators nervous, with disastrous effects on their work.

He was visiting, for example, not long ago a great insurance society where much of the very latest labour-saving machinery is in operation. The Duke was immensely interested in the almost human activities of monsters of steel. Among other appliances there was an automatic stamper which seemed especially to attract him. He was informed that it was absolutely foolproof and that a hundred envelopes could be run through it in a minute. " Well, I can spare a minute," said the Duke, " let me see it work." The operator adjusted the machine and the envelopes were inserted, but alas for the foolproof perfection, when the Duke looked through the results it was found that there were eight spoilt during the operation.

Again he was once at Lloyd's, and interested im-

mensely, as any ex-naval man might well be, in the wonderful records kept there. "We can tell you in almost a moment," he was proudly informed, "the name of any British ship, with her captain, which is now sailing the ocean in any part of the world." The Duke was visibly impressed. He thought for a moment, then mentioned a ship which he knew was travelling some distant ocean waste. "Tell me her captain's name," he said. Almost incredibly swiftly the fact was looked up, but alas for the pride of Lloyd's, when the name of the captain was written down and handed to the Duke he was able to point out to his informer that it was wrongly spelt.

Yet if things do go wrong there is no one more sympathetic than the Duke. Once he and a friend were watching a girl occupied with an intricate manufacturing process when the other man remarked, "What happens if ever anything goes wrong?" The girl hesitated, and blushed, but before she could frame a reply the Duke intervened. "Nothing ever does go wrong!" he exclaimed.

Nothing makes a man so enthusiastic as an ambition and as Captain of Industry the Duke acknowledges he is an idealist. He declares that he is trying "to bring about a revival of that spirit of industrial comradeship which has taken hold of masters and men in the past, and gradually to restore the old sentiments of friendship which existed many years ago between employer and employed."

Such an ideal is no mean one, and though the Duke may have set himself a lifelong task, every step towards its culmination will add to the happiness both of himself and of his fellow-citizens.

The Duke is, however, not only a Captain of In-

dustry but the Prince of Play. He takes a deep and human interest in lighter sides of life, and his very industrial insight has made him realise the necessity for the worker's leisure being a time of joy and of sunshine.

By no means, however, let it be imagined that the Duke develops the serious side of his character at the expense of his interest in more joyful things. Indeed, much of his work is concentrated on the pleasures of the people rather than on their labours. To give one instance of this he is President of the National Playing Fields Association, and he takes a keen and active part in its work of providing open spaces for the games of children and young people. For three good reasons there is more need for the provision of open playing grounds to-day than ever before in the history of our country. The concentration of the population into limited city areas is the first and most obvious, then the healthy growth of the play habit is a second, and the development of mechanical traction with the street dangers this involves is the third. As much in remote country areas as in congested cities is there a demand for places to play in. The Duke of York agreed to be President of the National Playing Fields Association before its inauguration in July 1925, and he has been a stalwart upholder of that institution ever since.

His enthusiasm has spread through the family and in 1927 the King presented two of the Royal Paddocks in Bushy Park to the Association, for them to utilise for the advantage of the children of the Kingston-on-Thames area. The opening ceremony of the King's Fields was fittingly performed by the Duke one bright May-day nearly three years later—for it takes con-

siderable time to prepare a playing-field in proper style. "Upon the youth of the nation depends the future of the country," he remarked among other things, "and the building up of a generation healthy in body and mind is the goal to which this Association is directing its efforts, and the provision of suitable playgrounds for those who would otherwise have no place in which to play except the streets, must greatly tend to reduce the number of street accidents which are now taking such a toll of young lives."

The Duke of York enjoys a round of golf and generally is able to enjoy it under ideal conditions. Our own comforts and luxuries are apt to make us forget the privations of others, but apparently the Duke has managed to avoid this common failing. At least, in the year when he was Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews he celebrated the occasion by remembering the girls and boys who had nowhere to play but the drab streets of a city, or the more airy but even more dangerous highway that runs through some charming village.

He celebrated his captaincy then by suggesting that golf clubs, the possession as a rule of well-to-do men and women, should put on one side at least a proportion of the entrance fees for competitions to devote to this work of providing playing fields for the workers. And, indeed, the Duke as Captain drove one such extraordinarily good ball at St. Andrews, that the townspeople, canny Scots though they were, were ready to pay for their thrill and a wonderfully good collection for the Association taken through the town was the result.

"The joy of living cannot exist unless it be shared," remarked George Lansbury speaking once at an

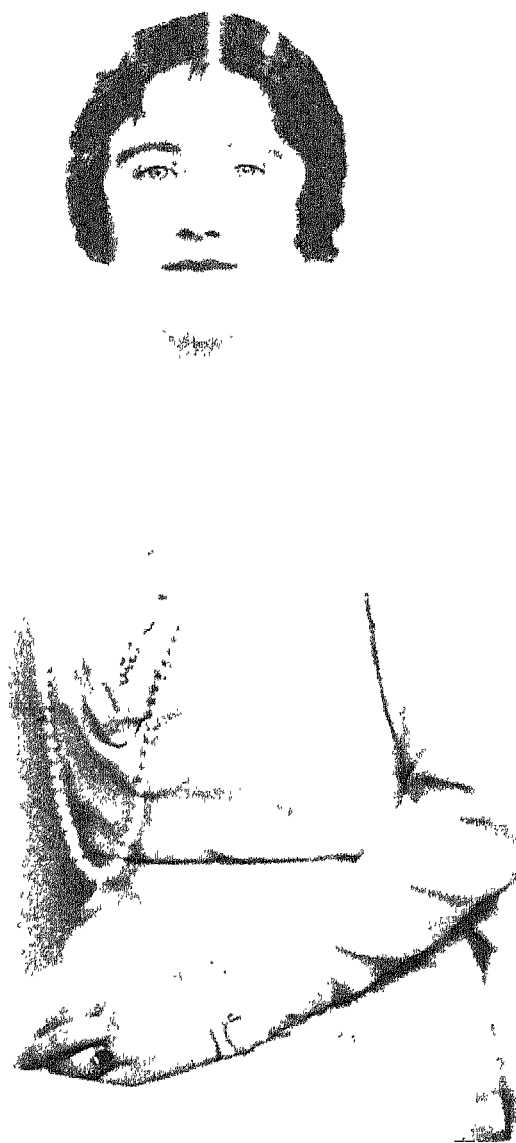


annual association meeting for superintendents of parks. The Duke agrees with his sentiments precisely. "Ours is a spiritual job," one of his fellow-workers remarked, and because the Duke is an idealist this work of providing an oasis here and there amid city deserts appeals to him in a remarkable degree.

The man who delights in providing open spaces for the young to live in is undoubtedly the man who would be enthusiastic in organising a camp. The Duke of York's camp for public school boys and industrial workers is well known to the public. Unfortunately it has gained considerable publicity in the Press, the last thing in the world that its organiser desired. There are those who believe that the camp was the result of much study and planning on the part of the Duke, but in truth that was hardly the case. It was more the result of a natural and spontaneous impulse. But even impulses are not so impulsive as they seem, for they are generally the direct though unrecognised result of long mental processes.

The Duke had long been interested in the boy worker, he had also an honest regard for the public schoolboy. His colonial tours had taught him that the demarcation between the two in England was unnecessarily wide, and he realised that if that gulf could be bridged both sides alike would be the gainers.

So he said, "Let's have a camp!" That is how it began, an impulse at the moment, but with plenty of good sound thinking behind it. If the Duke had built his camp on theories it would probably never have been the success that it is, but he knew boys too well to theorise much about them. He knew that common sense, justice, and a deliberate but careful



THE DUCHESS TO-DAY

*Bertam Paul*



insight are the basic principles on which to govern them.

Eleven years ago, in the spring of 1921, a welfare worker brought a number of boys from a steel works for a short holiday in London, and since the boys were keen footballers the worker wrote to the Industrial Welfare Society to see if some matches could be arranged for them. Three fixtures were made, two with other firms and one with the boys of Westminster School in the famous grounds of Vincent Square. The Duke was present at this last match and very interested in it. It was this that suggested to him the value of boys of differing classes meeting in a social way and learning to understand each other.

He talked the idea over with the director of the Industrial Welfare Society, Mr. Robert Hyde, and together they decided upon a rough plan of campaign. The next thing was to find a likely spot for holding the camp, and fortunately they managed to hire a most suitable camping ground. It was a disused aerodrome at New Romney, once the property of the War Office, and since purchased by the London Boys' Brigade, who were willing to let it for a time.

Having fixed on a camp the next thing was to find the guests, and there was no difficulty about this for a hundred schools were invited to send two boys each, and a hundred firms were asked to send two of their employees. All the boys were between seventeen and nineteen years of age. A few generations ago they would have resented the name of boy, but the world grows gentler, and the adolescent is given an extra year or two of grace before he must adopt the full responsibilities of manhood.

The boys met that first day at Buckingham Palace

Mews for a meal and to make final preparations for their journey to camp. This arrangement, and indeed most of the plans made for the first camp, acted so well that they have been continued ever since.

The camp is run on normal lines and there is a determined effort that it shall not become victimised by those who would make it a propaganda ground of any sort. There are as few rules as are consistent with safety and comfort, and if the whole programme of the week's events is most carefully drawn up the boys see nothing of the spade work that goes on behind the scenes, and everything seems spontaneous and simple. There is no attempt to mix the boys, fortunately that is unnecessary, for youth is simple and apt to turn for companionship to anyone who appeals without thought of class distinction.

The chief difference from the normal camp is in the type of sport that is officially recognised. Obviously the working boy would have no chance in competing with the public school boy in such games as cricket. At most the one has a mere half-holiday a week while the other gives as much time almost to games as to work. So the camp organisers have worked out an elaborate system of games where all may meet alike as novices, and so competition is genuine and without distinction.

It is hard to convince the onlooker that the camp has no ulterior purpose. One of the industrial boys on returning home was met with a storm of questions, but one was more frequent than any other :

“ What lectures did you have ? ”

“ We never had any,” he answered.

“ But didn't they talk to you about economics and things like that ? If not, what did you do all day ? ”

"Why, we just played and bathed and ate," was the simple reply.

That is how people learn to know each other in every-day life—by eating and playing together, and the boys mingled all the better because no one had asked them to.

The Duke comes down once in the week for a day, and there is no fuss made about his arrival. He slips into camp kit immediately on his arrival, and just mingles with the rest, often unrecognised. One year a push ball match was arranged and he was asked if he would be referee. "Referee be damned!" he cried. "I am going to play!"

Prizes are not given for the games, but there is a flag which the winning mess-table is adorned with. The Duke is responsible for the wooden spoon that adorns the table of the team who score the lowest number of points. One day a boy found in a corner of the camp field a piece of packing-case bearing the inscription "22 prime young rabbits." The Duke was standing by at the time, and he promptly suggested mounting this on a simple support and for ever after keeping it as the trophy for those at the bottom of the sports list.

There is no attempt at teaching in camp, but countless lessons are learned nevertheless. It is no unusual thing to find two public school boys enthralled, and perhaps a trifle envious, as a boy their own age describes how he has been independent for years, and explains to them how the weekly budget is made up.

The result of some social work comes promptly, the result of work like that of the Duke of York's camp must be waited for. Most of the boys who have passed through it are still in their twenties, their

days of influence and responsibility have hardly begun. But in future years, if only the Duke could recognise the fact, many an effort will be made, many a misunderstanding between men in differing ranks of life avoided, because of the week of friendly contact spent years before in the Duke of York's camp.

Captain of Industry and Prince of Play, H.R.H. the Duke of York is doing a work which is probably all the more important because it is often unrecognised. He is doing much to build up a sense of comradeship among people of different interests and occupations. Our future strength as a nation must depend to a great extent on our team spirit, and in his quiet way the Duke is doing his full share in developing that spirit amongst us.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### PERSONALITIES AND HOME LIFE

**H**OW strangely indefinable and yet how real is personality, and how difficult it is for any pen to portray it. Every life is the result of innumerable influences, recognised and unrecognised, and personality can never be fully understood unless environment be considered.

Long before her marriage when a mere girl at Glamis, the young Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon had learned to take her responsibilities seriously. The marriage of her elder sisters had left her in the position of daughter of the house when still very young, and her mother's ill-health had laid duties on her young shoulders when most girls are still entirely irresponsible. Apart from her own immediate family, perhaps, the earliest strong influence she encountered was that of the wounded soldiers who made Glamis Castle their home during the War. There in her early teens she spent nearly four formative years in the constant society of the sick, and there she learned that wonderful sympathy with suffering that is such a marked characteristic of hers. But she learned more than that, for by her constant association with men from every part of the country and from every rank of society she obtained a depth and width of understanding that is not often gained by a young girl of her social position.

The Duchess is fortunate in having formed very



happy relationships with the family into which she has married. So often there is the danger of friction between a young wife and the mother of the husband, but in her case so far is this from being so that she looks upon the Queen as her dearest friend. They even agree about the way in which the Duchess is bringing up the children, and when that is so surely the relationship between mother and daughter-in-law must be perfect ! The Queen, with her clear outlook and steady appreciation of the plain solid virtues is a very safe friend for a young married woman to have. She, too, is a woman who takes her duty to the State seriously ; and recognising that possibly her daughter-in-law may succeed her to the throne, she is eager to help her to obtain not only the love but the respect of the people.

Often when tea-time arrives the Duchess visits her mother-in-law, and it may be the Duke will drop in too and join his wife at Buckingham Palace. Outside visitors are rare at such times, but Princess Mary loves to meet her mother at this favourite feminine occasion. There they interchange all the family news, and perhaps while they are talking comes a welcome interruption when the little Princesses are announced. Princess Elizabeth rushes forward to kiss her grandmother, and the nurse having deposited her baby charge on the sofa is no longer on duty, talk stops, Her Majesty the Baby is enthroned in Her Kingdom. Should the King happen to come in at this time, then indeed he counts himself fortunate, for he has a wonderful way with the babies.

The King and his daughter-in-law are the best of friends, and not unnaturally he is strongly inclined to spoil his two grand-daughters.

The Prince of Wales has always been a most attentive brother-in-law to the Duchess, and as she has been used to a number of elder brothers she has felt at home with him from the first. So much does she admire the Prince that almost unconsciously some of his enthusiasms become hers. This is markedly so in the interest she takes in the Toccata movement of which he is the patron, and about which he is so enthusiastic. Princess Mary, too, has been an equally charming sister-in-law, and is a frequent visitor at "145".

But naturally the chief influence in the life of the Duchess has been that of her husband, and she is fortunate in being able to look up to him for help and guidance in all the many official duties that come her way. The two of them are different enough to make the best of friends, one of them supplying what the other lacks, and both being by nature helpers, so that work together becomes a joy rather than a labour. If friends and work are the two strongest influences in this life, then the Duchess is lucky in both to a marked degree.

Small and pretty, bright and vivacious, she is no aggressive personality, yet few women possess individuality so strongly. Perhaps it is her marked womanliness that makes her such a force in the land; one thing is sure, that many women of strong character have striven to assert themselves and have failed, while the little Duchess with her charming smile seems to make herself felt without an effort. One can predict when considering the interest the Duchess takes in all that is for the public good, that some day when her character has matured she will in many ways resemble the mother of her husband, whom she so greatly admires. One remembers in

this connection that her own mother the Countess of Strathmore has always taken a keen practical sympathy with all who came her way. After the War ended, when Glamis was still occupied by men not yet recovered from their war wounds, she took endless pains in settling her soldier guests one by one in some business or post as they recovered sufficiently to be discharged.

Although life at "145" is well ordered and dignified as befits a Royal abode it is homely and simple. It is no easy work to combine these characteristics in one. Indeed, it can only be achieved by the mistress of the home and by no one else; however faithful any employee may be it is impossible for her to produce the atmosphere of "Home" without the assistance of the family she serves.

When one remembers how terribly heavy is the social programme that falls to the lot of the Duke and Duchess of York it would seem that they might well excuse themselves all home responsibilities of every description, but the young Duchess looks upon the duties of a married woman in another light. She is very efficient domestically, but she understands the advantages of a reliable housekeeper, and is wise enough to delegate details to the specialists in various lines. The strings, however, she carefully grasps in her own small hands.

As soon as one enters the hall of the Piccadilly house one feels the family atmosphere, not just that cold impersonal air which richly upholstered houses so often hold. There is a sense of daintiness and individuality in all its light, bright, and airy apartments.

If anyone should know whether the Duchess is a



H.R.H. TO-DAY

*Bertram Park*



good housekeeper or not it is the Duke, for he has come from a home where a capable mother has seen to it that the work relegated to employees is efficiently done. "I know what real comfort can be given to a home by a wife who is interested in domestic matters," was his own saying on the matter on one occasion.

The personal touch at "145" is so apparent, because the Duchess has paid attention to every little detail, and there is no point too inconsiderable for her attention. For example, she will always think out her own table decorations if she is giving a dinner party; and when she enters a room she knows at once if the wrong flowers have been placed there. Many a time she rings and summons a servant to explain carefully why yellow roses do not carry out the scheme of this room, or orchids are contrary to the idea that lies behind the arrangements of another.

Before everything else the Duchess, like a true wife, puts her husband's health and comfort, for she realises that his life is a strenuous one, and that the nerve strain involved in his work is heavy. Under such circumstances she rightly considers that perfect should be his lot at home, and that he should have the comforts of a quiet home-life with no disturbing outside elements.

It has already been noticed that the Duchess keeps a strict eye on the nursery menu, but she is not content with that alone, and is equally anxious that her husband's diet should be exactly adjusted to his needs. All menus are carefully compiled with his interests in view, and as a rule they are passed by the Duchess herself before they are placed before the *chef*. When the house was first modernised the

young mistress interested herself personally in the kitchens as well as in the nurseries, and the domestic quarters are now fitted with every modern convenience, for she is always anxious about the comfort and welfare of her staff.

Sometimes the Duchess takes a few hours off, and leaving her many strenuous social engagements goes to the kitchen to make scones and cakes, for like a true Scotchwoman she is well skilled in this art.

No. 145 does not seem in the least like a Royal residence ; for anyone may walk up the stone-flagged walk to the front door, where the two bells are simply marked " Visitors " and " House." The outside of the house has a reticent appearance, for the plain net putty-coloured curtains hang in all the windows and defy curious onlookers. But the mere passer-by congratulates herself that at least she knows the nurseries for the barred windows betray them.

Even those callers who make up some excuse out of idle curiosity to call have their enquiries politely answered, although of course the servants of the house know well how to deal with such cases. The colour scheme of the cosy hall is very pleasing, the dark brown of the carpet harmonising charmingly with the green plaster of the pillars that support the cream ceiling. A note of gayness is added by the many flowers.

In arranging her household staff the Duke and Duchess do not forget their private social interests, and two boy scouts will be found on duty either at " 145 " or at the Duke's private offices. The scout at the house acts as telephone boy, but at the Duke's private business office a bright boy in scout uniform answers the door and ushers in visitors.

Few people realise that the Duke has his business quarters close by at 11 Grosvenor Crescent. Once a private residence this imposing house is now let out as a few private offices, of which the Duke of York has the one on the ground floor. One walks to the end of the stately hall with its blue and brown tessellated pavement, where a door leads to His Royal Highness's office. The rooms within are delightfully light, with cream-painted walls and a sense of space and freshness. The blue of the tessellated pavement without is repeated in the plain blue of the rich pile carpet within, where the Duke's personal secretary presides. The rooms are extremely simple with just what is necessary in the way of furniture and nothing more ; indeed hundreds of city offices must be far more ornate. It much simplifies life at " 145 " to have this office quarter away from the house.

Most people are curious to know how the Duchess spends her days, but really there is little to tell, for naturally the busy hours are occupied much as those of any other woman who has a large establishment to run, children's welfare to consider, social and public engagements to keep, hospitality to exercise, and whenever time permits an escape from duty for a little healthy recreation. But all this certainly does not allow for much leisure.

When the Duke first married his share of Royal obligations was sometimes heavy, especially so during the King's long illness, when for some time he was the only son of the family in the country. Now, however, that his younger brothers are able to take on some of the Royal responsibilities the King's family have tried to infuse some system into the arrangement of the Royal programme, so that each



member of the family may have time and opportunity to develop their own interests. The Duke and Duchess work so much together that what eases his burden naturally eases hers too.

While there is a considerable amount of formal hospitality at "145," there is still more of an informal and very delightful nature. The Duke is never content with second-hand evidence, and in all the social schemes that interest him so much he desires to learn from experts. The result is that men of most diverse interests find themselves the guests at "145," where they are deliberately encouraged to talk "shop," and where experiences are exchanged and opinions intelligently sought.

Hours are not late at "145" if the Duke and Duchess have no evening engagements, because they are generally tired and glad to go to bed. Before 10 a.m. the Duke is busy with his papers, and the Duchess has interviewed her secretary and begun to get on with the routine work of the day. After a busy morning the Duke and Duchess dearly love to go for a stroll together if it can be managed. It may be they will go through the parks, and few houses in London are so conveniently situated for an immediate escape from the streets. Hyde Park lies to the right hand within a minute's walk; and Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens together form one of the finest and most luxurious open spaces to be found in any city in the world. Opposite their front door lies the Green Park, and if it were not for the immediate vicinity of its more imposing neighbour, Hyde Park, Londoners would appreciate the Green Park more. It and St. James' together possess some of the most beautiful vistas that surely any city in the world can

own. Many English people did not realise the charm of this their own private possession till the recent flood lighting of St. James's Park emphasised in white light the beauties which had gone unnoticed because they were so familiar.

Then again the Duke and Duchess, should they wish for complete privacy, have Buckingham Palace grounds just before them, and though one's own private gardens never seem to give one the sense of change that is obtained elsewhere, there is ample room in the great gardens of the Palace for a pleasant walk of considerable length.

Lunch is generally timed for half-past one, then comes most probably some engagement. Perhaps it is some function which they have promised to attend together, or perhaps their duties separate them. If by any happy chance they are both free they plan out their afternoon just as any busy business man or woman anticipates a half-day holiday. It may be tennis, or a run into the country that they decide upon, but whatever it may be it is a treat because they are free to do what they like.

The English are often described as a tea-drinking people, and certainly that beverage does take an important place in our domestic habits compared with those of the Continent. We have grasped the fact, however, that so many other nations have missed, that a lull in the day's operations is most welcome in the late afternoon, and that such a pause of activity must centre round some definite object. The Duke and Duchess, perhaps, look forward to this hour more than any other in the day if they are at home, for then they have the children to themselves. All being well the little family meets at tea-time, and

then Princess Elizabeth has to tell all she saw in the Park, and Princess Margaret must display that new tooth of which she is so proud. In ten thousand happy English homes this tea-time gathering is the social high light of the family day, and in no home is this more marked than in that of the King's son's.

The Duke and Duchess must of necessity dine out often, official dinners are many and are a matter of duty, although fortunately pleasure is often combined with stern necessity. Then since both young people have a large circle of friends there are innumerable private invitations always awaiting them, among which they are only able to select a few. Sometimes, however, they have a free evening at home with neither guests nor engagements. In such a case they dine quietly together just after eight, and for once the Duchess has time and opportunity to stay in the nursery and see the babies tucked safely into bed.

And what do the Royal pair do after dinner? Just what any other husband and wife would probably do under the circumstances. It may be they sit and read, or listen to the wireless, or perhaps the Duchess may play the piano. Sometimes they go on to a friend's house to join in some small dance or other impromptu entertainment. It may be they will go to some theatre or cinema, and there are times when the Duke refuses to stir till he has finished his cross-word puzzle, for he is much devoted to this innocuous form of amusement.

Both the Duke and Duchess look forward to holiday times like a couple of children, and whether Glamis or Balmoral is their objective they are equally delighted. It has often been wondered that the Duke and Duchess have not already started a country house

of their own, but while the children are so young the Duchess naturally likes to have them with her, and social engagements are so many that there is only a little time during the year when she can enjoy country life. Besides she is still young enough herself to desire to spend a portion of her leisure with her own people, and Glamis has a wonderful drawing power to those who love and belong to her.

Yet the Duchess has never forgotten her own happy care-free life as a girl in the heart of the country, and she would like so far as is possible for her own little daughters to have these same advantages. If circumstances do not permit of her having all her way in this respect she is determined that at least their mental outlook shall be as childish and unconventional as possible. In this she is supported by the Duke, who is far too deep a student of social history ever to desire an autocratic Royal House. The Duke takes his responsibilities very seriously, and he and his young wife both agree on the details of their home and of their social life. The Queen, herself such a wonderful trainer of the young, is always at hand tactfully to help. The Duke, too, is much in sympathy with his father, and father and son have always kept up the affectionate relationships that unfortunately so often die when children reach manhood.

So this model English home, the home that has rightly been described as "the Home at the heart of the Empire," is like other homes in this as in other respects—it has its trials and anxieties. It may be well that it has, for certainly that, or perhaps the natural kindness of their dispositions, have made both the Duke and Duchess considerate of the needs of children other than their own. The great danger

of a truly happy home is that it may become self-centred, but the Duke and Duchess have managed to avoid this evil, and both alike are eager to promote the happiness of those less fortunate than themselves.

The Duchess has had opportunities that have been denied her husband of seeing life from the normal point of view, for it stands to reason that the son of a king has difficulty in the free intercourse with his fellow-citizens that comes naturally to a subject. When the Duchess was a girl, she, as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, knew all her father's tenants and the villagers on the estates; she mixed freely with them, and learned to understand their mental outlook. Now her experience helps her husband, and together they are able to talk over those social experiments that are so dear to the heart of the Duke. It is common knowledge that the Duke takes a deep and personal interest in all social and economic questions, and is not content with mere book knowledge. The world at large does not, however, realise that the influence of his wife has done much to help him in adding the human touch to his more theoretical knowledge of the masses.

When the Duke and Duchess left Australia in H.M.S. *Renown* in 1927 the Prime Minister of that great country, Mr. Bruce, telegraphed the following message; "The personalities of yourself and the Duchess have brought vividly before us how human is the tie that binds us to our kinsmen overseas. As an ambassador of Empire you have brought the mother-country closer to Australia."

These simple and dignified words were a wonderful tribute to the social work of the Duke and Duchess; but they were capable of a wider application than

was intended at the moment. True as was this message with regard to our overseas Dominions, they are equally true when regarding the Duke and Duchess from a purely insular point of view.

It is of the highest importance that those who may some day rule over this mighty Empire should be able to consider it as a whole, should be in sympathy with its people, and the importance and gravity of its problems, and the magnitude of its opportunities and its future.

There is ample proof that the Duke and Duchess of York would be worthy of such an undertaking should they be called upon.

In their public work and in their home life alike the Duke and Duchess have been a living proof of how human is the tie which binds the ordinary citizen and the throne together. If as ambassadors of Empire they have brought the mother-country nearer to the Dominions, much more have their lovable personalities brought the people of this country nearer to the throne.

## EPILOGUE

**T**HOMAS HARDY, that keen observer of Nature, says that wet weather is the narrative and fine days the episodes of our country's history. He had studied human history as seriously as he had observed the natural world around him, and realised life more nearly resembles the rainy day than it does the fine one. Still there are lives that seem to be always in the sunshine ; they stand out exceptionally from those of the vast majority of humanity ; they are even immune from petty jealousies because chance has placed them somewhat apart from the competitions of every-day existence. Such lives seem those of the Duke and Duchess of York.

By nature gifted and by circumstance favoured they have both passed lives that seem to be singularly free from the small irritations and troubles that are the lot of ordinary humanity. Their public lives have been constant triumphs, their private lives have been singularly blessed, and filled with love and admiration. Few men and women have passed through the world so far unscathed, and though they are both young and there is plenty of time ahead for the ordinary troubles of our uncertain existence, it would seem to the casual observer that their future will be in all probability as unclouded as their past.

It is not, however, those most happily circumstanced who always find the greatest joy in life, and

all of us have met men and women who under conditions of privation and pain have shown an heroic cheerfulness and even joy. Indeed, those who are singularly gifted and blessed often prove to their own undoing that happiness is an external possession. The sterling character of the Duke and the happy personality of the Duchess of York under such happy and unclouded conditions are then no result of circumstance but rather the evidence of natures unspoilt.

Surrounded as they are by every luxury and much devotion their position as prominent members of the world's most influential Royal House is by no means an easy one. Royalty has its obligations, and the Royal House of to-day is quick to recognise the fact. The Duke proved, by the way he strove insistently to play his part in the World War when suffering under physical weaknesses that would have made a smaller man glad of a good excuse to shirk, that he realised to the full his individual duty to the State. When the idolised daughter of one of England's oldest families was asked in marriage by the King's son she knew that her position would call for sacrifice as well as carry with it honours, but no true woman hesitates between love and sacrifice, and the Duchess was fully prepared to help her husband in his national work.

When in Tasmania on the Royal tour the Duke's train pulled up at a little wayside station, and a man came up to the Duke and said, "I have come all the way from Hobart to see you, sir!" The Duke replied in his genial way, "And I have come all the way from England to see you!"

That is the attitude of both Duke and Duchess. They are not officials doing official duties, they are



individuals, man and wife with a personal interest, a personal responsibility to those of the realm whom they can help and encourage.

They show this in many individual ways. The Duke, suffering from a disability that made his public speaking a pain to him and anxiety to others, showed magnificent determination in overcoming this, which made those acquainted with the facts respect him most heartily. He felt he must be fit for his job.

The Duchess must find it no easy thing to share her little daughters with others, however kindly those others may be, and yet she has to share the Princesses with half the world.

Royalty must be jealous often of the privacy that others enjoy, and the household at "145" misses something that the family in the little suburban home can enjoy—it misses that feeling of intimate personal possession that is not asked to share with others that sacred privacy of home that is really its by right.

The Duke and Duchess are still young; one wonders what in thirty years' time their life history will be. England will have altered much by then, and so will the members of her Royal House, but it is likely to be a change in externals only.

It is not difficult to project oneself into the future and see the Duke, dignified, urbane, a man of affairs who has proved himself again and again as a stalwart and reliable upholder of Empire. And the Duchess, a gracious and experienced lady, will too be a great power in the land. Then suddenly she will smile; and that famous smile has never changed, yes, she is still the "little Duchess" !

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